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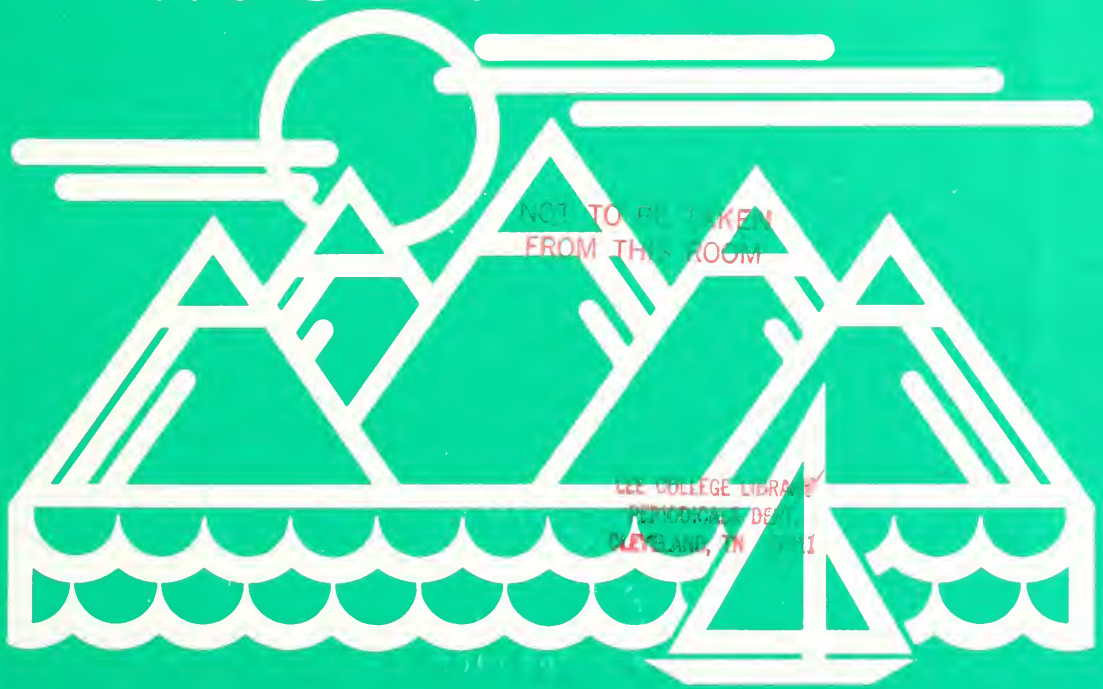
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LIGHTED
PATHWAY
Guiding Youth
50¢
Jan. 1983

The Mountains



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"What lies beyond these mountains, Sir;
What lies beyond, I pray?"

Charles W. Conn

194778

LIGHTED PATHWAY
Guiding Youth

January 1983
Volume 54, Number 1

We've a new cover design, thanks to our layout artist, Johnny Potter. Contemporary, yes. But certainly appropriate in my mind for the uncertain road ahead, 1983. Thanks, too, for Dr. Charles Conn's poetry, "The Mountains."

Aw, what lies ahead? We walk in faith.

Hoyt E. Stone



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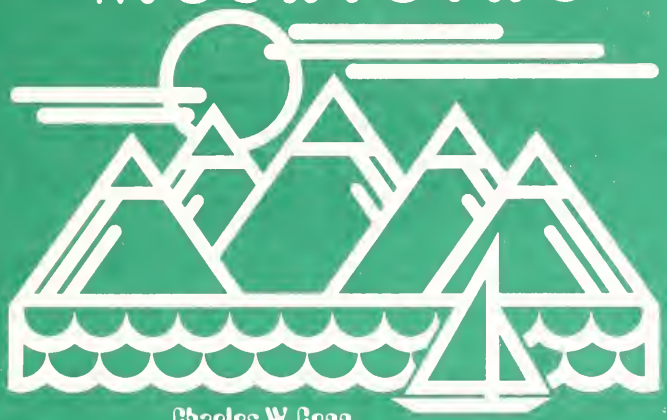
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The Mountains



Charles W. Conn

The pilgrim was a jaunty lad;
The guide was old and gray.
They passed beyond the pleasant plains
To where the boulders lay.

The earth arose to meet the sky
In peaks that dimmed the day
And stretched beyond the sight of eye
In rugged disarray.

As they approached the troubled ground
I heard the pilgrim say:
"What lies ahead of us, Dear Sir;
What lies ahead, I pray?"

To which replied the kind old guide,
As wise as he was gray:
'Tis mountains rising high and wide
Across our passageway.

"What are these mountains looming high,
What is their name, I pray?"
These are the Everlasting Hills
That stay with us alway.

"Whence come these mountains to us, Sir;
Whence come these hills, I pray?"
They come to us from God's own hand—
His handiwork are they.

"Why come these mountains to us, Sir;
What purpose, Sir, have they?"
They come that we may learn to climb
And persevere and pray.

"How painful are these mountains, Sir;
How perilous, I pray?"
They shall not stop our journey, Lad,
But measure us they may.

"What shall we see from these great hills;
What shall we see, I pray?"
From them we see Forevermore
Upon a sunny day.

"What lies beyond these mountains, Sir;
What lies beyond, I pray?"
More mountains lie beyond them, Lad—
More mountains all the way.

PROFILE:

The State Director of YCE



THERE ARE many questions which can be and often are asked about one of the most dynamic and illustrious positions in the Church of God.

There was a day when being a youth director wasn't something to brag about. Only three decades back, state youth and Sunday school directors, as they were then called, plied their trade part-time and often voluntarily. They usually pastored churches or served as evangelists at the same time. For the most part, such young men were viewed as novices seeking a foot in the door and waiting for opportunity to get into the "real ministry."

Things have changed. Of course, from the very beginning there have been certain luminaries, a few bright stars, who seemed to shine because they were called youth and Sunday school directors. These were exceptions. These were young men so personally talented that they would have glowed under any banner. Most directors back then were pioneers trying to emphasize training and education when it wasn't popular, and often forced to labor unappreciated if not abused.

Thanks to dedication, thanks to department leaders who have persevered in spite of snide remarks and intimidating hints, thanks to continued emphasis on quality programs, and thanks to growing awareness in local churches that professional aids are needed to train and disciple

children and youth, our church has come to a day when for the most part state youth and Christian education directors are respected and valued. These men are honored. They are salaried. They are housed and cared for in a manner befitting their vital roles. And they have developed a ministry which touches thousands of lives annually.

It's not easy to paint a portrait of the state youth and Christian education director as he exists today. We have, though, run through data sheets on our present lineup of directors; and, from these, we'd like to share what may be for some readers a few interesting facts.

The average youth and Christian education director in the Church of God today is 33.4 years old. Not a novice.

He has been in the ministry thirteen years.

He is married and the father of two children.

He has probably been to college. Of the data sheets surveyed, only 2 percent failed to list a college. A number of our present directors have been professionally trained for work in other areas, such as teaching, business, or music.

Today's state youth and Christian education director normally lives in a furnished parsonage, with utilities paid. He earns an annual salary of between $20,000 and $25,000.

On this salary, scaled as of the past General Assembly to that of a pastor, the director is expected to maintain a good automobile and pay much of his travel expense, to care for his family, to educate his children, to cultivate a lifestyle compatible with other professionals in his state and community, and to make plans for his retirement.

While some naively hint that state youth and Christian education directors "have it made," the more thoughtful recognize that his personal benefits, while adequate, are not elaborate.

Truth of the matter is, for that salary and for those fringe benefits, the state youth and Christian education director is expected to give better than average account of himself. He is charged with serious administrative responsibilities in terms of daily office routine. He is expected to read widely, to study constantly, and to keep abreast of what's happening in terms of Christian education in general and in terms of his state and local churches in particular.

The state youth and Christian education director must motivate men and women toward higher goals. He must be firm but tactful, always the diplomat, and patient with those who either do not care or do not understand what he's talking about.

According to our present system, youth directors are "nominated by the state overseer and elected by the state council." There is logic to this arrangement. The state overseer and the director work closely. They need to be compatible. We've used this system since 1962. When it works, it is beautiful; when it aborts, it is messy.

Youth directors are not free to do and to act as they please. They are always subject to the overseer. Each director's ability to minister and to accomplish state and personal youth goals will depend on his ability to correlate and integrate his objectives with those of the overseer and state council. Some young men can't do this. Others won't. Their personalities resent such administrative order. They chaff at the restrictions. They usually either bow out of the system as gentlemen or meet a personality who bows them out.

No young man should aspire to this office without recognizing these behind-the-scene facts of life.

No matter how the state youth and Christian education director is selected, he will still be positioned as number two or number three in a state office; and he will need to be a man of patient commitment—a man willingly subservient to others—if he succeeds.

Given these facts, some might wonder why young men are willing to risk their futures in such an uncertain ministry in the first place.

Cynics will insist it's for honor or prestige, an opportunity to climb the ladder, a chance to get

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

What is a state youth and Christian education director? Who is he? What are his duties? His qualifications? His merits? How does one become a state youth and Christian education director? Is it worth it?

PROFILE:
J. David Stephens

Youth and Christian Education Director, South Georgia

LOOKS YOUNGER THAN HIS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS. There's a healthy boyishness in his face, along with the freckles, and he retains a sense of humor which lets you know he's very much at home with young people.

Don't let that boyishness fool you. Stephens takes his deliberately chosen area of ministry seriously. It isn't just the job he believes in, either: it's the tasks of Christian education and youth ministry themselves.

When asked to comment about his work in South Georgia—his goals, plans, and objectives—J. David settled into what was obviously a familiar groove:

"If I'm going to fulfill my calling and contribute anything to the 239 churches in my state, then first of all I've got to have some goals of my own.

"I'm not talking about routine things, the week-by-week and month-by-month duties of a youth and Christian education director, but I need some personal objectives which are tagged to present needs in my state. Objectives worked out with my overseer and with my State Youth and Christian Education Board.

"I've done that. Seriously. And I've basically boiled my goals down to three.

"Goal number one: I wish to strengthen and contribute to youth group ministries within the local churches. Too many of our churches have no structured system for ministering to young people. They need youth leaders. If they can't hire them, then they need to appoint them and train them locally. Much of my efforts during this term of office will be aimed at bringing this about: at training youth leaders to work in the local church.

"Goal number two: I want to concentrate on teacher-training ministries at the grass-roots level. Not merely a promotion of church training course books, not just a few letters or posters, but some in-depth training programs on the local level. Programs which will help young teachers and untrained teachers know how they can walk comfortably into a classroom and effectively teach God's Word.

"Goal number three: I want to strengthen our summer youth camp program. South Georgia has an excellent program already, but we touch but a small percentage of the lives which I feel can be touched. Summer camps give excellent opportunity for evangelism, Christian commitment, and Kingdom recruitment.

"I want to implement these goals through regional PACE (Practical Application of Christian Education) teams, my personal visits, and through a number of retreats and Teacher Enrichment Seminars."

Like many of our state youth and Christian education directors, J. David Stephens grew up in the Church of God. He's the son of the Reverend and Mrs. James A. Stephens, recently retired. He attended Lee College in the late sixties, married Joyce Petree in July 1972, evangelized briefly, and then accepted his first pastorate at Stafford, Virginia.

J. David stayed at Stafford four years, his church growing steadily. He let it be known, however, that he felt a burden for youth ministry and an opportunity eventually came.

Friends cautioned him that he wasn't too smart to leave a growing congregation at Stafford and move to Arizona. There were other negatives to such a move but J. David felt God's Spirit bidding him on. He served



two years as state youth and Christian education director in Arizona, two years in Washington, and then two years in Indiana before going to South Georgia at this past General Assembly.

J. David will tell you good things about each of those appointments—things which he learned, which he experienced, which he values—but it's significant here that he has been willing to work with the church, to accept assignments by those over him in the Lord, and to give each appointment his best.

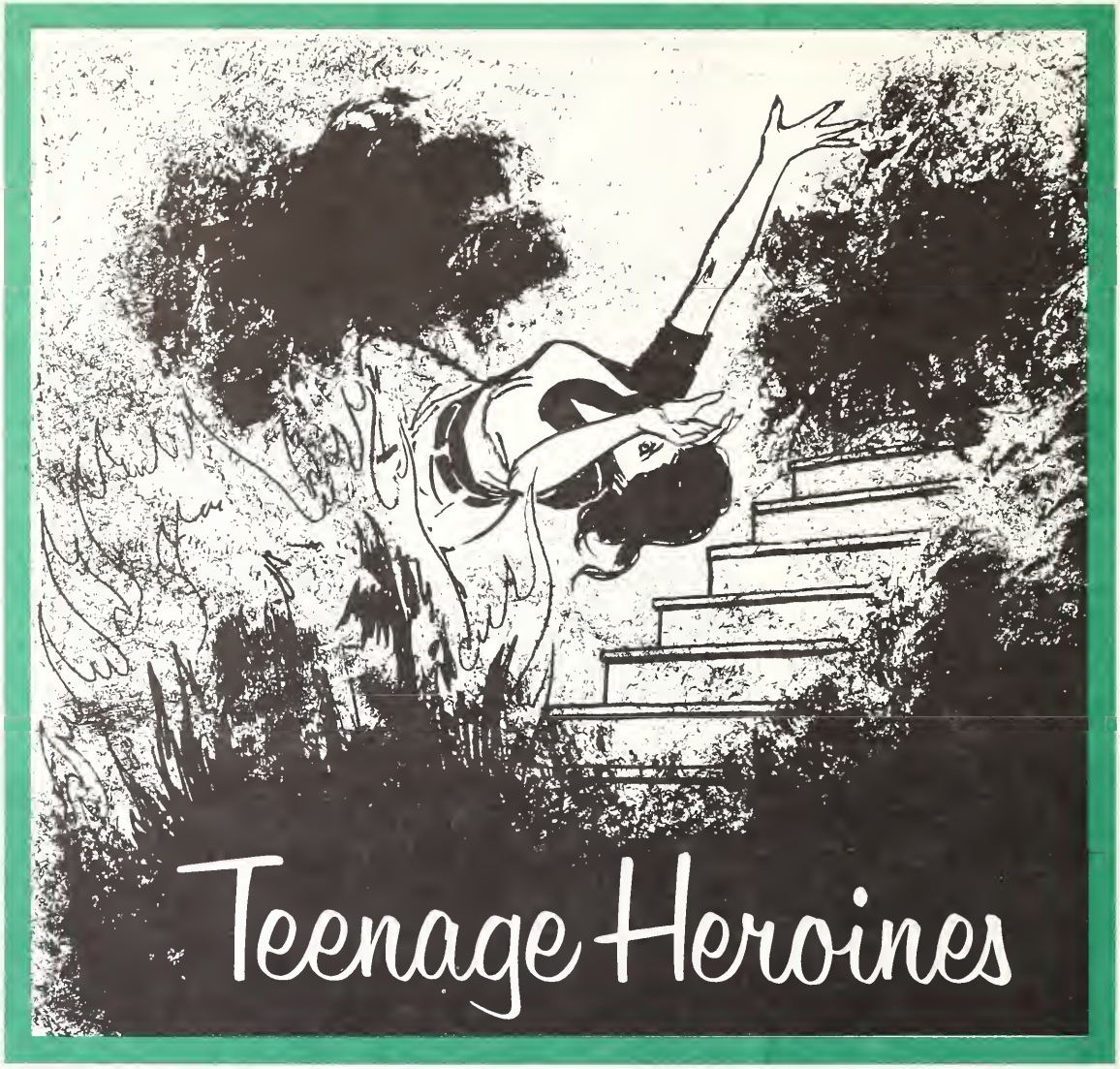
How else can the church fulfill its mission? □

H.E.S.









Teenage Heroines

by Tom Dowling

THE CARNEGIE HERO MEDAL is not something easily earned. It takes a very special kind of bravery to place one's life in jeopardy for the sake of someone else—especially so in the tender and magical years of "teendom."

The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission records prove that girls need not step aside for boys when it comes to courage.

In a recent examination of random samplings of the commission's annual reports, I found that about one third of all female award winners were teenagers. So, let us touch on just a few case histories of courage which won teenage girls the Carnegie Hero Medal.

* * * *

In Glendale, Missouri, seventeen-year-old Evelyn Neininger far exceeded her responsibilities as a baby-sitter one fright-filled New Year's Eve. With four children asleep in their rooms, she went downstairs to turn off the Christmas tree lights and found it engulfed in flames and toppling to the floor.

Rather than risk electric shock by throwing water on the fire, Evelyn rushed to get the children out of the house and then call the fire department. Suddenly, before she could reach the kids, the lights went out.

In darkness Evelyn climbed the stairs and grabbed one little boy. After taking him from the house and placing him on the lawn, she ran back into the smoke-filled house.

Upstairs once more, she picked up another child and again went outside. Then back again. The heat was intense, the smoke choking. To get below the smoke, Evelyn crawled on the floor.

Locating the third child, she was unable to find the fourth. Carrying the third child down the stairs, she heard crying. Following the sound, she located the last boy. She put one child under each arm, fell on her back, while descending the stairs, yet managed to get outside and take all four children to a neighbor's house.

Evelyn's back, shoulder and wrist were injured. Yet, because of her great courage, all four children were saved from what could have been a terrible tragedy.

Evelyn Neininger received the Carnegie Hero Medal #4964.

* * * *

Few persons of either sex or of any age would have been able to muster up the courage which fourteen-year-old Barbara Burdette displayed one day in Colloden, West Virginia. All residents of the area had been warned never to approach the power towers there because they carried about 34,000 volts of electricity.

A ten-year-old boy had climbed one of the towers and was now hanging, head down, his leg caught in a crossbeam about thirty-five feet above ground level. The boy's screams caught Barbara's attention, terrifying her, and causing her to notice the boy's trousers were on fire.

Knowing well the danger, Barbara unhesitatingly approached the tower and began climbing, at the same time calling to her girl friend, the only other person around, to phone the fire department. Barbara finally reached the boy and began beating at the flames with her bare hands. The boy's arms thrashed wildly, almost knocking Barbara to the ground. Her fears increased when she realized if his flailing arms contacted one of the power wires they both would be electrocuted!

Praying that help would come soon, Barbara tried to calm the boy. A man finally arrived, yelling from the ground below that she had done all she could. It was time for her to come down before the fire department arrived.

Back on the ground, Barbara began trembling from the fright and strain of it all. The man and the firemen got the badly injured boy from the tower and to a hospital where he had to spend months in skin-grafting operations.

Barbara Burdette saved the boy's life, at great risk to her own. The Carnegie Hero Medal she received was #5077.

* * * *

Edna Roshone was fourteen when called to put her life on the line one night in Salem, Oregon.

After spending an evening sharing a baby-sitting job with a girl friend, the mother of the six children asked Edna and her friend if they'd like to stay the night. The girls stayed. It was about three in the morning when Edna awoke to find the house on fire. Screaming for her girl friend and the mother to awaken, Edna went to get the kids out of their beds.

Thick smoke made breathing difficult. Edna managed to lead four of the little ones from the building, which meant her friend, plus the mother and two more children were still inside the burning house!

Edna told the kids to remain where she put them, then she ran back into the house. The heat and flames were fierce, driving her back. Edna wouldn't give up, however, and was trying to get through a smoke-belching window when some neighbors dragged her back. The fire department got into the inferno and came out with the mother and one small boy. They were unable to rescue a baby and Edna's friend, who died in the fire.

This very heroic teenager received the Carnegie Hero Medal #5016 for having saved the lives of four little kids, but her heart was broken. She told me later: "I feel miserable because I couldn't save the others. I would have willingly sacrificed my own life!"

* * * *

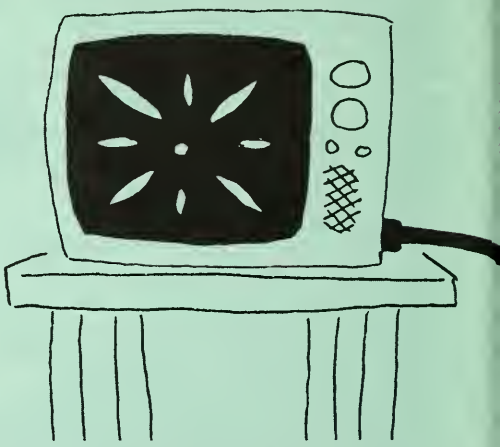
At age seventeen, Jean Mehelich and a girl friend came face-to-face with death when their car left the road, flipped wheels up, and sank to the bottom of Big Sturgeon Lake near Chisholm, Minnesota. Her friend was unconscious. Jean fought her way through an opening where the windshield had once been.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

How to Make the Worst of Moving

Artist/Writer, LARRY E. NEAGLE

Next to fatal illness or parents divorcing, moving can be the biggest adjustment youth have to face. It presents such a glorious potential for misery. Who among us would let that kind of opportunity slide by uncherished? Here are six suggestions on how to handle the problem in the worst possible way.

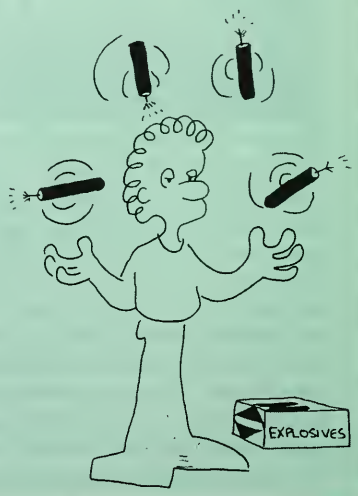


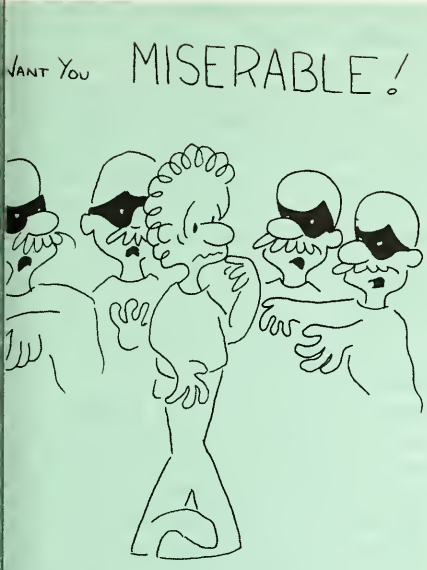
Focus on your fear. It has such wonderful short-circuiting effe

Cling to what you'll lose. Make your hymn, "Count Your Many Losses, Name Them One by One."



Expect the worst, and work to see that you get it. Remember Murphy's Law. If it doesn't happen naturally, cheat. Make it happen unnaturally.





Tell yourself it's all a plot to make you unhappy. They knew it was the worst thing that could happen to you; that's why they chose to do it. All that talk about Dad's company offering him a better job if he'll transfer to another town is just a cover-up.



Ignore the advantages—a chance to start over, to shed a problem, to make new friends, to grow. Everyone knows advantages are just disadvantages in poor light.





©Larry E. Neagle

Go it alone. Don't pray about it or anything. Forget that He is going with you and has been there for quite some time preparing new friends, new growth, new fun.

Why Not LOG IT?

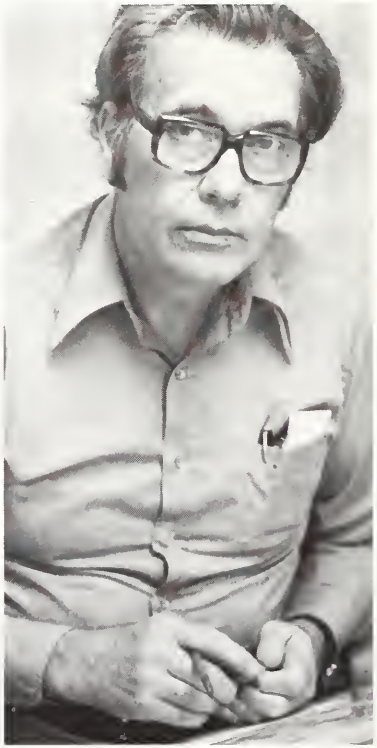
Some good arguments for keeping that personal diary.

by Chloe S. Stewart

DEFINITE BENEFITS CAN come from keeping a diary.

If you are not too blessed with a cerebral playback system and think you may, months or years from now, want to remember what you are doing today, keep a diary.

If it seems important to keep check of what you think, the progress you are making or not making in a given situation, keep a diary.



A diary can help you express your experiences, beliefs, ideas and aspirations. The rereading of it years later will crystalize your reminiscences and make you aware of the changes and growth of your mind.

A diary can be an aid to self-improvement. It can help improve ethics, morale and maybe even your morals. If you are honest with yourself, the least bit introspective, and if you record things prayerfully and conscientiously, you may be surprised to learn what seeing your thoughts and actions in black and white will do for you. Also, seeing your more noble thoughts and deeds in writing may boost your spirit at a time when you are feeling despondent.

In addition to the above, your diary could become an invaluable source for historians. It is not presumptuous to suggest that you may become a significant luminary of your family, church or chosen profession. Should this happen, even though you may intend your diary to be strictly personal, it will become quite valuable. Newspapers, magazines and other news media, while very beneficial as source material, can never supplant the value of your own personal journal.

What would we know about the thoughts of Leonardo da Vinci had he not expressed himself with words as well as drawings? Had A. J. Tomlinson not written his journals, church historians would have had a more difficult task sorting out various Pentecostal movements.

Sure, no doubt you will include personal things that may be of no historical value. Nobody cares, for example, that in 1865 Myra Inman on her twentieth birthday had corn fritters for dinner. But without her diary we would not have this nonfictional account of a southern belle's apprehension and self-imposed loyalty check as her native Cleveland, Tennessee, is occupied by the enemy.

As an extra bonus, a diary can become a valuable aid to writing skills. If you take the time to reread your entries, you may detect bad sentence structure, muddled thoughts, misspelled words, misplaced modifiers, tense aberrations or a myriad of other miscreations. As your knowledge increases you will have the advantage of rethinking, correcting and rewriting your entries, thus improving your ability as a writer.

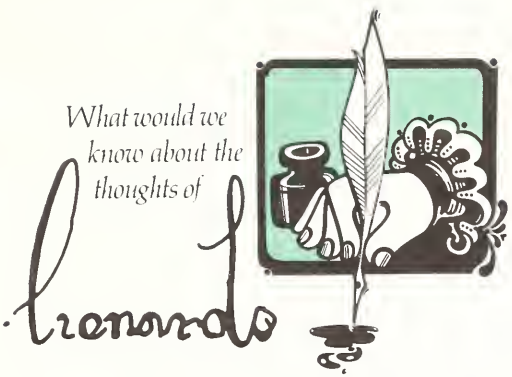
For centuries the literate world has been replete with diarists and keepers of journals. But when I first started a diary, I perhaps had heard of only two—the often quoted Steward of Lord Sandwich (Samuel Pepys) and my own sister Nellie Elizabeth.

Since I now have been a diarist, off and on, for thirty-seven years, I may be qualified to offer a few pointers. If you choose a diary in book format (as opposed to the loose-leaf type) make sure the year is indicated in the front and it may be wise to repeat it several times throughout the book.

Several decades ago, I kept one specific diary religiously, noting every day of the month and often even the time of day. Recently I came across it, thumbed through it to ascertain its year, but found no year mentioned. Oh well, there's always the carbon-dating method.

If you choose the loose-leaf type diary, it is wise to include the full date with each entry. Time takes its toll with loose-leaf accumulations; pages have a way of getting separated. If the date is clearly a part of the entry you will have no problem reassembling them. Never abbreviate a date like this: 7/1/82. If you do you are only inviting misunderstanding or at best a controversy.

If you find a diary's daily entry too regimental, you may prefer keeping a journal. At any rate, there are problems with the so-called five-year diaries. The space allotted each day's entry will prove insufficient. Besides, the binding may break down before the five years are up.



Write as if you are writing to a total stranger. I was never admonished to do this, hence none of my earlier diaries were in this vein. Had the thought occurred to me I probably would have discounted it, for, after all, I was writing to myself; it would have seemed foolish to elaborate or give obvious details. But as I have learned, if details, motives, even identities are not included, an entry will become nebulous or completely meaningless with the passage of time. If your diary is to be worth the effort it takes to maintain, it should stand the test of time.

It is important to be specific; qualify all names with surnames, titles, if any, and their relationship to you. To record, "I went over to Jim's this evening to discuss a problem but he was not at home," needs no further explanation as

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PROFILE: THE STATE DIRECTOR OF YOUTH AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

Continued from page 5

into the church bureaucratic system.

We'll always have a few cynics around, though most of us know such blanket summation of human motives is reflective of mental poverty.

There *is* another reason. We still have young men who remember what it's like to walk lonely down a street. Who feel truly called of God to minister through training and education as well as preaching.

Most young men will develop their own approach to ministry. There will always be more qualified men than there are state positions. This ought not make us disparage those who have opportunity to serve on a state level, nor should it cause us to question motives.

State youth and Christian education directors *do* have marvelous opportunities for ministry.

Youth directors teach teachers, thus benefiting from what one might term the pyramid effect. Paul wrote to Timothy, "The things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also" (2 Timothy 2:2).

Youth directors organize, program, and promote efficiency, thus contributing at least in some small way to overall church ministries.

Youth directors inspire through example.

Youth directors apply scriptural principles to the problems of youth in terms of everyday living.

Youth directors minister to families through local church visits, youth camps, special retreats, and programs which inspire and develop music and artistic talents.

Youth directors win souls for Christ.

Youth directors counsel troubled youth on everything from drug problems to planning a June wedding. They do this in summer youth camps but also through letters and personal contacts.

Youth directors thus minister directly but they also minister in a preventive sense—guiding youth, influencing them for right, and thus keeping many from wandering into that far country in the first place.

Ministry.

That's why we have state youth and Christian education directors. That's why we will always have them, no matter the system and no matter the difficulties involved. □

HES



TEENAGE HEROINES

Continued from page 9

Once on the lake surface, Jean gulped air and screamed for help. She then dived down again and tugged at the car door. She couldn't open it. Resurfacing, she filled her lungs again with air. Dived once more. She did this time after time.

At last, Jean got the door partly open, squeezed into the muddy interior and found her friend. Grasping clothes and hair, Jean dragged her friend out of the car and up to the surface where she almost immediately regained consciousness. Both were extremely fatigued but they managed to swim to the bank and safety.

For that rescue, Jean received Carnegie Hero Medal #5207.

* * * *

So it goes. Young ladies in their teens often startle the older generation with acts of courageous selflessness, acts which might be more expected from the male gender.

But then, does bravery have a gender? □

Local Conferences on the Holy Spirit

May 1-4, 1983



The Impact of the Holy Spirit Baptism on Daily Living



E. C. THOMAS
General Overseer of the Church of God

"Receiving the promise of the Holy Spirit is interwoven in our heritage."

EMPHASIZING OUR DISTINCTIVE

A principal scriptural distinctive of the Church of God is the baptism of the Holy Spirit with the evidence of speaking in other tongues as the Spirit gives the utterance. This has been a doctrinal emphasis of the church since the outpouring of the Spirit in the early days of the denomination.

Receiving the promise of the Holy Spirit is interwoven in our heritage. In fact, the Church of God holds the distinction of being the first known group in the United States upon whom the Spirit fell in Pentecostal fullness, and it is our desire to maintain this distinctive.

Being aware of the need for believers in the church to understand the full meaning of receiving the promise of the Holy Spirit, we are emphasizing the doctrine of the Holy Spirit in local conferences throughout the Church of God, May 1-4, 1983.

It is evident that there is a great need for a better understanding of the requirements and the results of receiving the promise of the Holy Spirit. For the past several decades, we have enjoyed a Pentecostal renewal; but as in all revivals, there is a need for guidance and understanding as to the implications of that revival. This is especially true in the present revival, because of its far-reaching results.

We are living in challenging days when God is pouring out His Spirit in unusual ways. The Church of God believes that it has the responsibility to give direction and guidance in this last-day move of the Holy Spirit. The Local Conferences on the Holy Spirit will provide the setting to do this.

Some of the objectives of the local conferences include the following:

1. To focus attention on a principal distinctive of the church—the baptism of the Holy Spirit
2. To emphasize the work of the Spirit in the ministry of the church
3. To call attention to the results of the infilling of the Spirit in the daily lives of believers
4. To guide believers in understanding the manifestation of the gifts of the Spirit
5. To encourage those who have not received the promise of the Holy Spirit to recognize their need for receiving it
6. To provide a climate in which to receive the promise and the fullness of the Spirit
7. To prepare Church of God members to give leadership in the last-day revival of the Spirit

Members and friends of the church will have an opportunity at these conferences to study together on vital subjects relating to the promise of the Holy Spirit, the personality of the Holy Spirit, and the work of the Holy Spirit. Classes will be provided for adults, youth, and children. Following the study classes, participants will pray together to receive the promise, to seek power for service, and to praise God for His bountiful blessings.

These conferences will provide the foundation for a revival spirit and productive Christian living throughout the Church of God. I am expecting thousands of people to be renewed in strength, challenged for service, and filled with the Holy Spirit.

OVERVIEW OF CONFERENCE EVENTS

SUNDAY

Sunday School
10:00-11:00 a.m.*
Teachers Promote Conference
Study Book Made Available

Worship Service
11:00 a.m.-12:00 noon*
Congregation Briefed About Conference
Commitment Sermon
Members Challenged to Sign Personal Commitment Card

Prayer Groups
6:00-6:45 p.m.*
Prayer for Conference Effectiveness, Church Unity, Operation of the Gifts of the Spirit

Worship Service
7:00-8:30 p.m.*
Conference Goals Outlined
Filmstrip Shown
Praise, Prayer, Receiving

MONDAY

General Session
7:00-7:30 p.m.*
- Devotion
- Music
- Instructions
- Testimonies

Study Classes
7:30-8:30 p.m.*
☐ Adults and Youth
Freedom in Worship
Holiness in Behavior
☐ Children
The Work of the Holy Spirit in Creation

Receiving Time
8:30 p.m.*
Receiving the Promise
Praise, Commitment, Renewal

Faith Exchange
(Following Receiving Time)
- Sharing
- Refreshments
- Fellowship
- Testimonies

TUESDAY

General Session
7:00-7:30 p.m.*
- Devotion
- Music
- Instructions
- Testimonies

Study Classes
7:30-8:30 p.m.*
☐ Adults and Youth
Integrity in Gifts
Honesty in Relationships
☐ Children
The Baptism of Jesus

Receiving Time
8:30 p.m.*
Receiving the Promise
Praise, Commitment, Renewal

Faith Exchange
(Following Receiving Time)
- Sharing
- Refreshments
- Fellowship
- Testimonies

WEDNESDAY

General Session
7:00-7:30 p.m.*
- Devotion
- Music
- Instructions
- Testimonies

Study Classes
7:30-8:30 p.m.*
☐ Adults and Youth
Confidence in Self
Success in Coping
☐ Children
The Day of Pentecost
The Work of the Spirit Today

Receiving Time
8:30 p.m.*
Receiving the Promise
Praise, Commitment, Renewal

Faith Exchange
(Following Receiving Time)
- Sharing
- Refreshments
- Fellowship
- Testimonies

* Times may be adjusted to accommodate local schedules.

Local Conferences on the Holy Spirit / May 1-4, 1983

SUPPORT MATERIALS ORDER FORM

Item	Price	Quantity	Total Price
Conference Program Action Guide	$ .50		
Study Book—*Receiving the Promise*	$ 1.00		
Instructor's Action Guide	$ 2.00		
Overhead Transparencies	$ 6.00		
Promotional Poster	5—$ 1.00		
Cassette Album for Children	$10.00		
Cassette Album Instructor's Guide	$ .50		
Workbook for Children	$ .25		
"Receiving the Promise" Tract	100—$ 2.00		
Church Bulletin Insert	100—$ 2.00		
Personal Commitment Card	100—$ 2.00		
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Contact Pin	50—$ 8.00 100—$15.00		
Dove Pin	$ 1.00		
Pentecost Issue of *Evangel*	$ .25		

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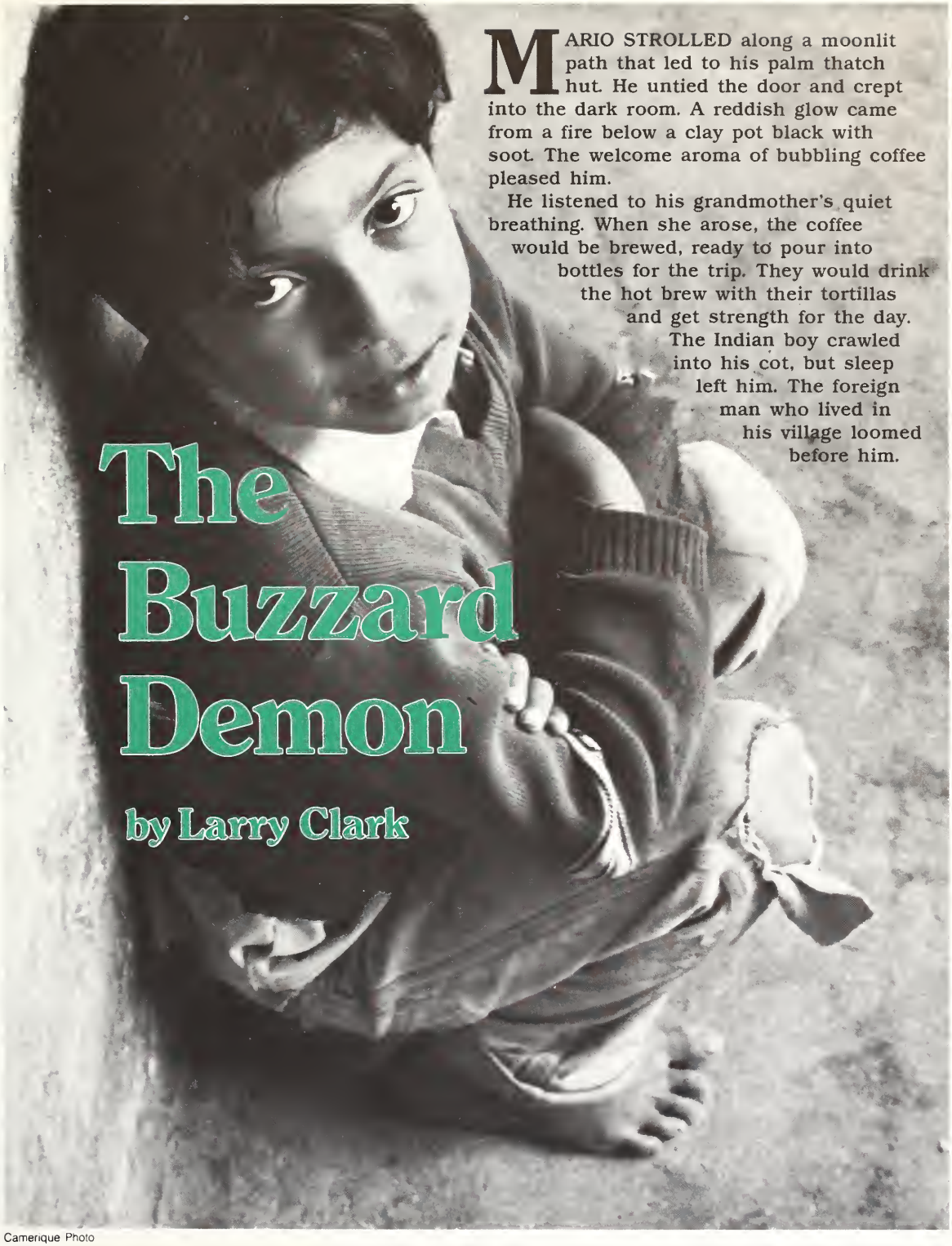
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The Buzzard Demon

by Larry Clark

MARIO STROLLED along a moonlit path that led to his palm thatch hut. He untied the door and crept into the dark room. A reddish glow came from a fire below a clay pot black with soot. The welcome aroma of bubbling coffee pleased him.

He listened to his grandmother's quiet breathing. When she arose, the coffee would be brewed, ready to pour into bottles for the trip. They would drink the hot brew with their tortillas and get strength for the day. The Indian boy crawled into his cot, but sleep left him. The foreign man who lived in his village loomed before him.

Camerique Photo

How could he expect a twelve-year-old like Mario to believe the new way? He loved his grandmother, even if her beliefs were old. She had cared for him since his mother's death, and he respected her word when she talked of evil winds and spirits that live in the forest. How dare the foreign man say those things were not real!

Tomorrow's trip hung over him. In a few hours he would rise, go with his grandmother and sell pots in a distant village. They must get on the trail long before dawn, and still they would not reach Ocotal till evening.

Mario slept until his grandmother called him. He jolted awake. She was already dressed and stirring the coffee.

"Rise, my son," she said. "The coffee is ready. We must leave soon. The journey is far."

Sleep clouded Mario's mind and the trip no longer excited him. He pulled on his clothes and warmed himself by the fire.

"I heard the owl screech," the old lady said. "It's a bad omen. Let's hurry."

Fear rushed into Mario's brain. Her beliefs always frightened him. Could the foreign man be right? He talked about one great Spirit, God, who loved people and wanted to bless them; God who didn't scare people.

Mario pushed this thought away. He loved his grandmother and would respect her ways. He squatted by the old lady as she patted out tortillas for their breakfast. The embers were dying and he strained his eyes to see in the dismal room.

Suddenly the old lady screamed. "Mario. The buzzard demon! Kill it!"

Fear paralyzed the boy. A black specter rested on the wall beyond the coffee pot.

"Get a stick and drive it out!" she screamed. "Kill it!"

Mario dashed across the room, grabbed a big stick, and brought it down with a resounding blow—right on the clay pot that held the coffee. The pot shattered, pouring black liquid on the embers. Smoke and vapor rose with a loud hiss and plunged the room into darkness.

Mario came to his senses and lit a kerosene lamp. The yellow light revealed their ruined breakfast. The specter was gone.

"Grandma," he cried. "That was no buzzard spook. We saw the shadow of the pot on the wall."

The old lady stared at the blank wall and muttered, "No, my son. Never doubt my word. You chased away the buzzard demon. He went out with the smoke." She broke down and sobbed. "The buzzard demon ruined our breakfast. Our coffee is gone. We haven't time to make a new fire. We must leave."

Mario and his grandmother left without coffee for their trip. As Mario trudged away from his hut, he saw the house where the foreign man lived. Could he be right? Maybe there were no spooks. Maybe it was just an old belief which made him do a foolish thing and ruin their day.

The old lady strode in front of him, a fresh clay pot balanced on her head. Mario, his back bent forward under a load of pots, hurried to keep up. They left the village behind, picking their way along the trail until the first rays of sun drove out the night. All day they walked and when the afternoon sun began to wane they reached the outskirts of Ocotal.

Evening shadows began to snuff out the light and forest trees closed in on them. The old lady put a trembling hand on Mario's shoulder.

"Hurry, my son. The tree spirit lurks in the forest to make us lose our way. We must hurry."

They caught up with an Indian man who strode along the trail, his machete lashed to his belt. He had a friendly face and he whistled a tune. His bright eyes flashing with joy attracted Mario to him.

"How much for the pot?" the man asked.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



UNICEF Photo



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

AFTER THE ARGUMENT

by Wanda Cato Brett

I HADN'T MEANT TO SAY IT. It just slipped out. Of course, after I'd said it, then it was too late to take anything back.

I will always remember the hurt in her eyes when my words came bouncing off the walls and back to my ears. They sounded harsh, even to me.

We stood there staring until the silence became so heavy it seemed to sit on our shoulders. The fire crackled in the living room, its flames glowing red, yellow, and amber. It was over. I stood up, hands clasped.

"I'll go pack now," I said.

She didn't look at me. She didn't turn her head or nod or say a word. It was as if she had died a little and the grief was still new.

I packed my suitcase without seeing. My hands went through the motions. Mechanical motions which were unimportant after what had happened. I walked to the front door and turned the familiar handle. She didn't try to stop me. The fire had burned itself out.

The January wind came brisk and cold. Gray bleak trees stretched their bony branches against the sky, blending with the grayness. I knew all about winter. Even in summertime, it has been winter for me before. I hate the bland grayness that covers even the cold, and robs the land of color, a time when nature casts off pretense and what you see in frozen rivers and evergreens and twisted branches seems all there is ever going to be.

My suitcase was heavy and I wasn't even down the sidewalk yet. I didn't know what to do about taking a cab. So I walked. Walked until my breath came in short gasps and my fingers froze inside my gloves. I walked until it was nearly night and the twilight mingled with grayness and settled on my shoulders like a shawl. I didn't know where I would go or what I would do.

Christmas was hardly over and already it was a memory of color and laughter. Presents and pie. Welcome and warmth. It was important for me to remember the warmth there had been around the fireplace. A tall tree smelling of cedar. Presents sprawling onto the floor like brightly colored jelly beans spilling out of an evergreen jar.

Would I ever see another Christmas in this town? My tears had stopped, frozen in a long stream on my face. I traded them for a stoic, chin up, shoulders back look. After all, it was my own fault. I had said the hasty words, the ill-thought-out words. This time I had gone too far . . . said too much . . . shouted too loud. I'd said what I had always wanted to say. Only, in the end, I hadn't felt as I thought I would. I didn't feel strong and proud for speaking my mind. I felt little. Small. Some thoughts should never be spoken aloud.

Forgotten words from somewhere danced across my mind: "Be quick to hear, slow to speak, and slow to become angry." They haunted me, wound through my mind like an annoying tune. Good advice but too late.

I stopped walking, realizing I hadn't eaten in a long time. I sat to rest and looked at the people in the park. They were evidently having a concert—in the middle of winter. A concert to celebrate the New Year.

I got a sick feeling in my stomach when I thought about

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

Update



Could it be possible? Could it happen to the Church of God?

We read in the Bible: "There arose another generation after them, which knew not the Lord, nor yet the works which he had done for Israel" (Judges 2:10). It happened to Israel and it could happen to the Church of God if we do not disciple the oncoming generation of young people.

Israel failed to disciple her children. After the fathers and mothers died, their children did evil in the sight of the Lord. Instead of serving God they served Baalim and other false gods. The end result was that Israel began to follow idol gods. Her children forsook the Lord God of their fathers because they had not been properly taught. They forgot the miracles God had wrought in their lives. There was no memory of God's deliverance from Egypt.

Parents have an obligation to disciple their children. The church must assist parents by equipping them for this task and by providing an active youth ministry in the local church. There is a dual responsibility: parents cannot simply delegate the discipleship task to the church. They must personally accept this responsibility and the church must actively assist them in this spiritual process.

Parents and local church youth leaders must measure their activities, teaching and ministry to children by the following discipleship principles. Leaders should ask themselves if they are helping each youth:

1. To accept Jesus Christ as Lord and follow His teaching.
2. To understand the Bible and commit himself to personal study of God's Word.
3. To apply the Scripture to everyday life and thereby establish personal convictions.
4. To respond by serving others and by reproducing more disciples.

Parents and local church leaders must also impart basic scriptural teachings regarding Creation, the Virgin Birth, Salvation, Sanctification, the Holy Spirit, Holy Living, the Resurrection, Healing, and the Second Coming.

We must make disciples: we must not fail. The results of what we do—or do not do—in 1983 will clearly be visible in the future. It must not happen that, in A.D. 2001, there will be no Church of God on the planet Earth. □

W. A. Davis
Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education

WHY NOT LOG IT?

Continued from page 13

you proofread it a day or so later, for you know full well the identity of the Jim referred to, as well as the nature of the problem you had planned to discuss, even if you did not put it in writing. But in the course of a few decades, or sooner, you are apt to become acquainted with many Jims and hundreds of problems. Thus, when you reflect on your entry, say at the age of seventy or eighty, you will be hard put not only to remember which Jim, but even more difficult, what your problem was.

Record what you think about the situation of your entry, make an analysis or interpretation now and then. After all, no two persons are likely to see exactly alike on anything, so your personal diary, above all, should contain your thinking.

Thus, your diaries will be more interesting not only to you but also to others, should they ever become public. □

THE BUZZARD DEMON

Continued from page 17

Grandmother ignored him and kept up her pace along the trail, the dark forest urging her on.

"My wife needs a new pot," he said. "Ours is old and cracked. Come, stay at my house at the forest edge. Darkness comes before you reach Ocotal."

The old lady stopped. "It is good," she said. Mario rejoiced. The long trip with only tortillas to eat had worn on him.

The man's hut reminded Mario of his own. He felt at home with cane rafters and mud walls. The Indian wife crouched beside angry red coals, coaxing them into flame. Soon she placed a simple meal on the table.

The Indian man surprised Mario. Before they could take their tortillas he bowed his head and thanked the God of heaven for His provision and protection. His prayer over, they ate. Mario glanced at his grandmother. Her face downcast, her eyes dark with suspicion, she slowly munched her food.

The meal ended, they relaxed on a palm mat spread out on the dirt floor. Mario wondered who the man was. His happy face, his serene prayer, indicated he believed the new way. Grandmother huddled in a corner, silent, her eyes to the ground. Mario could sense her discomfort among these who accepted this way.

Just then a blazing torch lit up the night as three men drew near. They quenched the flame and came to the hut door.

"Pedro!" a man called. "You here?"

"Come in," the Indian host answered.

The men gathered around Pedro. They waved aside his offer of tortillas and glanced around the tiny room. Mario felt their searching gaze fall on him, as though they said, "Just a boy and an old lady."

They looked back to the Indian man.

"Pedro, there are land problems. We must meet tomorrow. Together we fight those who betray us."

Mario watched Pedro take in their words, his face serene but hesitating.

"Men," Pedro said. "I cannot come. You know I've accepted the new way. Tomorrow is Sunday, the day we meet to worship the God who made us. I will meet with you some other day."

The men scowled, their eyes little slits of hate. "Tomorrow we do not work in our fields. You must come. Together we fight our enemies."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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Current Happenings with Questions for Christian Reflection

YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by SONJIA LEE HUNT, Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education

MILITARY SPENDING

Military spending far outdistances spending for health and education in most countries, according to the Stockholm International Peace and Research Institute. India spends 630 times more on a soldier than on educating an individual; 1,600 times more than on an individual's health. In the United States, the cost of a soldier is 93 times higher than education and 155 times higher than health. (*World Vision*) □

* * * *

1. What do these statistics reveal about priorities today?

2. What do they reveal about mankind's trust of one another? □



UPI Telephoto

STUDENTS SINK OR SWIM IN REAL-LIFE GAME

One day a year fifth graders from Kansas City's schools learn about the realities and hard knocks of business by becoming "real" business people. The program is financed by the city's business people, and the big day takes place in an 8,500-square-foot mini-town located in a warehouse near downtown Kansas City. The town has shops, stores, banks, beauty shops and so forth, and the kids sell about everything imaginable.

Each student store owner hires a staff, buys merchandise, makes loans at the bank, sells and tries to end the day with more money than when he started. Promoters say that Kansas City's "Exchange City" is an investment in America's future economic health, and recommend it for other cities. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) □

* * * *

1. What do you think about the Kansas City program for fifth graders?

2. Do you think the local church is doing as good a job in the spiritual realm of helping children and youth to become victorious, mature, stable Christians? □

VOLUNTEER GAINS VALUABLE EXPERIENCE

Kevin Bohn is smarter than you may think. Although Kevin has put in many hours in the TV-9 newsroom in Chattanooga, Tennessee, he has *never* received a paycheck. What he has received, however, in return for his services as a volunteer "gofer" is much valuable experience.

Kevin hopes that his willingness to work will not only give him experience but also a job when he completes his training in the area of television broadcasting. In times when competition for jobs is keen, Kevin will sure have an edge. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) □

* * * *

1. Would you be willing to work for free to gain experience in a particular field of work?

2. Are you gaining valuable experience through volunteer work in your local church?

3. Have you shown God a willingness to work for Him? □

MAIL-ORDER BRIDES

The mail-order bride business, especially in the Philippines, is booming. More than 1,164 Australian men alone have taken delivery of Philippine mail-order brides in the past year, *Parade* Magazine reported in its October 10, 1982, issue.

For several years, Australians have been advertising for wives in Philippine newspapers, believing that Filipinos make the best wives.

John Broussard, of Honokaa, Hawaii, points out, "They are pretty. Virtually all of them speak English. They are marriage minded and never heard of women's lib. Homemaking is their career, and they are grateful for a husband who can provide for them." (*Parade* Magazine) □

* * * *

1. Do you think this is a good method for selecting a marriage partner?

2. What are the purposes of marriage? Reread Genesis 1 and 2. □

WOMEN IN PAKISTAN

Women in Pakistan suffer injustices and restriction of basic rights under current laws, and they face even stiffer boundaries as new regulations are enacted. Fundamentalist mullahs in the Islamic Ideology Council are reviewing and rewriting Pakistan's laws. Already, women have been banned from participating in spectator sports except in front of all-female audiences. In anticipation of government orders, one college has banned women from physics and mathematics, channeling them instead into a new course called "household accounts." (*World Vision*) □

* * *

How should Christian women everywhere respond to oppression and prejudice. □

THE BUZZARD DEMON

Continued from page 21

Pedro shook his head. "I'm sorry. I am with you in your struggle. But we who follow Christ must meet together. Any other day, yes."

The men glared at Pedro, waiting for him to change his mind. When he did not speak, the three men came to their feet.

The leader spoke, his voice a low growl, "You do not fight with us?"

An angry hand struck Pedro in the face. The Indian host reeled and fell against the house pole. Another blow plunged into his stomach.

"Next time, we kill you," the leader said.

While Pedro slowly regained his composure, the three men relit their torches and plodded out into the night.

Mario watched the lights disappear in the distance. He glanced at his grandmother. The old lady was trembling, fear etched in every line of her face.

Pedro came over and looked at the pots they had for sale. Mario marveled because their host, his face yet drawn with pain, still smiled. As he inspected their wares, he chatted in a soft voice.

"My countrymen fear they will lose their land. They wonder why I'm not afraid. God is good. He takes away fear and puts love and joy into our hearts."

The old lady kept silent and Pedro said no more. Mario hungered for more of this word that could free him from fear.

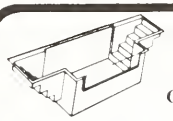
Later that night, the kerosene lamp turned low, they curled up to sleep. Mario reflected on the quiet courage of those who followed the new way, and their desire to meet even if it cost them their lives.

Suddenly Mario jerked up. Again the buzzard demon clung to the wall. Mario started to arouse his grandmother. No! The sooty lamp, its black smoke rising slowly, cast a strange shadow on the wall. That was all.

Mario knew what he must do. He prayed to the true God and said, "You are Lord. From now on I trust in You."

His simple prayer ended, Mario turned over and slept till dawn. □

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THE LAST WORD ON THE MIDDLE EAST by Derek Prince

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Who is controlling the events that will draw all nations on earth into a final decision—a decision that will determine their survival?

The answers to these questions are already decided. The only question remaining is *when*? (Chosen Books, Lincoln, VA 22078) □

HOW TO GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER by Pat McBride

Enormous demands are placed on today's busy woman, and increased frustration, pressure, and stress are too frequently the side effects. Pat McBride has discovered timesaving ways of coping with these many challenges. Inside these covers, you will find her practical tips on the following: how to become aware of time and set priorities (includes the five principles of good management); how to combat procrastination; how to set up a home filing system; how to salvage and recycle clothing; how to entertain with confidence; how to use leftover foods creatively; how to utilize your God-given talents and abilities. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214) □

THE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE FOR CHILDREN by J. F. Allen, Lane Easterly, Bernice Rich, and Elmer L. Towns

The colorfully illustrated stories in this book carry young readers along the exciting sweep of Christian history. A total of 185 Bible stories are paraphrased from Scripture.

The parables and lessons of Jesus come to life in pictures and words, and children from preschool age to early adolescence will live again the all-time favorite adventure stories of Noah and the flood, Joseph's strange dreams, baby Moses floating among the bulrushes, Samson, and King David.

An excellent, attractive gift book with over three hundred full-color illustrations, *The Illustrated Bible for Children* is ideal for reading aloud to youngsters, and the large print invites children to read it for themselves. Hard, washable cover will take heavy use and smudgy fingers. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214) □

GUIDEPOSTS TOPICAL FAMILY CONCORDANCE TO THE BIBLE

(Foreword by Lloyd John Ogilvie)

Guideposts Topical Family Concordance to the Bible combines in one volume the features of a concordance, a comprehensive biblical index, and a Bible dictionary in a practical way for everyday use of Bible readers everywhere. These three features are combined in one alphabetical listing of words to make the book easy to use. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214) □

HAS ANYBODY REALLY SEEN NOAH'S ARK? by Violet Cummings

This fascinating book is a documented and illustrated report of the search for Noah's Ark that reads like a detective story. Includes many facts that have come to light in the past few years, as well as a recap of the history of the search. (Creation-Life Publishers, San Diego, CA 92115) □

AFTER THE ARGUMENT

Continued from page 19

the new year. What a great start I was off to! The New Year. When everyone made resolutions to be goody-goody! I had no use for hypocrisy but I felt a twinge of regret for starting the new year with more hurt than could be quickly erased or forgotten.

I moved nearer to the concert and found a table of hot chocolate and doughnuts. I rather boldly decided to help myself. The chocolate warmed me but the doughnuts only reminded me how long it had been since I'd had a full meal.

Music filled the park. A gray-haired man went to the microphone and welcomed everyone to the concert. "Starting off the New Year right," he said. I had a wild urge to laugh at the irony of his words. I was there because I'd started the new year wrong.

Bands played. Choirs sang. Eventually darkness settled comfortably around us. Little

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children fell asleep on blankets their parents were sitting on. Towards midnight the choirs began passing out candles to people in the crowd. I took one, so it would look like I had a right to be sitting there drinking hot chocolate and eating doughnuts.

One by one the candles were lighted, coming to life gradually, shining stronger and stronger. A young mother lighted the candle of her little girl. The little girl lighted mine. I lighted the man's candle who was working at the doughnut stand. Seemed the least I could do after all the doughnuts I had consumed. Hundreds of candles flickered and danced in the park. It was beautiful. Comforting.

The old man who had been talking when I first arrived at the park hours before, walked back to the microphone. I will never forget his words. They burned into my mind.

"So we come to the end of this evening. But it is not really the end, it is the beginning."

His voice was strong and calm.

"The new year is before us. It is unmarred, untested, and untried. How will we live it? Will our words be hastily spoken and ill-advised? Or will we speak wisely and well? Will our thoughts be of getting even? Of revenge? What lies ahead in the coming days?

"No one can answer that, but we do not have to be filled with uncertainty, or unbelief. On this, the beginning, the very beginning of the New Year, let us turn to the One who graciously gave us this day. Let us turn to God. Ask Him for help and guidance. It is never too late to start over with God."

Wind carried his words across the park. They hammered into my heart. "Never too late to start over with God! . . . start over with God! . . . over with God!"

It had a nice sound to it. Perhaps it was too late to take back all of my hastily spoken words but I could start over again. This time I wouldn't leave God out of my life.

I had a second chance with Him.

I picked up my suitcase. It didn't seem quite so heavy anymore. Out of the park and over the bridge.

I began walking the long road back. □

WHO ARE YOU?

"Who Are You?"
  To some it's a game.
They'll look at your clothes;
  They'll check your name.
They'll watch your manner.
  And they'll spy your car
For they think these things
  Tell them who you are.

But that's not true.
  These things are not
What really matter—
  They don't tell a lot.
They just measure success
  In worldly ways
But will be disregarded
  By the Ancient of Days.

So though you may never
  Achieve fortune or fame,
All is not lost—
  Your life's not in vain.
You are a success
  If you walk with a smile
And with love in your heart
  To warm every mile.

Who you are
  Doesn't matter so much,
But what really counts
  Is the lives that you touch.
And the real you
  Is the words you say
And the thoughts you think
  In the course of a day.

—Sonjia Lee Hunt

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Religious News Service Photo

EDITORIAL, Hoyt E. Stone



The Constant Reminder

IT HAPPENED on a normal day (November 10, 1982) and in an ordinary manner (heart attack). When President Reagan made reference to it a few hours later at his news conference in the East Room of the White House, he spoke euphuistically of "Brezhnev's passing."

That was all. All efforts by the press corps to force Reagan into further comments failed.

Leonid I. Brezhnev—the bear, symbol of Communist ruthlessness, heir to Stalin's throne, antithesis of all which western democracy loves and values—dead!

Yes . . . ho hum . . . he passed away.

It's really not that I wish the president would have said more (I can't think of anything he should have said and I certainly appreciate the fact he wasn't hypocritical) but rather that it haunts me again, and startles me anew, that all the efforts of a man's lifetime can be so appropriately summed up in that simple reference.

We here in the West knew so little of Leonid Brezhnev. As a man, a husband, a father, a steel worker, a patriot, as a person who enjoyed grass under his feet and blue sky over his head, who breathed fresh air and thought at least occasionally of love during his seventy-five years on this earth—we didn't know Brezhnev at all.

Most of us, though, have Brezhnev's image tattooed on our souls. That image may be grotesque, it may be distorted and unfair, it may have been inked by Solzhenitsyn or by the writings of some other Soviet dissident, or it may have been exaggerated and distorted by years of media coverage to represent everything diabolical in our world, but Brezhnev's image is there and it certainly won't pass so quickly as his funeral.

Luke 16:19-31

So now, to use another euphuism, Brezhnev has been "laid to rest."

In God's own time, right on schedule (neither power nor might, nor intercontinental missiles, nor threats, nor frowns, nor all scientific and human forces combined could delay it) Brezhnev went forth to meet his Maker. He went alone, his hands empty, his cup of grace drained. He went as any dirt farmer, or coal miner, or common laborer since time immemorial.

Death is God's ever present billboard on the pathway of life. We have always known Brezhnev was but a man. We have known God would require him to give account just as He will of others. Yet the fact tends to cut through the protective hide we wrap around ourselves. It touches the quick of our inner being and it brings the message once more.

For me it's the message Jesus gave us in Luke 16:19-31, a reminder in capital letters, in full stereo, in living color that some things are more important than others. □

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Prepares for Summer Ministry to 30,000 Young People... See page 8

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Guiding Youth

February, 1983
Volume 54, Number 2

THIS MONTH

Chuck Colson, formerly of Watergate fame, speaks out in our feature for this month. These remarks were formerly addressed to young people during summer commencement exercises. We reprint through courtesy of EPA and Prison Fellowship, believing Mr. Colson's insights too pertinent to ignore.

Other good things as well.

Hoyt E. Stone

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CITIZENSHIP IN THE HOLY NATION

America is a nation in transition, in the eye of a storm which pollster Daniel Yankelovich calls...

by Charles Colson

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...A "sweeping irreversible cultural revolution . . . transforming the rules that once guided American life." Powerful forces are shaking the very substructure of American life.

Like all revolutions, the most profound struggle is going on in us. We are desperately seeking certainty in the midst of confusion and hope in the face of disillusionment. Above all we are confounded by the maddening contradictions which plague us. Consider just these four illustrations:

The boundless affluence considered to be the fulfillment of the American dream led to indifference and spiritually destructive materialism.

The technology which promised to lead mankind to a new promised land now threatens to obliterate it in a giant mushroom cloud.

The self-fulfillment spree of the '70s led not to the expected expansion of the human potential but to isolation, loneliness and the death of community.

The lofty visions of freedom and democracy which ennobled America's mission as a world power floundered in the rice paddies of a distant continent, raising unprecedented and unanswered moral questions.



Jacques Ellul, the French lawyer-theologian, wrote: "Day after day the wind blows away the pages of our calendars, our newspapers, and our political regime, and we glide along the stream of time without a judgment . . . If we are able to live in this world . . . we need to rediscover the meanings of events and the spiritual framework which our contemporaries have lost." Precisely! We are a people wandering in a spiritual wilderness, searching frantically for our roots and crying out for an understanding of the con-

text in which we live.

If you follow daily headlines you will quickly conclude that the dominant issues in American society are inflation and economic policy, or defense spending and social security, or conflicts between conservative and liberal political philosophies. But these are surface issues. The deeper issues are first, what values will we live by—absolute truth, the Holy Word of God, or the arbitrary, relative whims of the humanist elite; and, second, who will set the moral agenda—the church or the bureaucratic social planners and vested economic interests of secular society?

IF INFLATION IS a moral issue, so, too, is society's concern for its disadvantaged and oppressed.

America's moral leadership is up for grabs—and that is where you and I come in. The outcome of today's revolution will be determined by how we respond to the cries of our people for moral direction and vision.

Recent government budget cutbacks put the challenge squarely before us. For fifty years, politicians have led us to believe that government could provide answers to all social ills. Their recipe was simple: enact a law, add at least one government agency, pour in money and stir continuously.

But the $100 billion deficit for 1982 and a stagnant national economy shatter that myth. We are learning that there are limits to what we once thought was the endless abundance of the American economy. So government deficits must be curbed, lest they continue to fuel morally indefensible, double-digit inflation.

But the cutbacks hurt those most dependent on government aid, that is, the poor. If inflation is a moral issue, so, too, is society's concern for its disadvantaged and oppressed. We Christians know from the Old Testament prophets that a people who would sell the poor for a pair of shoes stand in fearsome judgment of Almighty God.

So the government's budget crisis raises a moral dilemma for our society, and a spiritual issue for the church. How we respond will say much for the kind of people we are and hope to be; that's why I consider the budget crunch Round One in the battle for America's moral leadership.

The church faced its first test in New York City. Last Christmas 36,000 homeless men and women were wandering the city's streets at night. Mayor Koch appealed to religious leaders for help: if each one of New York's 3,500 churches would care for just ten homeless people, a desperate human problem could be quickly solved, and without huge government expense.

The New York Times reported the religious leaders' response. One Protestant representative was concerned about protocol: "The mayor never mentioned this to me . . . nobody in his office called to apprise me of this." A Catholic spokesman sidestepped. A Jewish leader explained that many of the synagogues would not have money for increased heating bills.

The Times concluded: the church leaders would need more time to study the mayor's proposal. There was a disturbing silence from Evangelicals.

One can almost imagine how it might sound on that day promised in Matthew 25 when our Lord says, "I was a stranger and you did not invite Me in." And the religious leaders will respond, "But, Lord, You didn't give us time to study the proposal."

I don't mean to belittle our brothers in New York; the issue is complicated and government cannot immediately transfer to the church full responsibility for the needy. But their sorry response should make us ask ourselves some tough questions. Have we become so caught up on doing our own thing, putting on massive television extravaganzas and organizing vast publishing and parachurch empires that we have lost sight of our biblical mission?

Church bureaucracies can become as bogged down as government bureaucracies, so wrapped up in writing pious statements of faith and issuing press releases that they forget their reason for existence: to proclaim the good news and obey the clear commands of the Scriptures. Of course, the Bible requires justice and righteousness from government, but it also demands that we care about our neighbors, clothe the naked, feed the hungry and visit the sick and those in prison. That's *us* our Lord is talking to, and we don't discharge that obligation by paying our taxes or dropping dimes in charity boxes. We discharge it by *doing* the Word of God.

Round One in the contest for America's moral leadership is still going on: whether the church is willing and able to step up to its biblical responsibility is still to be decided. It may be the greatest question we face. For if we fail even the simple test of responding to human needs in

our own community, what possible claim will we have to assume a role of genuine moral leadership in society? We dare not fail.

We live in an age in which the church seems to be beating a steady retreat in the face of the advancing forces of secular culture. If America is in the throes of a cultural and moral revolution as pollster Yankelovich says, then we must realize that secular values are winning the battle.

So it has never been more important—or indeed, more difficult—for American Christians to understand the difference between the holy nation and the nation-state. We must take our stand; let's consider what our holy citizenship means.

First, we must recognize that our eternal citizenship is in the kingdom of God. We are but sojourners in this nation, beloved though it is. We are clearly commanded by our Lord to seek *first* the kingdom of God.

We must also realize that the decay of American culture demands our involvement. We believe there must be a Christian influence in every facet of society. So, Christians must participate, vote, work from within and without to see that government is an instrument of social justice.

But there are grave pitfalls, too, of failing to make clear the distinction between the holy nation and the nation-state. Christian moral and political movements, undertaken beneath the banner of simplistic God and country clichés, run this risk. Let me explain:

No matter how well motivated they are, some so-called Christian movements use God to sanctify the political prejudices of their adherents. And politicians are often willing partners in the process; I can testify from personal experience that politicians are not above using religious men and movements to their own advantage. The danger is that whenever we tie the gospel to the political fortunes of any man or party, it is the gospel that is made hostage, and the gospel that suffers.

Also, Christian political movements can become exclusive. No one agenda can fit all moral situations.

Let us never limit God. He may burden you with one particular cause. He may burden me with another. In fact, I suspect that He assigns burdens and responsibilities throughout His kingdom; what might be on my agenda will not necessarily fit another equally dedicated Christian's agenda. The only absolute agenda is the uncompromising standard of righteousness and justice which Almighty God has woven through every page of His Holy Word.

Finally, in our passion to scrub America clean of its most obvious vices—homosexuality, abortion, pornography, and so forth—we narrow the scope of Christian concern. And, by our silence, we implicitly embrace those things not on our hit list, aligning ourselves with the subtle sins of privilege, power, conspicuous affluence. We do it in a way our Lord very pointedly eschewed.

The American church, fairly or unfairly, is perceived as a white, Anglo-Saxon, upper middle-class phenomenon. The same folks who dine at the country club on Saturday evenings rub shoulders on padded pews at their gilded churches on Sunday mornings. The danger is that we become so identified with an affluent American lifestyle, that people who can't or won't accept the values of that culture, can't or won't accept the gospel of Christ. The longer I'm a Christian, the more I realize that the vague deity of American civil religion is a heretical rejection of the Christ of Holy Scripture.

THE DANGER IS that whenever we tie the gospel to the political fortunes of any man or party, it is the gospel that is made hostage, ...

Second, as citizens of the holy nation, we necessarily and automatically become part of a community beyond ourselves. Many Christians think of conversion as personal and private. But being converted is not just being separated—or "saved" —from one's sinful past, it is being jointed to a holy God and His people. That is the very essence of the covenant.

That sounds simple, but living it is not. We Christians must be different, prepared to live not by the self-aggrandizing rules of this culture, but by that commandment which tells us to bear one another's burdens and to lay down our lives for one another. Let me illustrate:

Next to my conversion, the most powerful spiritual experience of my life was when, in prison, I learned that a member of my prayer group, who happened then to be the eighth ranking Republican in the House of Representatives and is now the governor of Minnesota, had asked the President if he could serve my remaining sentence in my place so I could be with my wife and kids, who were

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experiencing serious problems. *That is citizenship in the holy nation.*

At a White House meeting this spring, I was thrilled when President Reagan referred to Agape House, a project in Jefferson City, as an illustration of what Christian groups should be doing. Agape House started a few years ago when volunteers in our ministry discovered that wives traveling from St. Louis and Kansas City to visit their husbands in the state penitentiary had no place to stay, and often slept in cars or in parks. The volunteers bought an old house and renovated it as a guest home where inmates' families could get food, lodging and Christian love. *That is citizenship in the holy nation.*

A couple in Denver recently mortgaged their home to get bail money for an inmate they had been ministering to. *That's citizenship in the holy nation.*

Since we are part of a corporate body, we bear corporate responsibility for what happens around us. All too often we Christians act as if we secretly delight in the moral pollution around us; the more depraved the world is, the more righteous we feel by comparison.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT US that causes us to withhold from God the reverence we lavish on human idols?

Third, as members of the holy nation, we worship the unseen God, who through His Son dwells in each of us. We are to respect and follow those in whom God reposes spiritual authority, but we must remember that ours is a jealous Sovereign. The first four of the Ten Commandments deal not with our sins against our fellowman but with the requirements of exclusive worship and reverence for our Creator God.

Americans have come to worship fame for fame's sake. To be the object of adulation in America, one needs only to appear frequently enough on television to be generally recognized; it has nothing to do with why the person is famous.

What is it about us that causes us to withhold from God the reverence we lavish on human idols? Over and over in the White House, I met people who would fiercely complain about a policy and demand an audience with the President. But the roaring lions I escorted from the waiting room became meek lambs in the Oval Office. I saw more awe in that one room than I have seen in the sanctuaries of all our churches combined.

But that is the secular world, you say. Well, that same attitude has captured much of the Christian world. Instead of the pelvis-grinding rendition of "Hound Dog," we Christians have substituted Pepsodent smiles, spray-dried hair, and syrupy baritone, all slickly directed before expensive video cameras. But just because we're electronically as good as Johnny Carson doesn't mean that we are penetrating the world with the convicting message of Christ.

Fourth, as citizens of the holy nation, we take our stand not on the shifting sands of secular relativism but on the holy and inerrant Word of God. Decisions in the world are made on the basis of expedience and changing sociological factors. But the Word is unchanging, immutable, and without it we Christians have nothing.

Taking our stand on biblical truth can be our only defense against our culture's penchant to reduce all issues to simplistic suppositions and glib cliché-ridden answers. We impatiently expect to get solutions to the most profound ambiguities of life the same way we drive up to the fast-food counter: one double burger, chocolate shake and an order of fries. We are faddists. Just look at the rash of new diets and instant physical conditioning courses which week after week dominate our best-seller lists.

The problem is, that "easy answer" mentality is invading the Christian church: we want score cards by which we can instantly rate our politicians, new catchy acronyms for salvation, time-saving techniques for discipleship. But formulas don't convert people; slick slogans and cute phrases are no substitute for hard spiritual truth.

As a leader in the holy nation, you must challenge presuppositions—not only of society as a whole but of the Evangelical subculture as well. The gospel of Jesus Christ must be the bad news of the conviction of sin before it can be the good news of redemption. The truth is revealed in God's Holy Word; life can be lived only in absolute and disciplined submission to its authority.

Fifth, we are commanded not only to seek first the kingdom of God—don't stop there—but as well His righteousness.

Righteousness or holy living is often seen by Christians as maintaining chaste sexual standards, tithing, faithful church attendance, being friendly to those around us. Well, those are indeed

Christian responsibilities, but only the beginning of holy living.

And many believers categorize their refraining from alcohol, tobacco, cards and dancing as holy living. Though God may call you to that type of witness, it is only skimming the surface at best. That is piety. And you must never, never confuse piety with righteousness. God's definition of righteousness is based on justice for all people, especially the unfortunate; you shall not sell the poor for a pair of shoes, nor take away the coat of a man who borrows from you, you shall pay your employees a just wage, you shall care for widows and orphans, you shall hate evil and do good.

SEVENTH, AND FINALLY, citizens of the holy nation must participate in the human drama.

After ten years in a Soviet gulag, Alexander Solzhenitsyn wrote, "Bless you prison, for having been in my life." For it was there he learned that "the meaning of earthly existence lies, not as we have grown used to thinking, in prospering, but in the development of the soul." I, too, can say "bless you prison," for it was there that I learned to see justice in the way that Amos and Micah and Jeremiah and Isaiah saw it, the way it is to be in the holy nation.

Justice is not achieved in God's eyes until a society is as concerned with the rights and dignity of the man in a prison cell as it is with the man in the executive suite. If we're honest, I suspect we will agree that we're as far away from that standard today as the holy nation was in the time of Amos. But that standard is what you and I must work for.

Sixth, be prepared as a citizen of the holy nation to take your stand in faithful obedience to your Lord, to make a difference with your life. That will probably mean standing against the culture in "a bold and majestic witness to the holy commandments of God," as Carl Henry has put it. That does not just mean contributing or paying dues to some moralistic crusade. It means standing in the gap, if need be, by yourself.

I guarantee you will have many opportunities, small and large, to take your stand. If not, you need to question your own commitment. Conformity is the high priest of American culture, and has infiltrated the holy nation. So it is not easy, but I beseech you, *dare to be different.* Dare to live as a citizen of the holy nation.

Seventh, and finally, citizens of the holy nation must participate in the human drama. Much of the church today has withdrawn, seeking refuge on the high—and often affluent—ground. Our multi-million dollar church complexes are as remote and protected as walled medieval fortresses, protected from the swirling and polluted waters where most of the sick, hungry and hurting people are. So they cannot identify with us and will consequently never hear our message. But imagine what would happen if the poor and needy could see us where they live, as we meet them at their point of need.

The French scholar, Jacques Ellul, wrote that until we have "really understood the actual plight of our contemporaries and we have heard their cry of anguish, until we have shared their suffering both physical and spiritual, and their despair and desolation, then we shall be able to proclaim the Word of God, but not until then." The Apostle Paul called it the fellowship of suffering. It is a spiritual mystery—suffering with others draws us closer to our Christ who suffered for us.

Being in prison has given me this insight. For the most meaningful communions I have had with my Lord have not been in the great cathedrals of the world I've been privileged to preach in, nor in the parliaments where I have spoken, nor in the most influential gatherings of Christian leaders. They have been instead on my knees on the grimy, concrete floor of a rotten prison cell with my hand on the shoulder of a tough, burly convict who sobs with joy as we meet Another who was in prison, executed and rose from a tomb for us—His name is Jesus.

My friends, take your posts. You have been called out by the most high and holy God to serve Him in the building of His holy nation. You are called not to be successful or to meet any of the other counterfeit standards of this world, but to be faithful, and to be expended in the cause of serving the risen and returning Christ. □

SUMMER CAMPS: We Must Do Them Right

FOR NEARLY THREE decades now, the Church of God has been committed to Christian camping and I find it exciting to know that our present general youth and



Christian education leaders believe camping to be a renewing challenge.

Commitment to this summer ministry which will touch thousands of young lives this summer alone prompted Lamar Vest and W. A. Davis to insist on "Camping Conference Number Three" even in a time of recession and tight budgets.

Thank God they did!

Thirty-nine states were represented at the conference, along with delegates from Canada and England: one hundred and eighty registrants in all, many of them directors and state youth and Christian education board members for whom it was a first-time experience.

Heart of the conference was a smorgasbord of workshops, seminars, and special sessions covering two dozen subjects which ranged from "Planning Camp Finances and Budgeting" to "Camp Follow-up or Foul-up."

Former pro football



linebacker Ray Schmautz, now pastoring a church in Upland, California, was special guest. Ray livened things with humor, camp experiences, and keen insight into biblical passages.

"How long has it been," Ray asked during one of his after-breakfast talks, "since any of you went to a mortuary and asked permission to talk with a corpse?

"How long?"

As might be expected, that question met with (dead) silence.

"I'll tell you how long it's been," Ray continued. "You did so when you last turned on your TV or when you read the morning newspaper. Most of us are guilty of permitting men of this world—men who are, in terms of the Scriptures, dead—to establish and define our values."

As with the two preceding



conferences, the men found French Lick Springs relaxing. Recreational facilities were excellent and there was food enough to send everyone home vowing to diet the next week.

Two of our own state directors, Ron Martin of North Carolina and Anthony Lombard of Kentucky, ministered in general sessions. Ron reminded us that, with all the planning and promoting, we still must keep the moving of God's Spirit in our camps if we win young people to Christ; and Tony closed our gathering with emphasis on God's glory revealed not in fire, wind and miracle but in the covenant of salvation.

This conference did not come easy. Many states sacrificed and a number of overseers went an extra mile to







see their directors and youth board members present.

Those men should be thanked, along with the department and all staff members who planned and promoted the meeting.

Next summer, when 30,000 young people gather, and when camp harvest is reaped around altars from Washington to Maine, perhaps God's Holy Spirit will say it better. □

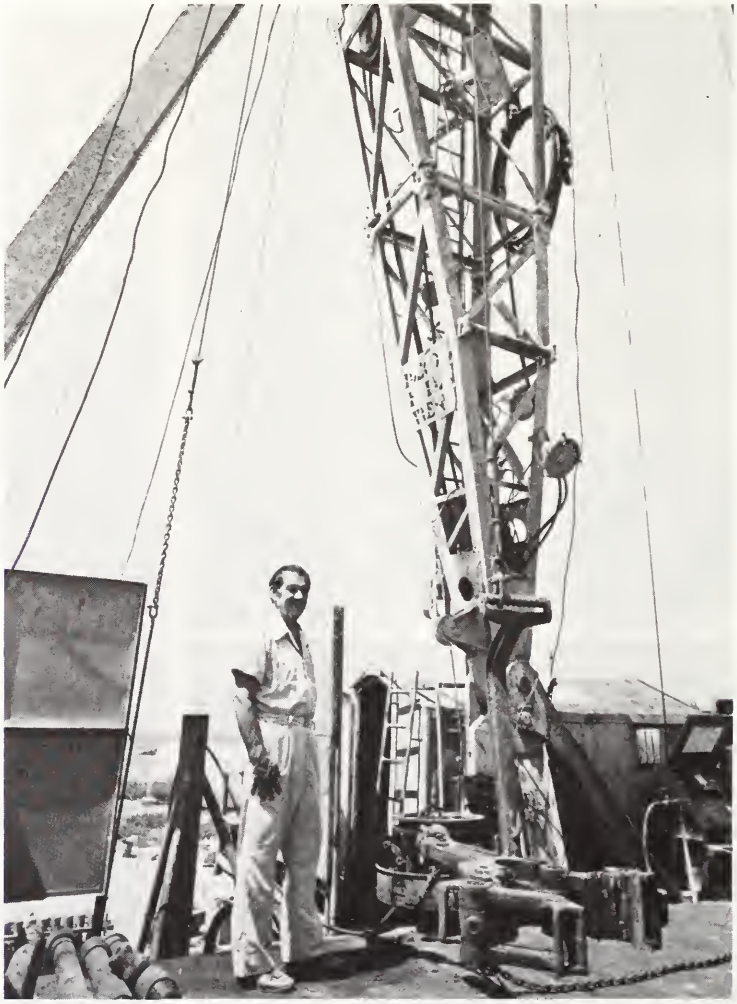
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BIBLE-INSPIRED TEXAN

by Pearl Sheffy Gefen

SEARCHES FOR OIL IN THE HOLY LAND



Israel Tasby Photo

THE STORY BEGAN during World War II, when fighter pilot Andrew C. Sorelle, Jr., was strafing a German truck convoy in Normandy. His American Air Force Thunderbolt was hit by a German 88-mm. shell and went out of control.

"I knew I had lost my aircraft," the recipient of the Silver Star and Distinguished Flying Cross remembers. "I knew I was going to die. What happened next, I am told, could not have happened.

"Just a few feet from the ground, that battle-torn old plane snap-rolled. Instead of barrel-rolling, nose down, it was suddenly making a steep climbing turn."

The plane continued to do the impossible, and Andy Sorelle arrived intact back at his base. "After I turned off the ignition switch, I sat quietly in a supernatural hush. In that silence, God became real to me."

TEL AVIV—A Christian oil man from Texas is drilling a well in Israel, based on readings in the Bible and backed by belief, technology and hard cash.

That experience changed Sorelle from a nonreligious hell-raiser into a believer. Now sixty-one, he spent years "wondering why God saved my life, when I saw so many good guys get killed. I felt I had a destiny, that God saved me for a purpose. I think I now know what it is."

In 1968, Sorelle and his wife visited Israel as part of a thirteen-nation tour. "Before that, I had never thought about Israel, but I became hooked, and I wanted to do something for the country. The only thing I knew, being a petroleum engineer and in the oil business, was that Israel needs oil and maybe I could help."

Several years later, Sorelle came to Israel to do an oil exploration job. "We surveyed most of the country, and found a few weak prospects, but nothing we wanted to drill. Then they asked us to go down to the Sinai. We stayed there a few weeks, mapped five very promising sites and asked for a license."

That was in November 1977. A week later, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat made his historic trip to Jerusalem.

"They began the peace negotiations and asked us to wait. We waited for two years, and then they gave the Sinai back to Egypt, with the oil fields and the promising sites.

"There's a scripture in the Bible where God says, 'They that bless Israel, I will bless.' Well, we'd tried our best. But that seemed like the end of our venture in Israel."

It wasn't.

Two years later, a college friend of Sorelle's came to him with a map of the twelve tribes of Israel. "There's a passage in the Old Testament, noted Sorelle, "where Moses, talking about the blessings of the twelve tribes, said Asher would dip his foot in oil (Deuteronomy 33:24). Well, on that map, the leg of Asher started in Lebanon, the heel of the foot was drawn in Haifa, and the toe in Caesarea.

"I suddenly realized that the only area we had not surveyed in Israel was between Haifa and Caesarea, along the coastline. So back we came to Israel."

Sorelle brought with him new equipment which his company, Energy Exploration, Incorporated, of Houston, Texas, had developed. Use of this equipment, followed by seismographic and geological readings, confirmed Sorelle's belief that the Caesarea-Haifa stretch was "one of the most interesting geological prospects ever to be mapped in Israel."

Sorelle points out that he is drilling not far from Megiddo, the prophesied site of the battle of Armageddon. "The Bible says that Israel will be attacked by (and rapidly defeat) the Russians, who will be coming after 'spoil,' which means something of great value. They wouldn't come for cucumbers and tomatoes. So there's got to be something big here, and that's oil. An oil discovery in Israel would certainly make its enemies mad.

"Everyone knows what Golda Meir said, that when Moses crossed the Red Sea, he turned the wrong way. Well, I don't believe he did. It simply wasn't God's time for Israel.

"When you study the Bible, you see that God told the Jews He would scatter them throughout the world because of their disobedience, they would be persecuted and downtrodden, and then He would gather them together again and Israel would become a nation once more.

"There was another prophecy which said Israel will be blessed above nations. That certainly hasn't happened. But it will. The reason I love the Bible is because it's the only thing I've found to be completely truthful and accurate, and I know the prophecies will be fulfilled."

Sorelle's belief is infectious, and he has gathered

people around him who share it. Manager of operations at the well is Victor Kenneth Lambert, one of the top oil men in the world who can handle very deep wells.

"I wouldn't be here if I didn't believe it was God's will," explained Lambert. "We've had a lot of problems, but before the birth of anything great, there's a lot of pain and tribulation."

Geologist Jack Sherman admits: "To be honest, as a geologist I was skeptical at the idea of drilling according to the Bible. But there are unique things about this well that I can't explain. We've nearly lost the well on fourteen separate

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



NOT AMONG STRANGERS

by PHILIP MORRIS



THE students chattered nervously. A quick shiver shook my body. I knew it was more from tension than from the autumn chill. It was my first visit to a Communist country and my first morning worship service behind the iron curtain.

We opened a high gate, walked around the side of a private home, and entered the back door of the house. Inside, the room was filled with an assortment of individual house chairs arranged neatly in rows. The floors were worn both with much use and with meticulous scrubbing. A beige space heater was in the middle of the floor, and a pump organ was just to the left of a pulpit which was draped with white scarves.

The men sat on the right. Some wore ties; others simply buttoned their shirts all the way up to the collar. As we entered, they rose from their chairs, clasped our hands, and kissed us on both cheeks. The ladies sat on the left. Their heads were covered with scarves of different colors, most of which were black. They were already singing as we walked in.

No faces were familiar. The language was unknown to us. But the uplifted hands, the moist eyes turned heavenward, and exclamations of "Hallelujah!" told us that we were not among strangers.

The music stopped. A young minister from the congregation was invited to the pulpit to welcome the guests. In English he said, "Welcome to Yugoslavia!" Then through the interpreter he continued, "As always, we are happy to have our national youth director with us. And we extend special welcome to our students from the European Bible Seminary whom he has brought with him today."

Then his voice quivered ever so slightly as he turned and spoke directly to my wife and me. "For many years I have asked the Lord to please allow me to meet both of you in person." Surprise overwhelmed us. He turned to the congregation and continued.

"Today is an answer to that prayer. When I had no funds with which to continue my education at EBS, this Brother and Sister and the congregation which they pastored in America paid my way through school. Ever since that time, I have asked the Lord—."

His voice finally broke. He reached for a handkerchief. I felt my wife's hand on my arm. We responded together in similar

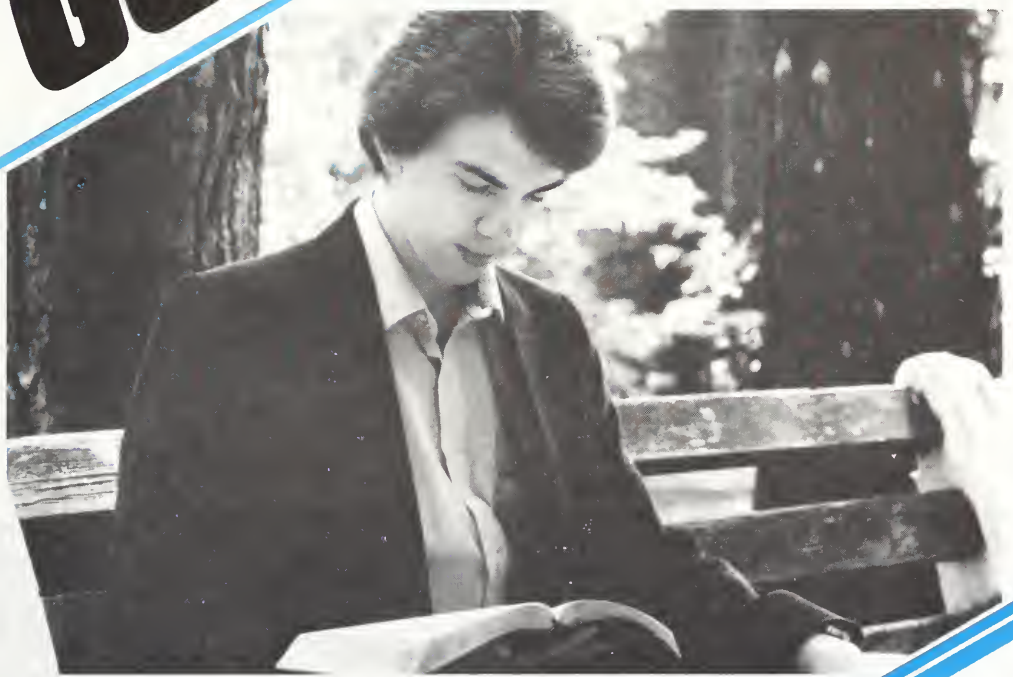
CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

DISCOVERING GOD'S TRUTH

That's the aim of all Church of God education ministries – to discover God's truth – through the study of His Word and His creation.

Jesus said, "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Find your freedom by learning more of God's truth.



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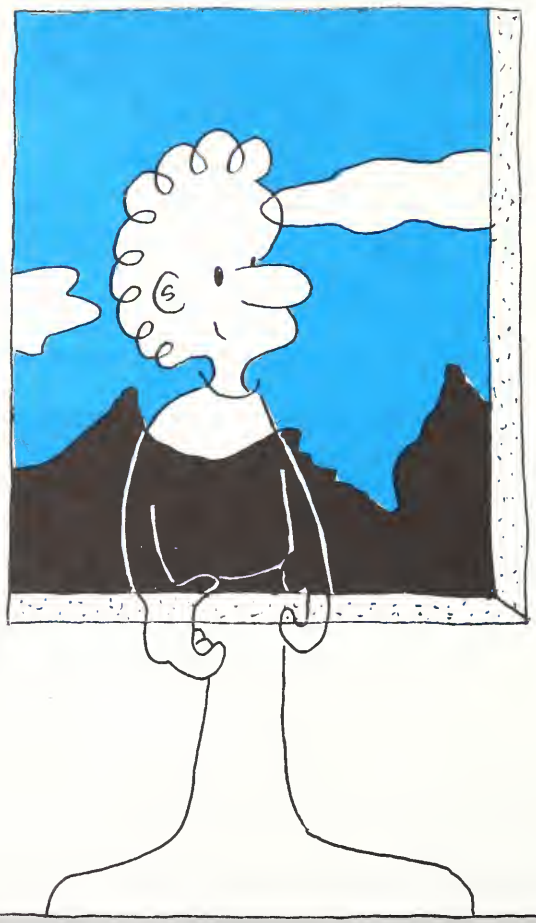
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How to Yield





Be a chameleon Christian. Why be misunderstood, disliked, and persecuted, when with a little care and judicious silence, no one will ever know what you are? Just change your color to match the crowd.

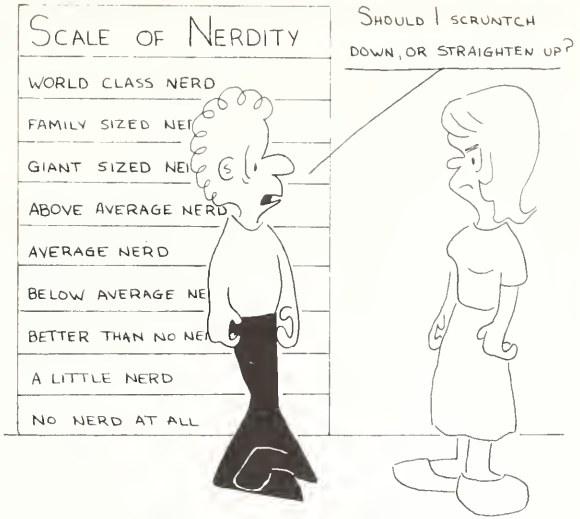
To Peer Group Pressu

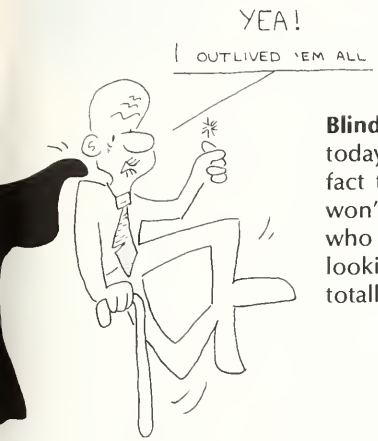
Artist/Writer, Larry E. Neagle

it a matter of priorities. After all, is more important to you: social ance or Christian living?



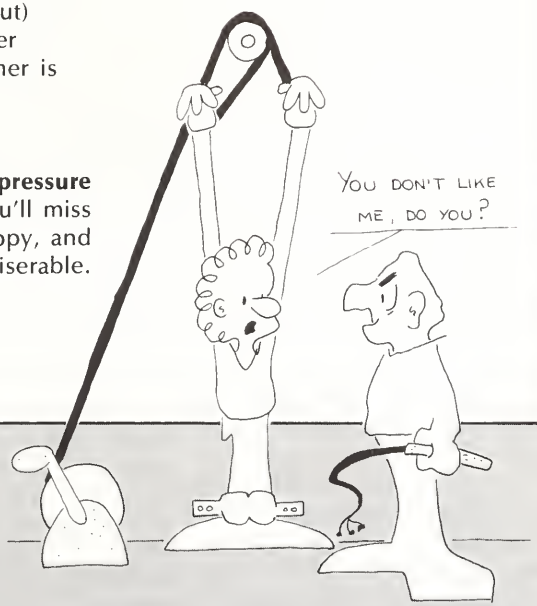
Succumb to intimidation. No one wants to be rejected by others. Give in quickly and earn their respect.





Blind yourself to the future. Focus on today's compromises instead. The fact that in ten years you probably won't remember (or care about) who was better dressed, better looking, more athletic, or richer is totally immaterial.

Take peer group pressure personal. Otherwise you'll miss being depressed, unhappy, and absolutely miserable.

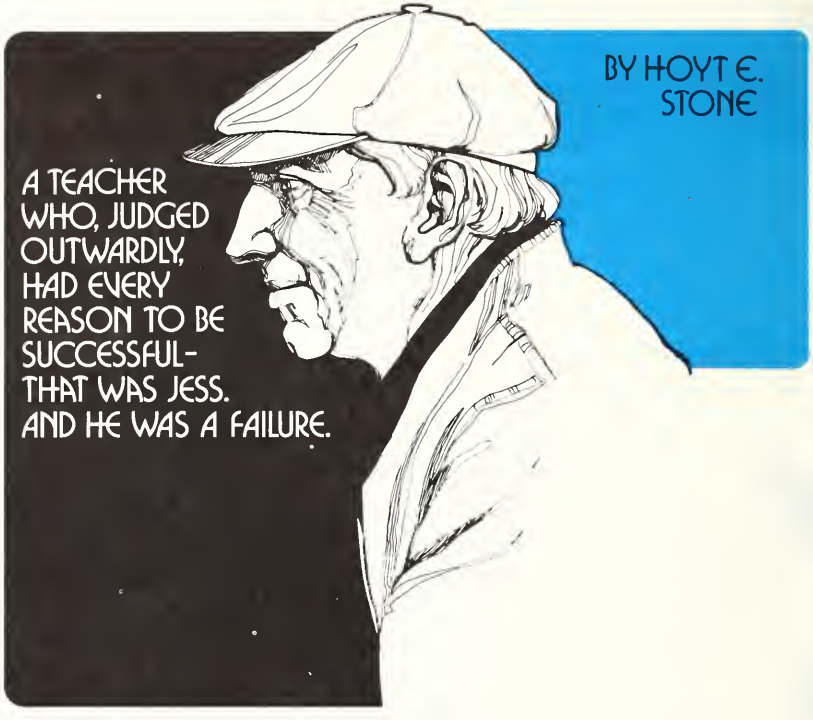




Disregard where others' thoughts, actions, and values are not in sync with God's. After all, a little lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, and boastful pride of life—what do these things hurt?

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KNOWING TOO



BY HOYT E. STONE

JESS BINDER watched his teen Sunday school class members file slowly out. All seven of them. He folded his teacher's manual, tucked away his transparency slides, swallowed hard, took one last look at the room which would seat a hundred, and walked into the hall and down to the superintendent's office.

"How'd it go, Jess?" Sunday school superintendent Wilson Smith was a big man, of few words. He and Jess had discussed this topic before.

"Not much better. You talk with the pastor?"

"Yeah." Wilson was checking roll cards, busying himself with last-minute details. Jess squirmed. Waited. "Pastor said he'd leave it up to me." Wilson now looked up, right into Jess's eyes. "You still want to resign?"

"I never have wanted to but it's obvious I'm just not cutting it with the kids. You've already given me an extra quarter. I owe it to you, and to the kids, to get out. Guess I'm just not a teacher after all."

"We can move you to a smaller room."

"No thanks."

Jess found his wife Mary and daughter Cathy seated in their family pew. They sang together but his heart wasn't in it. Neither did one word of the pastor's sermon seem to register. All Jess could think of was the joy and enthusiasm with which he had agreed to take over the teen class six months before. Maybe he had imagined it but it had seemed to Jess then that the teens were equally excited. Attendance stayed up for five or six weeks. A few new faces showed. Then things started falling apart. Absentees increased. When Jess phoned, all he got were excuses.

At first, being the type guy he was, those obstacles made Jess even more determined to succeed as a Sunday school teacher. Jess had enrolled in the pastor's teacher-training class. He had signed up and done a semester of study at a local Bible college, concentrating on methodology. He had gone to a special teacher enrichment seminar in Atlanta. Finally, he had started a rather elaborate self-study course at home, reading about great teachers such as D. L. Moody and often fantasizing that he too would build a Sunday school class worthy of attention.

No use. Fewer and fewer teens came into his classroom. Jess now faced up to the fact: he just wasn't a teacher. One more Sunday and it would all be over.

That afternoon, with Cathy

MUCH

out playing, Jess mentioned the matter once again to Mary.

"Oh, Jess, I wish you'd reconsider. Did you talk to Brother Anderson?"

"Brother Anderson. That's all I hear out of you, Brother Anderson. No, I haven't talked to Brother Anderson."

"Why not, Jess?" Sometimes Mary could be very insistent. "After all, he taught the class for nearly thirty years. Maybe he could give you some pointers."

"Come on, Mary, that's asking too much and you know it. The man's old. He's forgetful. Besides, you know along with everyone else that it was my idea to relieve him of the class in the first place. I didn't know the education board would ask me to take the class but I'm the one who said he was simply too old to keep up with what's happening among teens today. Wouldn't surprise me one bit if some other board member hasn't told him I'm the one. The old fellow's probably sitting home right now, just gloating over the fact the class has dropped from fifty to ten."

"Jess, you don't mean that. And I for one know better. You're forgetting Brother Anderson was my teacher years ago. He may be old, and forgetful, but he's not one to gloat over another's misery. If he's doing anything, he's praying for you, and the class, just like always. You ought to go see him."

Jess didn't want to talk about it anymore. He switched on the TV and watched the Falcons get creamed by the Steelers.

Tuesday afternoon, though, while visiting a client out on Anderson Pike, Jess remembered Mary's words. It was only another mile to the Anderson place, a little white-frame, five-room house that nestled beneath two big oaks. Jess found the tall, thin Ortho Anderson back of the house, cleaning leaves and debris from an old spring.

"Don't use it anymore," Brother Anderson said. "Now we've got city water in the house. But I still like to keep it flowing."

For an insurance salesman and a man known for his way with words, it took Jess Binder a long time to bring up the subject of his visit. He finally coughed it up, though, by which time the two had walked around to the front porch and were sitting in a squeaky swing.

"I know ye been hav'in trouble, Jess. Knowed it fer months but I reckoned if'n ye wanted any help frum me ye'd ask."

"Pastor tell you?"

"Nope. How I knowed ain't so important but so as to ease your mind the kids tole me. They's real happy at first. Said they never knowed a guy could cram so many facts and interestin' things in a Sunday school lesson."

"That's what I don't understand, Brother Anderson. I've really tried hard to be a good teacher. Studied. Worked at it. Some weeks I've put as many as twenty full hours into lesson preparation."

"I s'peck that's been ye problem, Son." The swing stopped squeaking and the two men looked into each other's eyes,"Ye knowed too much. Leastwise, ye knowed too much in your head, though maybe not enough in your heart. All them 'air facts and figgers ye talk about, those little stories ye tell, and jokes—they's nice to know and there's been times when I wished I knowed more 'bout technology and computers and things kids talk 'bout today myself—but if'n ye can't relate 'um to the kids, if'n ye can't talk to young people where they live and where they hurt, it ain't gonna do a bit of good."

The swing started squeaking again.

"That's kind'a straight and plain I reckon. But kids today get all kinds of facts and figgers in public school. Always seemed to me they ought'a find somethin' else in Sunday

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

MARTY'S LITTLE Pretender

by Betty Steele Everett

AS HE STEPPED off the bus in front of the school complex, Marty groaned. Alicia Wesson was darting toward him from the elementary school area, ignoring the drizzle.

"Here comes your number one admirer!" laughed Bert Finley as he jumped off behind Marty. "Too bad she isn't ten years older! You'd have a date for everything!"

"It's not funny!" Marty snapped. "How would you like a seven-year-old always waiting for you when she knows where you'll be? Even in this rain—here she is!"

"You're irresistible!" Bert slapped him on the back and laughed. "To women under eight and over eighty, that is! At least this is Friday and you won't have to worry about her for two days! She doesn't live near you or go to our church!"

"But she'll be back Monday! She talks all the time—about her daddy and the letters he's always writing to her."

"Hi, Marty!" Alicia had reached them, and was smiling up at him. "Want to see the letter I got from my daddy?"

Marty sighed. Alicia had told him her parents were divorced and that her father lived in another city. But he wrote regularly to Alicia, and she always wanted to tell Marty what was in the latest one.

"You'd better put that back," Marty said as Alicia pulled an envelope from her pocket. "It'll get wet. You can tell me what he said."

The girl hastily stuffed the letter back into her pocket, but not before Marty saw several drops of water hit it.

"Daddy says he loves me more than anything. He says he thinks about me all the time. He says he's real busy, but he's going to come see me soon. And when he comes, he's going to bring me a real gold watch!"

"That's nice," Marty said. Alicia's father usually said about the same things, but they made Alicia happy.

"We've got to get inside," Marty said. "I don't want to be late."

"Me neither." Alicia suddenly reached for his hand, and held it as they went across the campus. At the elementary entrance, she dropped it. "By, Marty. See you later. Have a nice day."

Marty sighed. "By, Alicia. You have a nice day, too."

Alicia ran for the door, turned to wave to him, then disappeared inside. Marty sighed again. He hoped he would be able to get to his bus this afternoon without Alicia seeing him.

He did make the bus at 3 p.m. without seeing Alicia. *Good*, Marty thought as he swung aboard. He could relax now for the weekend. He pushed aside a slightly guilty feeling.

Saturday Marty did his chores around the house and studied his Sunday school lesson. He went bowling that night with Bert and some of the others in the church gang. He managed not to think about Alicia most of the day.

But Sunday morning, as he came out of church after the services, Marty heard his name called in a high-pitched voice. He turned to see Alicia standing on the curb.

"Alicia! What are you doing here?"



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

The little girl smiled. "I found out where you lived. But you weren't there, so I started home down this street. Then I saw you go in that church, so I waited for you to come out."

Marty stared at her. "You waited two whole hours for me? Alicia, why did you do that?"

"It was a long time," Alicia admitted. "But I wanted to show you the letter I got from my daddy today." She pulled out an envelope. "He says he

thinks about me all the time, and he loves me a lot, and he. . . ."

"Today?" Marty asked. He was getting a funny feeling inside; there was no mail delivery on Sundays!

For the first time, Marty looked closely at the envelope Alicia was holding. There were spots on it! *Water spots*, Marty thought, *from the rain on Friday*! It was the same letter Alicia had shown him two days ago! She was lying about getting a new letter from her father!

And she would never let me read them for myself, Marty realized. *But it couldn't be the same one. . . .*

"Alicia, let me read this letter myself."

Marty reached for it, but the child pulled it back quickly. "No! I'm the only one my daddy wants to read his letters! He wrote them just to me! I can tell you about them, but no one else can read them!"



Marty hesitated. *Lord*, he prayed quickly, *what should I do?*

"Will you walk home with me, Marty?" Alicia asked suddenly. "It's pretty far, and I'm not sure how to go."

"Your mother's probably going crazy worrying about you!" Marty said. "I'll tell my folks and then we'll drive you home. I can't figure out how you found my house—and the church—by yourself!"

"We can walk," Alicia insisted. "Please, let's walk, Marty."

As they began walking, Alicia slipped her little hand into his. Marty took it automatically. He was too deep in his own thoughts and questions to notice.

Ten minutes later, Alicia dropped his hand. "There's my house."

"I'd better go in and help explain to your mother," Marty said. He did not look forward to that!

"No!" Alicia said quickly. "I mean, Mom always sleeps late on Sundays. But it's all right with her for me to go out alone." She looked up at him. "I love you, Marty! Next to my daddy, I love you best of all!" She turned and ran up the walk and through an unlocked door.

Marty stared after her. He made a note of the house number, then walked slowly home.

The next day Marty got permission to skip his last period study hall. He hurried to Alicia's house and knocked on the door. There was no answer.

"She's at work!" a voice called, and Marty looked around to see an older woman standing on the stoop next door. She wore a wrinkled housedress and her hair was in rollers. "You want something?"

Marty walked across the small grassy space between the houses. "I wanted to talk to her about Alicia."

"What about the kid?" the woman demanded. "Look, her ma don't get home 'til almost six. Alicia stays with me after school. So what about her? How do you know a little kid like that, anyway? She's not hurt or anything, is she?"

"Oh, no! I'm Marty Sterne. I . . . I've talked to Alicia at school some." He hesitated, not sure how much to tell this stranger. But she seemed to like Alicia, so he decided to be honest. "I just wanted to ask her mother about the letters Alicia gets from her father."

"Letters?" The woman frowned. "There ain't no letters from her father! That bum took off before she was born. Her ma never talks about him. Only letters the kid ever got were from her grandmother, and she died last year."

"She doesn't know where her father is?" Marty felt weak inside; he had not expected anything like this.

"No one does. That Alicia's got a real imagination, though—always making up stories." The woman squinted as she studied Marty. "You know, her ma showed me a picture once—her and him together on a date. He looked a little like you. Older, but not much when it was taken."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

Update



PUNCTUALITY

In the latter days of the Civil War a courier was given a message to deliver in the war zone. He was to deliver a document to the officer in charge by 10 a.m. Friday. The messenger stopped along the way, thinking that no one would mind if he arrived late. After all, it was a long trip. He arrived at 12:15 p.m. Friday and delivered his message. Much to the courier's dismay the officer in charge informed him that the document he carried was a full pardon for the man who had been hung at 12 noon. His late arrival cost a man his life.

Today everyone seems to be so busy. It is hard to be on time. The word is punctuality. What does punctuality mean? Punctuality is learning to arrange my schedule around the appointments that are made. Showing esteem for other people and their time by not keeping them waiting.

Consider the following questions:

1. Do you plan on getting to an event before it starts or as it starts?
2. How many times have you been late to Sunday school class or youth choir practice this past month?
3. Do you have a library book overdue?
4. Do you know how to graciously excuse yourself from conversations that hinder you from being on time?
5. Are you overdue on money you borrowed from a friend?
6. If dinner is set for six o'clock, what time does your family expect to see you?

Punctuality is a character quality that every young person should develop. Punctuality shows respect for those persons who touch your life. Punctuality reveals that you see time as a valuable part of God's stewardship plan for your life.

A few suggestions . . .

—Develop a daily schedule—include devotions, meals, study time, recreation and so forth. Check for imbalance.

—Purchase a small pocket calendar. Write in appointments and special events. Check the calendar daily.

—If you are going to be late, call the person waiting.

—Plan ahead and stay with your plan.

Every one of God's creatures has been given the same amount of time in a day—1,440 minutes—the difference is in how we use those minutes. □

W. A. Davis
Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education

BIBLE-INSPIRED TEXAN SEARCHES FOR OIL

Continued from page 12



occasions. Whenever we've been stuck, there has been some concentrated prayer, and a day or two later the trouble has cleared up. I'll tell you something. I'm beginning to read the Bible more than ever before in my life."

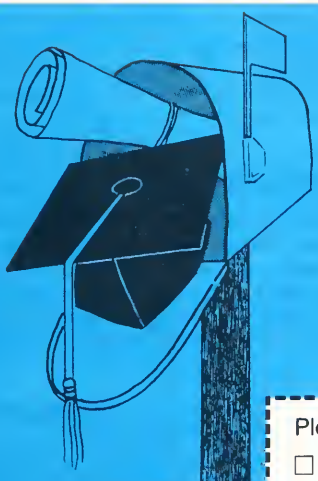
When things were looking particularly gloomy, Mrs. Sorelle lost a solid gold bracelet while swimming in a turbulent sea near the well site. A week later, when it should have been buried fathoms deep, Sorelle found it sticking out of the sand in a sort of "V," as in victory.

"It was such a powerful sign. Every time we felt we were at the end, God would answer our prayers. Sometimes," Sorelle conceded wryly, "He waits until the last split second. But He's there." □

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Current Happenings with Questions for Christian Reflection

YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by SONJIA LEE HUNT, Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education

HOW TO BEAT COLLEGE COSTS

It's time to apply for college and for money for college if you're going next year. With the economy as it is, and with the federal government's cuts in the education budget, you may be wondering how you'll be able to pay for college. Times *are* hard, but the financial-aid well is far from dry. You can improve on your chances of getting aid by following some simple guidelines: (1) Apply for financial aid. (2) Fill out *all* forms correctly. (3) File early. (4) Hunt for scholarships. (5) Accelerate your studies. Remember that college education is still one of the best bargains around. (6) Consider work and college together.

PAUL ON PAC MAN

They didn't have Pac Man or any of the other video/arcade games of today in first-century Israel. If they had, Paul surely would have mentioned them. People haven't changed that much—first-century Israelites would have fallen head over heels (or quarter over dollar) in love with the hungry little gobbler just like we have. And some of them—like some of us—would have gone overboard and become video game addicts.

No, video games are definitely a phenomenon of the twentieth century. They are fun; they can be educational; they can be a source of "clean" entertainment. But, probably like similar distractions of the Apostle Paul's day, too much of a good thing is no longer a good thing.

* * * *

1. What could be some of the results of becoming a video game addict?

2. Do you know what temperance *means? Read 1 Corinthians 9:25; Philippians 4:5; and Galatians 5:22-24.*

HEROES

There are yet a few heroes around: not just in fairy tales, but real, live heroes. One such hero is Jim Thompson, a South Central Bell service technician. Mr. Thompson gained his fame quite unexpectedly on a routine morning while driving to work. Ahead of him on the highway a truck ran into a small car which had stopped for a school bus. The car was knocked into a nearby creek where it landed upside down.

Mr. Thompson moved to get the passenger out. He called for some men standing on the creek bank to help. No one moved. Working feverishly, Jim finally succeeded in jerking the car door open.

Louise Crawford owes her life to Jim Thompson's heroic efforts. Jim Thompson simply says, "I did what I had to."

* * * *

1. Do you know any real, live heroes?

2. Are they of the Superman type or are they just plain, everyday people?

WHO NEEDS ENTHUSIASM?

Lack of enthusiasm—not really a very valid reason for losing one's job. But that was the case, it seems, for a young reporter, who exhibited all the promise and marks of excellence that any editor would want, except enthusiasm. Unless a story was a scorcher, he had very little use for it, and his lackadaisical attitude began to reflect in his writing. Unable to stand the pressure from his editor to shape up, the young reporter chose to seek employment elsewhere. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*)

* * * *

1. How is your enthusiasm level when it comes to your schoolwork, chores around the house, or your job?

2. How may we apply 1 Corinthians 10:31 to the manner in which we do our daily activities?

RUNAWAYS

Child and teenage runaways in the United States number more than one million annually. Most are between the ages of 10 and 17. According to the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services (HHS), the average age is 15—a drop of one year from the 1976 average. Seventy percent are white, 55.7 percent are female, and 40 percent are school dropouts. HHS estimates 60 percent had never been in trouble with juvenile authorities before they ran. (World Vision)

SENIOR CITIZENS

Senior citizens in the United States may be facing a bleak future financially. Analysts report that 3.85 million are living in poverty; 2.5 million more have incomes within 25 percent of the official poverty line of $4,359 for a single person 65 or older and $5,498 for a couple. Widows and members of minorities are most likely to be in need. (World Vision)

* * * *

1. Is anyone at your church responsible especially for ministry to the older members of the congregation?

2. What could you or your youth group do to help care for the elderly of your church or neighborhood in a systematic and effective way?

NOT AMONG STRANGERS

Continued from page 12

fashion as he continued. "Ever since that time, I have asked the Lord to please make it possible for me to thank them in person for the blessing that their church was to me in my hour of need."

I left my chair on the front row. We embraced: two men who had never met before. I felt like I was meeting my own son for the first time. Our common love for Jesus Christ and our common brotherhood in the Church of God had brought us together. We were not among strangers. □

Phillip Morris, formerly of Princess Anne, Maryland, now serves the church as faculty member at the European Bible Seminary in West Germany.

KNOWING TOO MUCH

Continued from page 17

school. Somethin' like a teacher who'll listen as well as talk. A teacher who'll sort of git down on his knees with 'um if'n he has to, and who'll be a friend when God seems a long way off."

Jess Binder stood up. Turning, he faced the old man in the swing, swallowed hard, and coughed.

"Brother Anderson, did . . . did you know I'm the fellow who recommended you be removed from your class?"

"Yep. I knowed it."

"I ought not have done that."

There were tears in Jess Binder's eyes. He hadn't cried in a long time.

"Why, don't let that bother ye none, Son. You were just doin' what ye thought best. 'Sides, that ain't why I quit. I quit 'cause I'm almost blind. Got where I can't read much."

Jess took out a clean white handkerchief and blew his nose loudly.

"Know somethin' else?" The old man grinned up at Jess. "I'm the feller who recommended you be my successor. Still think it's a good idea, if'n ye come down to earth and start seeing them kids fer what they are." □





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THE RACE SET BEFORE US by Ken Radke

This illustrated devotional guide has a singular purpose, to help athletes develop their spiritual life. Using analogies and anecdotes from the world of running, the spiritual race is paralleled to the physical race.

The course has been marked, and definite rules are to be kept. Obstacles are to be avoided, training patterns are to be practiced, successful runners are to be modeled after, defeated runners are to serve as warnings. Priorities are to be established. And God is our coach.

The Race Set Before Us is designed to be read daily for as little as ten or fifteen minutes. Questions follow each chapter. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214) □

WHAT TEENAGERS WISH THEIR PARENTS KNEW ABOUT KIDS by Fritz Ridenour

Fritz Ridenour went right to the source to find out what teenagers really want from their parents. From personal interviews and a survey of hundreds of teenagers, he identified three major needs of young people: to be respected, to be listened to, and to be trusted. In this lively and practical book for parents, Mr. Ridenour gives helpful tips on developing key attitudes—understanding, respect, acceptance, thoughtfulness, and the most important attitude, forgiveness, as well as offering other parenting tools. (Word Books, Waco, TX 76796) □

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE by David Jeremiah

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His enthusiasm for the Bible and its messages for today come alive through his lively comments and pointed anecdotes. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214) □

MARTY'S LITTLE PRETENDER

Continued from page 19

"He looked like me?" Things began to make sense to Marty. Alicia must have seen the picture. That was why she had picked him to follow around! And the letters—it was the same one, an old one from her grandmother, not a new one each time from her father!

How could I have been so stupid? Marty thought. *I've seen that same envelope for weeks, but I didn't recognize it 'til Alicia said it came on Sunday and I saw the water spots on it!* Aloud, he said, "The poor kid!"

"Oh, they get along fine. Her ma's got a good job, and I look after Alicia. Kid just has too much imagination, that's all! Oh, well, I guess it don't hurt anything. You want to wait for her? She'll be here in a few minutes."

Marty hesitated, then shook

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his head. "Not today. In fact, maybe it would be better if she didn't know I was here."

The woman shrugged. "Okay."

As he walked home, Marty began to think—and to pray. "Lord, forgive me! She only wanted someone to love her! She picked me because I looked like the man in the picture! But I didn't try to understand! I just thought about how much she bothered me. I didn't love her! I didn't tell her about Your love, either! I let her go on pretending with an old letter!"

Marty was in front of his own house now. "But I'll change that! This week I'll invite Alicia to go to Sunday school and church with me. Maybe her mother will come, too. Alicia can sit next to me. And she can hear about Someone who really loves her. And then she can put that old letter away." □

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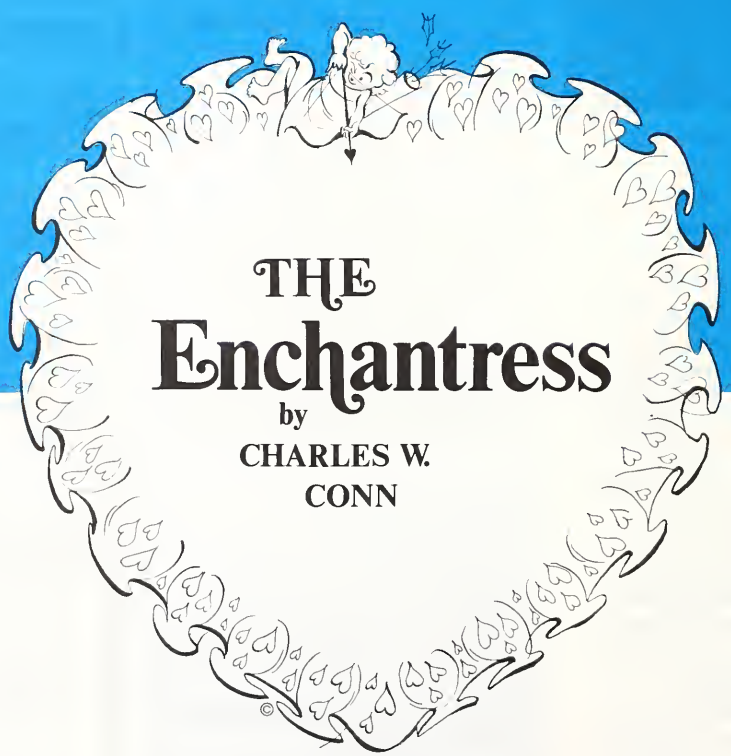
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Could I, by chance, be free at last
Of all the ties that hold me fast,
New ties with you I'd seek somehow,
No less than those that hold me now.



THE Enchantress

by

CHARLES W. CONN

EDITORIAL, Hoyt E. Stone



LOVE, LOVERS and MEN

"YOU WORRY ME."

"Why?"

"Lots of reasons. Mostly, your attitude toward love."

"Love! I'm all for love. Love makes the world go round. Haven't you heard?"

"Yeah. I've heard. I've also suspected you haven't the faintest idea what love is."

"Come on, Pastor. You putting me on?"

"No, I'm not kidding. You seem intelligent. You have status in this community, even this church. Two fine children. A beautiful wife. You just don't know what love is."

"You mean love . . . like . . . say in the Bible? Or do you mean love love . . . like between a man and a woman?"

"There's a difference?"

"Well . . . eh . . . of course there's a difference. At least I think there is. Maybe I do have a little trouble with 'love your neighbor,' or especially with 'love your enemies,' but when it comes to love love . . . well . . . eh, frankly, Pastor, my wife says I'm a good lover."

"Your wife says she wants a divorce."

"Say that again."

"Sure. I'll say it again, though not because you didn't hear me. She told me this morning."

"She . . . she told me last week. I didn't believe her. You believe her, Pastor?"

"Yeah, I believe her."

"Why?"

"Because you're a jerk."

"Now wait just a minute! You may be my pastor but I . . ."

"Sit down."

"I . . . I don't have to listen to that . . ."

"You don't *have* to listen, that's right. To me or to anyone else. But you'd better listen. You'd better forget that playboy philosophy, and start thinking like a rational being. You'd better realize love is an affair of the heart. Otherwise, you're on a downhill slide to nowhere."

"I . . . I don't want to lose her."

"You told her that?"

"Well . . . eh . . . no, not exactly. I'm sure she knows it. I . . . I've tried to tell her at times. Tried to express my feelings for her and for the kids. It's a little hard for me and I guess I've taken too much for granted. But deep down, right this very moment, I realize she means everything to me."

"Well now, maybe I was wrong."

"Huh?"

"Wrong about you being a jerk."

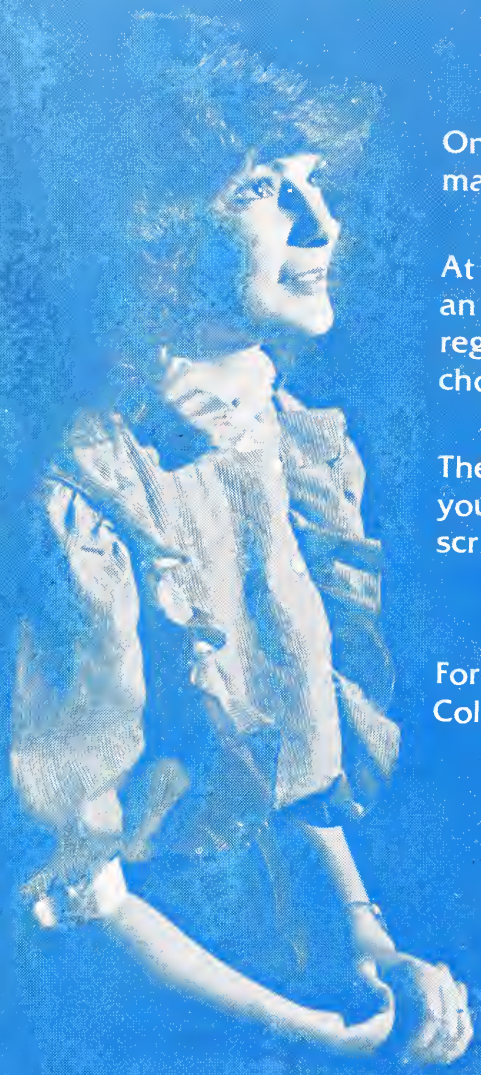
"No. You weren't wrong about what I've been. Maybe wrong about what I'm going to be. Will you talk to her for me?"

"No. That's your job."

"Didn't think you would."

"It won't be so hard, once you get started. I think you're man enough. God will help you." □

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WHAT'S a Young Person TO DO?

See page 3

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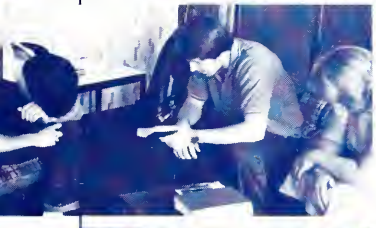
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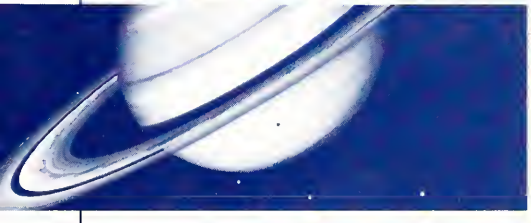
THIS MONTH

The present recession hurts everyone. It seems especially cruel to the youth seeking that first job opening or career opportunity. Our feature is hopeful. We also take a look into one of our Chicago Spanish churches. Other good things, too. Share the *Lighted Pathway* with your friends and family.

Hoyt E. Stone







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SOME THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS ON THE MATTER OF A CAREER FOR YOUR LIFE.

SUDDENLY THE DECISION is before you: What are you planning to do with your life?

This time your thoughts are serious. This is more than a schoolteacher asking a question to which you give a casual answer. This is more than a hint from some member of the family that you follow in your parents' footsteps; more than your dreams of athlete's prowess and scholarships, which really come to only a select few; and more than your usual something-will-come-along answer.

You are now thinking of a career on your own. Still dreaming and, of course, planning to be successful in an unusual manner, but trying to evaluate your opportunities and your talents from a realistic position.

There truly are some new realities to consider.

First, many of those older, traditional careers aren't so promising anymore. This nation's steel industry is operating at little more than 60 percent capacity and few expect it to improve in the near future. That bulwark of American industry, auto manufacturing, seems seriously crippled; and, when it does begin to run again, thousands of skilled workers will be replaced by robots and computers. For the time being at least, these have put the squeeze on coal mining and few of the promised developments in energy talked about during the Carter administration seem destined to materialize.

Second, you may be one of a unique generation forced to



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watch your parents go through the trauma of lost security. Many parents, after twenty-five and thirty-five years of faithful service to old and what have been considered reputable corporations, are now finding themselves either laid off work or facing the very real threat of such layoff. Such a threat can be devastating to family relationships, educational plans, and retirement goals.

Not even that strong bastion of hope, the labor union, can offer promise when the job itself is being eliminated; and few people in their middle years feel inclined toward job training and the launching of a new career even *when* and *if* government picks up the tab.

A third reality. Some of the silver-lined professions are also becoming overcrowded. We watched this happen during the seventies to the teaching profession. Read of teacher strikes, of community revolts against higher taxes, and of local government efforts to trim budgets and you realize this profession, especially in the public school sector, is still facing big problems.

What you may not know is that the medical profession is also becoming overcrowded, with a surplus of doctors predicted for the nineties. A recent television documentary portrayed law as being so much in trouble already that one young lawyer worked nights in a pizza parlor just to earn money enough to keep his office open. He hopes eventually to build up enough law clients to quit the pizza business.

What all this means, of course, is that you must face these new realities and you must cope with them through faith and the natural ingenuity God has given you already.

Remember, you are equipped to survive. God has endowed you with a marvelous mind. Use it. He has blessed you with a miraculous body. Protect and exercise it.

If you haven't done so already, this author suggests that you read Alvin Toffler's book, *The Third Wave*.

Basically what Mr. Toffler sets forth is that we face a new revolution in terms of how we live and work. The first great wave of historical change, according to Toffler, was the agrarian revolution which transformed our ancestors from nomads to farmers. The second wave was the industrial revolution which now draws to a close and is destined inevitably to decline. The third wave of change is upon us, as yet not fully clear, but referred to variously as the computer age, the space age, or the age of personal independence.

Read Toffler. What is best about his book is the optimism. For every job or career

destined to vanish, according to Toffler, there will be a new one to take its place. New challenges are before your generation. New frontiers. New methods for working, playing, communicating, and assisting your fellowman.

Confront these new realities head-on. Prepare yourself educationally and emotionally. Determine in your heart, through faith, to survive.

Take a close look at the world around you. Just as it seems obvious that many things are changing, so it seems equally obvious that new opportunities are emerging.

Where are the jobs and careers of the future?

First, think services. Our society, our world, is becoming more people-oriented. It is the service industries, those which contribute to the needs and comforts of people, which seem destined to expand.

Second, prepare yourself for versatility. Don't expect to do one single task for the next forty years of your working life: rather, prepare yourself mentally for change. Be on the lookout for opportunity. Diversify your efforts. Maybe you are especially good at one particular thing but God hasn't so limited your talents. You can learn to do many things well. Professional athletes know they can't play ball forever. The physical strain and competition is too much. They plan for a second or third career later on.

Third, keep abreast of new trends and changing technology. The old typewriter and ledger bookkeeping system may serve you well for a time but why be afraid of word processors and home computers? Should you let others explore all the facets of video recording, electronic mail, home-study courses? Why not continue to invest in your own knowledge and personal competence?

Finally, never forget you have but one life. You live and exist by the grace of God. God wishes your life to glorify Him and to bless others. You may do this through honest business, through labor, or through a particular calling or ministry; but you must not forget your life is hid with Christ in God (Colossians 3:3).

What's a young person to do?

Precisely what young people have done for generations. Yield yourself to the leading of God's Holy Spirit. Walk according to the precepts of His Word, the Bible. Love God with all your heart and your neighbor as yourself.

For such people as this, there will always be a place. Light up for Christ.

Tomorrow is yours as well. □

HES



Musicians play during altar service at one of the Chicago Spanish churches.
Rev. and Mrs. George B. Horton, (overseer of North Central Spanish churches) enter church where Hector Camacho now pastors.

Stone Photo

THE LIGHT STILL SHINES

Miracle in Chicago

DOWNTOWN CHICAGO, Ashland Avenue. Midmorning.

There isn't much traffic on the street. Yet there are few parking places. Graffiti covers walls, marking youth gang territorial boundaries, and the only life stirring seems to be at the pubs where habitual drinkers can't tolerate even a sabbath day off. Water puddles from last night's rain. Two policemen patrol slowly by, nodding, nightsticks visible.

The city is strangely, almost eerily quiet, perhaps exhausted from a Saturday night too long, too wild, and too insane. Buildings on this street are low, two or three stories at the most, clustered, and with few distinguishing marks. South, though, one can see the Chicago skyline, and Sears Tower gleaming black before an early sun.

After some searching, North Central Spanish Overseer George B. Horton squeezes his car into a "tow-away" zone.

"Something worse might happen on a side street," he says with a grin. "Besides, this being Sunday, it's not likely the city crew will be out."

Only then do I see the church sign, "Iglesia de Dios." There's no spire, no cathedral windows, no outward symbols of church to which I'm accustomed, being a Southerner; but there is a painted emblem over the door, with shield and cross, and written in English, "Church of God."

Our street-level entrance is into a foyer from which I hear muted voices. Sunday school is in progress. Two flights of stairs left, onto a second-floor landing, and through large open doors I look into a spacious auditorium: rows of pews, center stage, musician's podium to the left. An old building, obviously, but high-ceilinged, open, clean, and inviting.

Pastor Hector Camacho is teaching a young adult class. He pauses to welcome and introduce us. He then continues, speaking first in English and then in Spanish. The young people are attentive, inquisitive, eager to participate in the lesson.

Sunday school over, I follow Brother Horton to the rostrum.

He kneels for a brief prayer just before being seated (a custom among our Spanish brethren) and I follow suit.

The entire atmosphere seems to warm up and I begin to feel at home in spite of the language difference. Smiles, friendly nods, firm handshakes, dark eyes sparkling, familiar music—these know no barriers. I feel the move of God's Holy Spirit and my heart lifts in praise to the one God who created all men.

"A miracle church," Brother Horton had told me when he first invited me to visit in the Chicago area. "A fellowship of believers forced—no fault of their own—to pass through a terrible ordeal. Not many weeks ago, these were sheep without a shepherd. Then came Hector Camacho and his family. God began the healing process."

Healing. Spiritual healing. Healing that comes only through unity of the Holy Spirit and which is always expressed in love and a willingness to cooperate, to sacrifice, and to move forward in the name of Christ.

Amid the singing and the worship of this morning, I remember other bits of information George Horton had shared the day before: there are more than 500,000 Spanish Americans in the Chicago area, a vast and fertile harvest field; this is but one of thirty-six churches and six missions presently under George Horton's supervision; Hector Camacho, Brother Horton's immediate predecessor, felt led of God to remain in Chicago and pastor this hurting congregation rather than to serve elsewhere as an overseer.

Hector Camacho, a name long associated in my mind with Church of God Spanish publications. I watch and I listen as this man becomes flesh and blood, a unique personality, an individual whom I can embrace and identify. Before me



Hector Camacho was born May 24, 1930, Santurce, Puerto Rico. As a child he attended the Baptist church and then, at age thirteen, accepted Christ as his personal Savior in a Pentecostal worship service. He began his ministry in 1949.

Brother Camacho has spent 11 of those years of ministry in Puerto Rico and 21 years in the United States, serving as evangelist, pastor, state and/or territorial overseer, youth and educational director, and editor of Spanish publications (San Antonio, Texas). He has organized 33 churches, served on a number of state and national boards, and authored more than 250 articles and Bible studies.

Married in 1953, Hector and Loida (a native of New York) have been blessed with two daughters: Dilia (28), and Lydia (26); and two sons: Dali (23), and Saul (20).

Sister Camacho is a language professor at Purdue University, still able to smile at the memory of a lady at the General Assembly saying she spoke English well. Hector is presently doing doctoral studies at McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago.

in the congregation is Brother Camacho's wife Loida: smiling, worshiping, encouraging and supporting her husband as Church of God wives do the world over. Two sons are also present.

"Dear God," I pray, "it's so easy to live in our own little world, to build fences, to shut others out. It's so easy to blind ourselves to the neighbor and to the fellowship of others. Forgive us. Forgive this church. Help us each day not merely to talk about oneness in Christ but to live out the experience through association and sharing."

Time for me to speak. Hector does part of the introduction. Then Brother Horton. I'm unable to catch the Spanish words but again I see the smiles and I know these my brothers and sisters have a natural acceptance of who I am and what I am. They listen for me to speak. They want to hear some word from God, through me, and I step forward with hope that it can happen anew.

Brother Camacho is my interpreter. Such preaching is new to me. A little awkward. Aw, but how quickly Brother Camacho puts me at ease! With what openness the people join me in a few moments of praise and dedication.

Altar response is spontaneous, open and responsive to the Holy Spirit. Once again there is the music, upbeat and lively. I am in the Lord's house, on the Lord's day, with the Lord's people. No doubt about it.

I can only speculate as to where this congregation is going—its future, its growth, its impact on the city of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

Making

by J. Stephen Conn

ONE HOUR BEFORE concert time the sleek silver bus pulled up impressively and stopped at the front door of our church. Six young musicians alighted, clad in blue jeans. We exchanged a quick greeting, and they went straight to work.

Up went the side of the bus and out came a ton of assorted black boxes: speakers, mikes, guitars, records, tambourines, and a sanctified set of drums that formerly belonged to some rock-and-roll band.

Thirty minutes before concert time, while the musicians were still tuning their instruments and testing the sound system, the saints began to arrive. One of the first was a woman who loved God but had no use for loud music. Sheer loyalty to the church brought her out that night.

This dear sister was the kind that really knew how to keep a pastor on his knees. With one special look she could let you know whenever she disapproved of anything, which was almost always. This was the look she wore into the church that night.

I didn't have to ask what it was that met her disapproval. Even I could see that the singers' hair came halfway over the ear, and that was half an ear too long for her. Then there were the blue jeans and T-shirts. It didn't matter that the guys would go back onto the bus and change clothes before the service. I tried to ignore her and welcome our visitors.

And visitors we had. Usually our crowd on weeknights was small, but not tonight. More of our regular faithful few came in, and then visiting young people. Lots of them. It's funny, I can hardly ever get a non-church-member teen to come out to hear me preach, but we always attract a crowd when a good gospel band comes to town. And that's exactly what we were after. We want all the unbelievers we can get into our church. Sinners make the best saints. Christ died for sinners.

Concert time arrived. The house was full. I stepped to the pulpit and opened the program by reading Psalm 150. That's the one where we are told to praise the Lord with all kinds of instruments, including the loud and high sounding cymbals. "Tonight," I announced, "we are going to follow the instruction of this Psalm. Let's praise the Lord."

After prayer the singers grabbed their mikes, the piano began to bounce, the drums began to roll, the organ began to vibrate, and the tambourines began to clang, all for the glory of God. I glanced back over the congregation. Faces were radiant and enthusiastic, enraptured in worship. But not every face. The dear sister with the permanent frown glanced menacingly back at me and shook her head negatively. Two of her friends got up and walked out.

The sincerity of the singers was evident. I knew they were well acquainted with the Jesus they sang about. That's why I had invited them to our church.

An hour and a half passed quickly and the leader of the group stepped out front. He began to talk about the love of God, about His forgiveness, and about the joy that comes in serving Him. Hearts were tender and ready to receive the message. An invitation was given. And as the group sang "The Old Rugged Cross Made the Difference," thirteen young people got up and walked down the aisle, weeping. They knelt at the altar to receive Jesus Christ as personal Savior. I noticed that the disapproving sister was among the altar workers who came to pray with those who had responded to the invitation. Her head was still shaking from side to side; that must have been the only



way it would shake. But now she did not shake her head in disapproval, rather in amazement. I heard her praise God and exclaim, "God works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform."

Thirteen people who walked in that night as sinners, walked out as saints. Some of them are still among the leading members of that church.

God help us who are pastors and church leaders to use every effective evangelistic tool He has given us, even contemporary Christian music. God help gospel singers to minister, and not just perform. God help us all to make a joyful noise unto the Lord, whether the music is soft or loud. □











PIONEERS FOR CHRIST

BY MARK SCHRADE



PIONEERS FOR CHRIST INTERNATIONAL is a witnessing arm of the Church of God Evangelism and Home Missions Department designed to generate involvement in personal evangelism. The initial, motivating drive undergirding the operation of PFC clubs throughout the denomination is *Saved to Serve.*

Today, one can see the impact Pioneers for Christ has had on Church of God evangelism, but it has not always been this way. There was a time when our church's "witness-consciousness" was at a much lower ebb, when there were few organized efforts to take the good news door-to-door, and when PFC clubs did not exist. Here's this author's account, put together from personal interviews, of how it all began.

Charles Beach moved to Lee College in 1954. At that time it was difficult to get even a handful of students to do house-to-house visitation. However, there was a group of students on campus called "Youth for Christ." This program, started by Pricillia Odom in the late 1940's, put emphasis on child evangelism with an occasional street service in Benton, Tennessee. There was no emphasis on personal evangelism, or house-to-house witnessing.

In 1955 two Lee College girls did some house-to-house visitation and, upon hearing their testimony one night, Charles Beach felt moved of the Holy Spirit to be involved in such a ministry. He began working with Youth for Christ.

In 1956 Charles received a newspaper from California called "The Soul Clinic," a broad witnessing program involving house-to-house witnessing. The following year he decided to go to California where he spent

two weeks with Soul Clinic, his first exposure to house-to-house witnessing.

When Charles Beach returned to Lee in the spring of 1957, he started his first venture with house-to-house visitation. That same year students organized the first out-of-town "invasion" in Ooltewah, Tennessee. They conducted no services, just witnessing on Saturday. Thirty-seven students participated.

In 1956-57, the Reverend C. R. Spain verbalized the idea of Pioneers for Christ, an organization designed to solicit money for building new churches. It was then suggested that Youth for Christ call themselves Pioneers for Christ, since they were a witnessing program that could also be instrumental in starting new works.

The following year the name change caught on and Pioneers for Christ evolved more and more into a personal witnessing program. That same year the concept of the weekend invasion was acquired and Lee College PFC began to move out of the local area.

It was in 1959 that the first out-of-state invasion was conducted in Mississippi.

—1957-58, Lee College PFC visited 1,000 homes
—1958-59, 2,000 homes
—1959-60, 4,000 homes
—1960-61, 10,000 homes
—1961-62, 20,000 homes
—1962-63, 40,000 homes
—1968-69, 23,408 homes
—1969-70, 18,922 homes
—1970-71, 19,735 homes
—1971-72, 10,391 homes
—1972-73, 6,341 homes
—1973-74, 11,394 homes
—1974-75, 20,345 homes
—1975-76, 17,273 homes
—1976-77, 9,380 homes
—1977-78, 5,371 homes
—1978-79, 2,250 homes
—1980-81, 1,494 homes
—1981-82, 7,655 homes

In 1961-66, Lee Pioneers for Christ started fifteen new churches around the nation, giving praise to God who gave the increase.

Perhaps the first person to support house-to-house witnessing was R. Leonard Carroll, president of Lee College in 1956, who brought a girl involved with Soul Clinic to the campus. He housed and fed the young lady in return for her training Lee students during the day. Others who supported the program were Rufus Platt, Ray H. Hughes, Wade Horton, Raymond Crowley, John Nichols, C. R. Spain, Walter Pettit, Bill Wooten, Paul Henson, Terry Beavers, and many Lee faculty members.

The one man, though, who has backed and promoted the program most, according to Charles Beach, is Ray H. Hughes. It was Brother Hughes who purchased PFC their first bus, and who has invested generous sums of money in the program. When Dr. Hughes returned to the Lee College presidency in 1982, it wasn't too surprising that he brought former Secretary of Lay Affairs Charles Beach back with him to once again promote personal evangelism among the students.

Today, following the Lee College example, West Coast Christian College, Northwest Bible College and East Coast Bible College all have strong PFC programs.

The Lee College chapter of Pioneers for Christ is a group of enthusiastic students serious about fulfilling the Great Commission. Students participate in thriving evangelistic outreaches such as jail services, nursing home services, local Kids Klubs, teen services in high schools, visitation of the sick in hospital, home Bible studies, services for shut-ins, and local witnessing in arcades and other places of public amusements.

Beyond these campus and local ministries, the club continues to invade local communities with the good news of Jesus Christ, going house-to-house with the gospel, holding evangelistic services at night, and seeing the dynamic results of personal evangelism.

Some have been skeptical of PFC evangelistic ministry and have doubted its lasting benefits. It may even be that at times certain claims have been exaggerated. Nevertheless, permanent and far-reaching results can be found.

This fall, a Lee PFC team returned to the Metropolitan Church of God in Atlanta, where Flynn Johnson pastors. Upon assembling with church members on Saturday morning, preparing to go house-to-house with the gospel, they were greeted by a jubilant man who informed the team they visited his home one year earlier. He was a sinner, in utter darkness, and they came with good news. He accepted the Lord and has been a faithful member of that church ever since. Praise the Lord! Is it any wonder he was ready to go witnessing himself?

The PFC program has never found roots churchwide, though many would like to see it do so.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

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How to Unglorify God

Artist/Writer, Larry E. Neagle



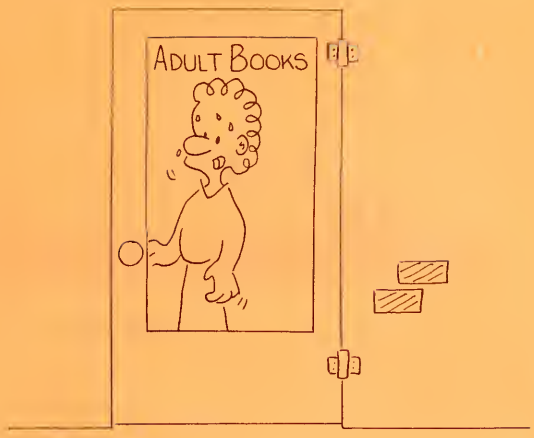
Glorifying God in all things (see 1 Peter 4:11) is impossible, so why try? Besides there are times and places when it really is impractical.



Take everything for granted. Never stop to consi what it would be like if God withheld gravity, water, air, sta warmth, love, or sunshine.



Learn to act. Make a show of honoring God, but in your heart glorify yourself. Imitate the Pharisees of old who surrounded their almsgiving with the sound of trumpets. After all, what good is it to do good if no one sees you do it?



Live an unholy life. Give others a chance to mock you and Christ.



Forget about praising the Lord and thanking Him for who He is and what He does. Button your lips. Don't talk about it. Don't even think about it. Remember: mum is the word.



By their fruit you shall know them. Play it simple. Bear the wrong fruit.



THE Promise

Charles W. Conn

Here in my hand I hold a seed,
A very, very tiny seed,
No larger than a grain of sand.
Yet that seed contains the promise
of what mighty things can be.
And what can be
is a tree,
A tree that all who pass may see.
A tree that's tall and stately,
With leafy limbs that cast
their shade across the lea.
A tree that makes a home for creatures
great and small;
Where squirrels play and bluebirds
trill their mating call.
And, just think, I hold it all—
Here in my hand.

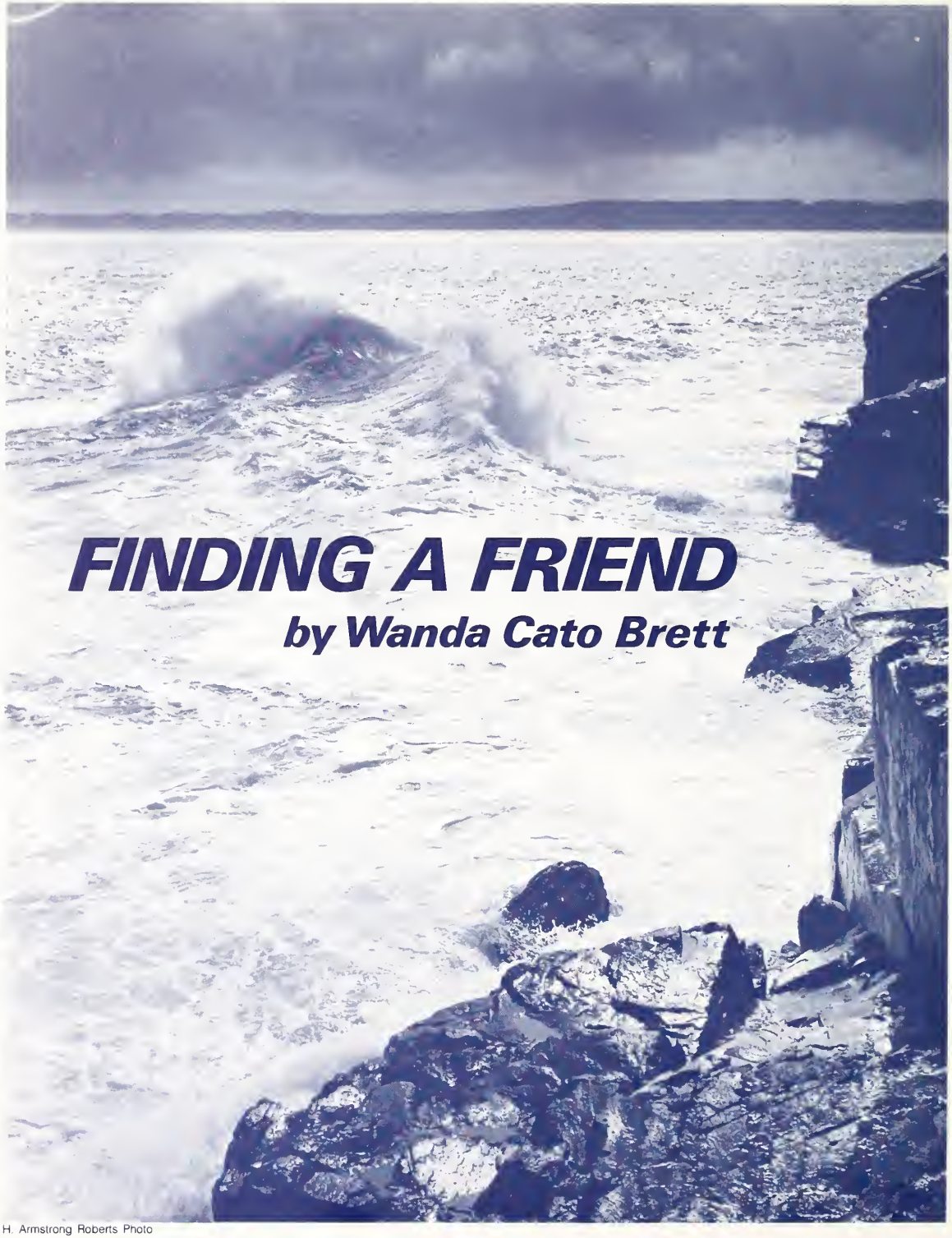
Likewise, in the smallest child
There is the promise of a man.
And though the child is fragile now,
So tender and dependent,
He speaks of how a man can grow,
regal and resplendent.
Who knows what man the child may be,
A man of skill,
of grace and strength,
of high integrity.
And even when he lies at rest
Upon his mother's loving breast;
Or when his first slow steps may fail
Because his childish legs are frail—
He will grow tall and strong because
he is a child;
And in each child
There is a man.

In each tiny rosebud
there is the promise of a flower.
A flower that lifts its lovely head,
of purest white,
or deepest red,
In fertile field or garden bower.
And though at first the bud may hold
its tiny petals rigidly,
It will unfold and bloom and grow
In tender, crimson loveliness.
Full-flowered then,
The rose will send
Its fragrance to perfume the air;
And butterflies and bees will share
The sweetness of its nectar blend.

And all about it's much the same—
That tiny things of life contain
The hope of future majesty.
A cheerful word,
When it is heard,
May seem a little thing,
But in some heart that word may start
A vibrant chord to ring.
That simple word
Will then be heard
In swelling perpetuity.

The smallest act of kindness bears
The promise of nobility;
For kindness wakes
In hearts that ache
Hope and trust,
And stirrings of ability.
One kind deed in time of need
Will onward grow,
Like a seed that sowers sow—
And reach into infinity.

We never know
Just what will grow
From all the random seeds we sow;
But of the promises I know
Friendship is the greatest thing.
A chance acquaintance may become
Our dearest friend,
With whom to spend
Life's splendid afterglow.
When first we meet we may not dream
Of how we need each other;
But as we share
Our joy and care
We realize that God was wise
To give us one another.



FINDING A FRIEND

by Wanda Cato Brett

H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

YOU HAVE SEEN them before, I'm sure. Crowded rooms with too many trinkets and not enough space. The collections of a lifetime scattered around the walls and fading into the background. Nothing stands out in particular, but everything, taken in its entirety is one grand momento of what used to be and isn't anymore.

Her house was like that. Filled with the legacies of a life well lived and long gone. But she was still living and I suppose that made me sad and happy at the same time. I thought she was brave.

Her house sat near the edge of the ocean overlooking uneven cliffs outlining the coast. It was brave too, perched up on the rocks like a little piece of courage hanging to bare ground. Like the trinkets on her wallpaper, it was a collection of the people who had passed that way.

I had been sent to spend summer with Aunt Miranda and her trinkets on the coast. My room was small and cluttered, like the rest of the house. There was hardly a blank spot on the wall by my bed. I used to lay awake at night and stare at the momentos: faded photographs in dusty frames, shelves filled with tiny glass figurines, candles, and dishes with pictures and words that said, "Welcome to Niagara" or something like that. When I felt too sleepy to care about the clutter anymore, I would stare out the window at the stars before they faded behind nighttime clouds or I faded off into a restless world of sleep.

That's how it was for Aunt Miranda and me. Ocean breezes cooled off our afternoons and we went for long walks on the craggy shores. The bleak rocks seemed to strike a responsive cord inside of me. The ocean waves pounded out words which danced in my head: "It will only be for a little while." My mother's face materialized before me.

I could see everything so plain. "Just for a while, until your father and I can get things straightened out. Until the papers are final and a settlement has been reached. You can stay with your Aunt Miranda until then, can't you?"

So I had been packed, bag and baggage, and whisked away to the coast and poor Aunt Miranda hadn't had any say in the matter at all. I suppose she would have said yes, so it probably didn't matter that they hadn't bothered to ask her.

Things went along peacefully until the evenings came. Evenings were the hardest for me. I was so used to Mom and Dad sitting around the supper table talking things over. Although, the last few months, they hadn't talked so much as screamed. Sometimes they even yelled at me. They were so busy fighting they never really heard anything I said. I said less and less and I wasn't surprised when they told me it was all over.

Every night, when I watched the stars outside my window, I would knot my pillow up in my arms—the same way my stomach knotted inside of me. Sometimes I cried myself to sleep. Sometimes I just didn't sleep at all. One night I went for a walk along the cliffs until my body was out of breath and my eyes felt dry and brittle. It was dawn before I started back to the house. I found Aunt Miranda when I was halfway there. She had gotten worried about me and had come looking.

I found her propped up against a piece of jagged rock on the shoreline. Her ankle was sprained badly and she was lying still and looking pale. But after the doctor saw her, he just bandaged the ankle and cautioned her about walking alone at night. He said she would be fine.

Aunt Miranda said she was just glad I hadn't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

One night I went for a walk along the cliffs until my body was out of breath and my eyes felt dry and brittle.

Update



WHAT CAN I DO AND STILL BE A CHRISTIAN?

The questions are asked over and again: Why can't I go here? Why can't I do this? Why can't I wear this? What are the limits?

Think about this. Jesus didn't set any limits. This doesn't mean there aren't any limits but Jesus dealt with the heart of the matter, with the heart of the problem plaguing those searching for limits. *The heart.*

Jesus avoided being caught up in discussions of "is it right to do this?" The Jewish leaders were very good at setting laws and limits. Whenever He could Jesus pointed out that those leaders were focusing on the wrong things, leaving the major issue completely untouched.

When asked to zero in on the greatest commandment, Jesus didn't say, "Thou shalt not kill" or "Thou shalt not steal." He said that *all* the law (all the limits) were summed up in the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. . . . And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Matthew 22:37-39).

It's like a large circle with God in the center, acting as a magnet. We may stand anywhere in the circle we choose but the closer we stand to the edge the less we feel of the magnet (God). When we begin to focus on the limits of the circle, if we're not careful, we may slip out of the circle altogether.

Christ would have us focus on Him, the center. When we do, the limits will be unimportant. We will be safe.

There are many things we may do which will not harm our relationship with Christ but every such thing may not be useful to us as followers of Christ. Everything I *may* do is not necessarily constructive to my life in Christ.

Every place we go, every action, every word, even how we dress should be done to glorify God. We should do nothing to make men stumble. We should not be involved in any conversation, wear any style of dress or, do anything that would draw us away from Christ. We should glorify God in every facet of our lives. (See 1 Corinthians 6:12.)

God's Word says, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, And will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty" (2 Corinthians 6:16-18).

With these promises ringing in our ears, let us avoid anything that smirches body or soul. Let us prove our reverence for God by consecrating ourselves to Him completely.

Reverse the trend, young people. Let's see how we can draw closer to God on a daily basis. Our love for this present world will then wane. □

W. A. Davis
Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education

PIONEERS FOR CHRIST

Continued from page 12

Many churches, though, have picked up on the program and employed it with great success. West Virginia probably has the best statewide program, especially with the institution of its "Saturation Saturdays," the gathering of PFC members from across the state to invade other towns and help establish new works. West Virginia has also appointed a state PFC director whose responsibilities include the implementation of a total PFC program in that state. Other states report a number of chartered clubs whose consistent reports show increased interest in PFC involvement.

According to Charles Beach, Pioneers for Christ has accomplished what it was designed to do. It has created witness-consciousness in the church. Not everybody does it, but everybody knows about it. The Laymen's Department is a direct outgrowth of PFC. Lay schools, cult evangelism, home Bible studies—these have all come from PFC. Pioneers for Christ was designed to place emphasis on personal evangelism and house-to-house visitation. It has done just that and it has been the backbone of almost every witnessing program in the Church of God.

"I used to wonder why somebody didn't reach out to the lost in our world. Then I realized I was that somebody."

Pioneers for Christ is an ever-present reminder that you are that somebody, a concept which must not die. □

THE GENERAL EVANGELISM AND HOME MISSIONS DEPARTMENT is committed to progressive and productive continuation of this personal witnessing ministry.

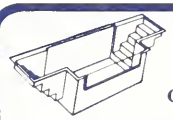
Reports are coming in from our established PFC clubs, with requests for new charters being received on a regular basis. Although PFC has previously been considered a youth activity, it is taking on a broader scope to include a total church witnessing program. As this action continues to expand, local churches will experience spiritual and physical growth.

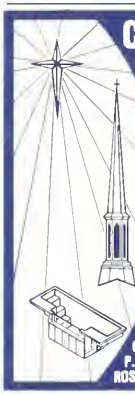
Pioneers for Christ clubs will also provide a structural witnessing program for graduates of our Schools of Lay Evangelism. As additional training seminars for institutional ministries are held, PFC will offer the structure for implementation of these ministries.

Organizational brochures and operational materials concerning Pioneers for Christ are available from the Evangelism and Home Missions Department, Church of God General Offices, Keith at 25th Street, Cleveland, Tennessee 37311. □



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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Leadership Development Coordinator

LOSING TAKES DETERMINATION

Losing weight, as we all know, takes more than wishing. It takes determination and a changing of old habits.

Garry McBee was 13 years old and weighed 260 pounds. Now, he beams after a loss of 70 pounds on a diet that allows him "to eat anything." Garry was referred to a nutritionist who helped him determine what amounts he could eat of the foods he liked and still lose weight, especially with an increase in his physical activity. "I now walk at least five miles per day," says Garry. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) ☐

* * * *

1. Do you agree that just about anything worthwhile in the area of self-improvement takes determination to achieve?

2. Is there something about yourself that you need to work to improve? (It may not necessarily be physical.) ☐

VIDEO GAMES FOR LITTLE KIDS

With big kids already hooked on the likes of Pac Man and Frogger, video game makers are bringing out the Cookie Monster, Big Bird and Strawberry Shortcake to snare the little ones.

"Our testing shows the kids just love them," said Bruce Entin, a vice-president for Atari, which manufactures the Cookie Monster and Big Bird games. "This is a totally new concept that is educational as well as fun for the kids," said Entin. "These games develop hand-eye coordination as well as teaching the children things." (*Cleveland Daily Banner*) ☐

* * * *

1. Of course, the producers of video games will accentuate the positives in order to sell them. Are there any negatives that you can think of to video games for young children?

2. Could video games be made to teach Bible stories and biblical principles? Could you invent such games for children? ☐

DANGEROUS JOURNEY

Not long ago, Jim and Jeanne Berryhill had been like so many other young couples in Dallas—the brand-new car, brand-new house, brand-new furniture, a solid income. But they gave all of that up for a mud-walled, dirt-floored hut in an Indian jungle settlement where they could bring the Word of God—as well as medical help, comfort and solace—to an impoverished, primitive people.

Now they have been forced to leave the jungle of Venezuela—not because of the threat of danger from the Indians with whom they worked but because of the threat from the government. (*Parade Magazine*) ☐

* * * *

1. Does your Sunday school class sponsor a missionary?

2. If God called you to the mission field, would you be willing to go? ☐

A HAPPY FAMILY

Do you have a happy family? Do you wish you had?

Attitude is the key, according to Arvella Schuller in her new book *The Positive Family*. Although most of the book is directed toward husband and wife, the principles apply to all the family.

1. Takers are losers and givers are winners.

2. In tragedy, those families that look at what they still have and not at what is lost will again find happiness, peace and joy.

3. The life of each member is a precious gift not to be taken for granted.

4. Never, never, never be negative. Negative acts, negative words, negative thoughts are the common substance of 99 percent of all difficulty in personal relationships.

5. Choose to be positive and you choose the success attitude in all of living—family, home, career. (*Parade Magazine*) ☐

* * * *

1. Are you a "taker" or a "giver" in your family?

2. Are you contributing to a happy family by accenting the positive in your personal relationships? ☐

KIDS ARE PEOPLE TOO

Margaret Rose's interest in the plight of many children in our society caused her to volunteer to work in their behalf. Her husband's stories during his police work at Hamilton County Juvenile Court moved her to offer her services at the residential facilities there. Her work has led her into many areas of children's needs in the community. She feels that volunteers can do much toward bettering the community in which they live and toward improving many lives.

"Seeing other children's problems has made me much more aware of my own son as he is growing up," she says. "My work has made me more aware that he has feelings of his own . . . that sometimes all these children want is someone to listen to them.

"Some parents don't see how important it is to be a part of their children's lives, to realize that the little ones have feelings as well." (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) ☐

* * * *

1. Do you think that every Christian ought to be a helper of the less fortunate? Is there a biblical basis for your answer?

2. What steps will you take to see that your children know they are an important part of your life? ☐

FINDING A FRIEND

Continued from page 19

fallen into the ocean. I wasn't used to fussy aunts and it never crossed my mind to tell her where I was going and when I would return. It had been so long since anyone cared when I would be back that I guess I had gotten out of the habit. Still, my conscience hurt every time I saw Aunt Miranda hobbling on her ankle.

I promised to take no more midnight walks and I tried to stay close in case she needed me. I read to her in the afternoons. One afternoon, when the ocean breeze was late cooling things off, we found the music box.

I had finished reading, and Aunt Miranda looked like she was asleep. I started to tiptoe out when she called. Faintly at first, and then louder. "My music box. My music maker. It's on the top shelf. Would you get it?"

My hands reached high on the dusty shelves until I found it. An exquisite box. Handmade of mahogany and inlaid with pearl. Once it had been polished to a high gloss, now it was yellowed by time. Even so, it was the most beautiful box I had ever seen.

"It's from Switzerland," she said stroking it quietly. "It used to play the most beautiful hymn. Your father brought it to me when I was only seven. He was away visiting the Alps and found it in a shop there. It's the only one like it in the world. The craftsmen who make the boxes make each one different."

She got a faraway look in her eyes and said, "Whenever I'm feeling low and need an old friend, I take it off the shelf and somehow it comforts me."

I reached out my hand and touched the yellowed box. It's timeless quality appealed to me. After that, I made it a point to look at the box each day, and trace the shiny pearl pattern with my fingers. The box became a part of me. A part of my life at Aunt Miranda's. It seems so permanent. Not at all like my life.

I thought about the night I had wandered across the ragged cliffs and watched the ocean striking the rocks below. I wondered if it would be possible for all of that water to wash away the pain inside of me. That was the night Aunt Miranda had looked for me. Then we had found the music box. Life was so odd. Only three months ago, I had been an ordinary person, living an ordinary life in Maryville. Now my mom was in an apartment in Cincinnati, and my dad was somewhere in Texas.

I suppose I tried to pray about it. I tried a little of everything. But it didn't seem to work. I only wanted to go home to Maryville, but no one asked me what I wanted. Until Aunt Miranda did. I told her about the way it had been. She cried, for me I guess. Her tears were slow and quiet.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

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Books

GUEST OF THE REVOLUTION by Kathryn Koob

November 4, 1979, Kathryn Koob, executive director of the Iran-American Society in Tehran, was interrupted by a telephone call in the middle of a staff meeting. The American embassy was under attack. No one knew then who the takeover group was.

Refusing the opportunity to leave, Koob kept communications open between the United States and Iran with a thirty-hour marathon telephone call before going into captivity herself. Koob was one of only two women held hostage by the Iranian students, and her story is one of surprising events, events unexpectedly salted by her sustaining faith and resolute attitude.

Guest of the Revolution is an insider's story of constant blindfolds, interrogations, and fear of the unknown—a fear that never left during the 444 days of captivity. This is Koob's story, replete with little-known facts about the circumstances of the Americans held hostage in Iran—the one event in recent history that drew Americans together. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214) ☐

FINDING A JOB YOU CAN LOVE by Ralph T. Mattson and Arthur F. Miller

Based on years of experience as management consultants, Ralph Mattson and Arthur Miller argue that God has given all individuals unique gifts that make them especially effective in ways of doing things and relating to people. By analyzing those aspects of personality through a test which the authors developed (and included in this book), men and women can determine what kind of work best suits their God-given abilities.

Young people preparing to enter the working world, people who find their work unfulfilling, or anyone who wants a job change should read *Finding a Job You Can Love* to discover the right job and find true satisfaction. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214) ☐

THE REALITY OF ANGELS by Lester Sumrall

Do people have full-time angel guardians? What are angels doing with all their time? When and why do angels get involved in human affairs? Can we positively establish the existence of angels at work today?

Lester Sumrall scrutinizes the nearly three hundred references to angels found in the Old and New Testaments and sheds light on the often mysterious subject. And his careful exploration of the forty-six references to angels in the Book of Revelation reveals the dramatic role they will play in the end-time.

A first-rate book for Bible discussion groups. *The Reality of Angels* has lots of answers—and plenty of fresh ideas for endless conversation. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214) ☐

THE CHURCH ON THE WAY by Jack W. Hayford

Rainbows are generally confined to poetry and dreaming. But here is the lively, instructive account of a pastor who believes in rainbows . . . and their "fallout."

Pastor Jack Hayford, who leads one of America's best-known congregations, "The Church on the Way" (First Foursquare Church) in Van Nuys, California, has written what is far more than another "church growth story."

This is a study book of scriptural principles illuminated by practical experiences. It is an inspiring book about how people grow, which, as Pastor Hayford says, is the real key to any genuine church growth.

Any believer, hungry for biblically ordered growth in Christ, will profit from this refreshing story of spiritual renewal. (Chosen Books, Lincoln, VA 22078) ☐

THE LIGHT STILL SHINES

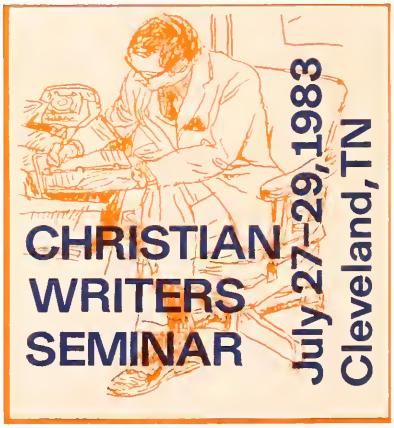
Continued from page 7

Chicago—but there's no doubt the future is bright. There's too much optimism, too much confidence and faith for the enemy to stiffle.

I wait at the front door, coat over arm. The sun is now out. Traffic moves. Small groups chatter and laugh on the sidewalk. One young lady offers candy for sale, a special project either for her class or the Ladies Auxiliary. That too I understand—in any language.

"Ready for lunch, Brother Stone?" The Camachos are smiling. "How would you like to go to Chinatown?" ☐

Hoyt E. Stone



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They left little tracks down her face. I don't think she even knew they were there.

She prayed for me but God seemed so far, so distant. I knew Him only from Sunday morning hymns I'd sung as a child. Although I thanked Aunt Miranda for her prayer, it didn't mean anything to my pain that night when I counted stars out the window.

Mom finally came to get me. I packed my clothes for Cincinnati. Funny. I didn't even know where Cincinnati was last year. She thanked Aunt Miranda for keeping me and walked back to the car, leaving me alone to say good-bye.

"I'm going now," I said uncertainly.

Aunt Miranda stared at me with calm and gentle eyes, "I have something for you." The package she gave me was bulky, cluttered looking, wrapped in crumpled brown paper. "Open it tonight when you're in your new room."

I took the package and kissed her bye. My stomach felt jumpy.

Mom and I drove most of the way to Cincinnati in silence. She tried to be bright and cheerful for a while, but when I didn't answer her polite questions, she gave up.

We got to Cincinnati after dark. I couldn't see the apartment very well outside, but inside the furniture was pretty much like what we had in our old house. Mom had even fixed my room like I had it before the move, right down to my posters and plants.

I knew she was trying.

I went to bed early that night, because I wanted to open the package from Aunt Miranda. I tore the brown paper off slowly. I knew what was inside—but at the same time, I was afraid I'd be disappointed.

I wasn't!

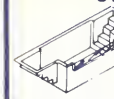
It was the music box, of course. Aunt Miranda's music maker, with a note taped to it:

"I know how well you love the music maker. Only it never played any music for you. Well now it does. I had it repaired one day last week. Thought you might need this old friend to help you while you're making new ones. Your mom and dad need you now. I pray for you. Aunt M."

I hugged the music box and for a while the pain inside was quiet. I turned the silver handles and listened as soft, tinkling notes climbed their way out and filled the room. Like a familiar face, a smile remembered in passing. High silvery notes matched words buried inside my heart,

What a friend we have in Jesus
All our sins and griefs to bear
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.

My Aunt Miranda! A new town. A new life ahead. She knew it wouldn't be easy. She knew I would need a friend. □

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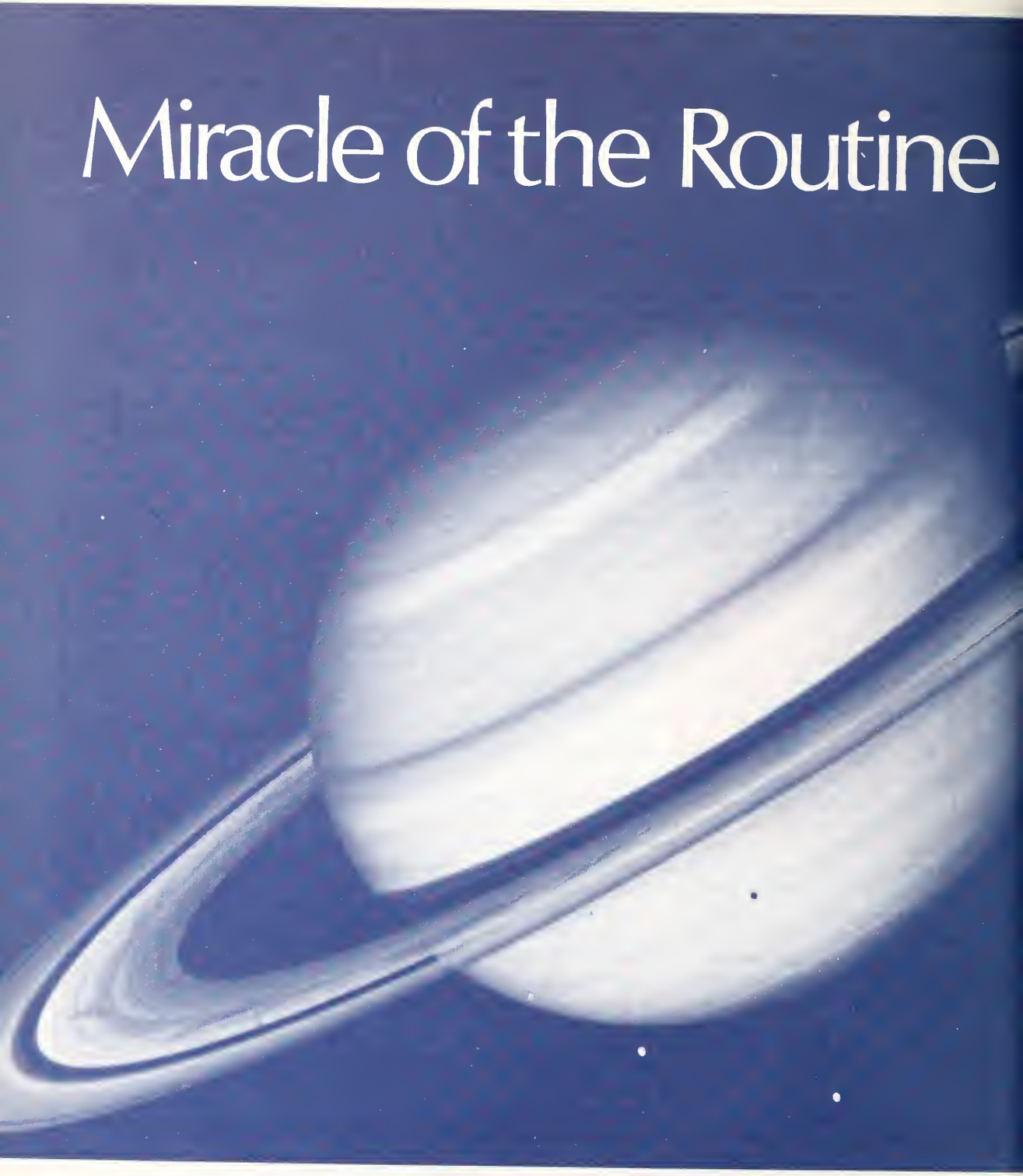
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Miracle of the Routine





Religious News Service Photo

EDITORIAL, Hoyt E. Stone



FOR MOST of us life is routine. We spend our days, typically, predicting with fair accuracy the Monday schedule, the Tuesday schedule, and so forth, right through what we call a normal weekend.

To be sure, there is some comfort in this type living. So long as the job lasts, so long as school grades are kept up, and so long as we have friends (not to mention health, which the young virtually always take for granted) then we feel secure enough to complain about things which, during emergencies, would never be noticed.

As strangers walking on a beach, conscious of the inevitable ebb and flow of waves, we adjust to this sameness of daily events and we therefore see less and feel less than in that glorious moment when we first laid eyes on the ocean.

Freed from the necessity of struggling for daily bread, relieved of the need to literally sweat and labor to make ends meet, we fall victim to what is perhaps our society's greatest curse, boredom.

From this perspective we encounter professors who don't know what they talk about, preachers who hawk the same old things, church services which lack excitement, and the dawn of that day when, to put it bluntly, we wonder if life is worth getting out of bed for.

We are creatures of will. We have an inner desire to reach beyond ourselves, to conquer. We need—yea, we simply must have—the changes, the weather patterns, the unexpected little surprises, even the disappointments of life.

Of course we complain. We also laugh and rejoice. This is our present lot, our humanness; and it seems nothing can always totally relieve the apathy to which Jesus referred when He mentioned strong spirit, weak flesh (Matthew 26:41).

Our one hope is spiritual. We must lift our heads. We must look above the moment, beyond the daily routine.

When the accompanying photo was first relayed from Voyager 2, thirteen million miles out in space, a jubilant deputy science manager Donald Lynn said, "Hey, God, you do good work!"

When we search our souls, when we take time to see sparkling stars in the ocean surf, and when we acknowledge every wave to be unique and distinct . . . yes . . . when we probe deeply into things spiritual, the present moment becomes an adventure and we too exalt, "Yes, God, you do."

Routine?

Is it not God's miracle of life in slow motion? □



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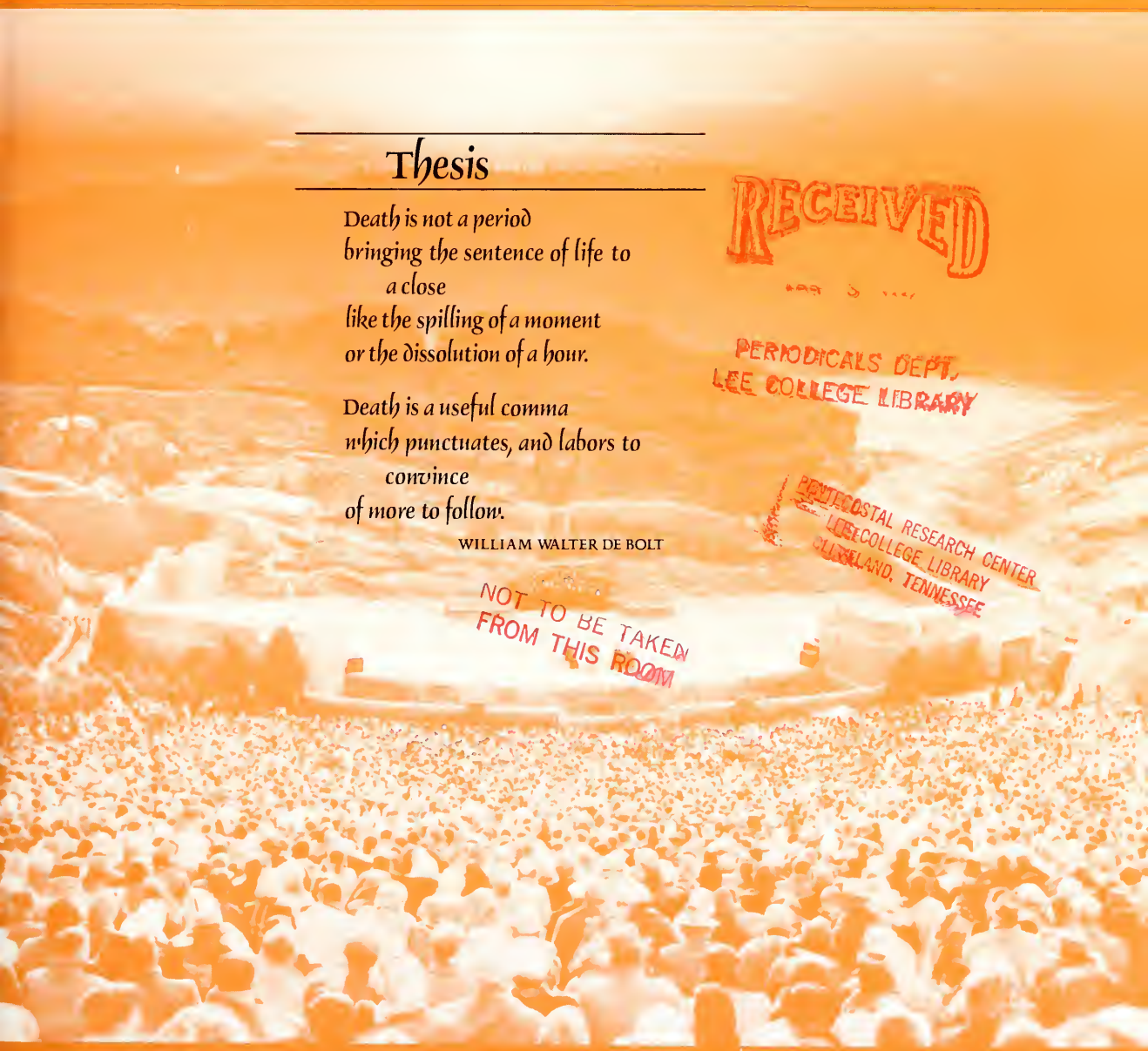
Thesis

Death is not a period
bringing the sentence of life to
a close
like the spilling of a moment
or the dissolution of a hour.

Death is a useful comma
which punctuates, and labors to
convince
of more to follow.

WILLIAM WALTER DE BOLT

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LIGHTED PATHWAY
Guiding Youth

April, 1983
Volume 54, Number 4

THIS MONTH

Cover photo: sunrise in the Rockies. We have two stories and a poem which also relate to the Easter theme. Our feature on David Willetts exemplifies the continuing new life and new hope which come to Christian believers in spite of circumstances.

"Christ Jesus lives."

Hoyt E. Stone

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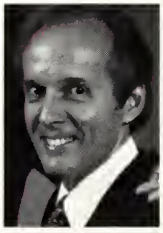
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DAVID WILLETTS: TRIED AS BY FIRE

It happened quickly and without warning.

On the morning of April 29, 1982, the Reverend David Willetts, pastor of the Fillmore Avenue Church of God, Alexandria, Virginia, was arrested at his home (the church parsonage) by plainclothes agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Charged with wire fraud, conspiracy, and racketeering, the Reverend Willetts was summarily jailed as a common criminal. He was held in a 4-by-6-foot cell, with a stone slab for a bed, a sink-commode combination, a light that could not be turned off, and a 6-by-8-inch window that faced an empty hall.

None of David's family could visit for seventy-two hours. A neighboring pastor managed to talk with David but prison officials refused to let the pastor deliver clean clothes, toothbrush, and toiletry items. Bail bond was set at $100,000 cash. David was held in jail over the weekend and until Tuesday when a judge finally reduced bail to $10,000. He let David return to his home and church, but restricted his movements to the vicinity of the court's jurisdiction. In other words, David could not leave northern Virginia, not even to attend camp meeting.

Such was the beginning of a nightmare which was to last for nine long months, a horror story most of us feel simply could not happen to an innocent man in this country, and which ought to make all of us examine closely those values by which we make quick judgments.

David Willetts <u>was</u> an innocent man.

Today, David is a wiser man. He is not bitter. Thanks to God's grace, he is able to evaluate a very complex set of circumstances with amazing composure and fortitude.

The story began nearly seven years before when David Willetts met and became acquainted with one of his neighbors Alan Fritz (not his real name). Alan was an alleged head of a charitable organization soliciting overstocked, out-of-date pharmaceutical items for distribution as gifts to people in other parts of the world.

Having always been interested in missions, David saw tremendous possibilities in this idea. He got in touch with Church of God World Missions Headquarters, Cleveland, Tennessee. Fritz was talking warehouse, big operation, thousands of items.

CHURCH OF GOD PASTOR ARRESTED BY THE F. B. I.



The World Missions Department did some routine investigating of the idea, gave approval, and appointed David as the church's local World Missions Department liaison. Serving as this liaison, David agreed to a rubber stamp of his signature to facilitate mass distribution of a form letter.

Within a short time, World Missions officials suspected such an operation might involve them in legal questions and possible risks they weren't at liberty to take in the name of the church. Upon advice of their attorney, they officially severed all relations with the charitable organization and with Mr. Alan Fritz. The Missions Department filed affidavits to this effect, a move which, in light of subsequent events, saved the church from some embarrassment to say the least.

David Willetts also ceased to have further connection with Alan Fritz. In fact, his involvement ceased even before this; and, so far as he was concerned, the matter died as one of those promising ideas which simply had not worked out. David went about his normal pastoral duties. His neighbor Alan Fritz moved away.

At one point during the intervening years, David remembers being approached by representatives of the FBI. They questioned him about Alan Fritz and the charitable organization. He told them everything he knew, wondered if his former neighbor had gotten himself into some kind of trouble, and forgot about it.

That's all David Willetts knew of the matter until that Thursday morning when he was arrested.

What has since come to light (though not all is settled, since, as of this writing, the trial is yet in progress) is that Alan Fritz and the company he represented continued to solicit contributions, using the form letter under David's stamped signature. After months of investigation, the FBI and the Securities and Exchange Commission brought charges against seven men, including David Willetts, for participation in a scam which, rather than distributing solicited pharmaceutical goods to needy people overseas, was actually selling those same goods at discount prices to U.S. outlets.

"What's so ironic," David says today, "is that I didn't know they were still using my name but it's also true I probably would have assisted them had I been asked. I thought the company was doing a good work and I had no reason for thinking otherwise."

Back to the story.

Out of jail, David Willetts found his local congregation fully and totally supportive. They didn't know what was happening but they knew their pastor was an innocent man and they rallied around him with every means possible, including the raising of bail money.

Other pastors and friends were also helpful.



Louise and David Willetts. The Willetts family. The Fillmore Avenue Church of God, Alexandria, Va.



David's attorney, however, let it be known that such charges were serious. Legal fees were mounting rapidly. David spent $7,000 and that money seemed to go nowhere. David was told fees for his defense could eventually total between $50,000 and $100,000, money which he simply did not have. Pastors who raise and educate five children (David still has two children in college at this time) do not accumulate bank accounts. David decided there was no choice for him other than to petition the court for legal representation.

The weeks dragged. From the front porch of his parsonage David Willetts could look across the Potomac and see the top of the Washington Monument, a well-known symbol of freedom and liberty the world over. Yet he walked under a cloud. As best he could he did the normal duties of a pastor and he knew his wife, Louise, and the children suffered with him.

Finally, in June 1982, David Willetts was arraigned before a magistrate's court judge in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. It was here David saw his first glimmer of hope. The judge was a woman. She spoke kindly to David. She promised to appoint him the best attorney she could find and noted that the courts would have to pay his travel expense. Best of all, the judge restructured David's bond, making it possible for him to travel anywhere in the continental United States.

More long, tedious days of waiting. Camp meeting. The General Assembly. All those hundreds of confrontations with friends and acquaintances. David and the family learned to live with the unasked questions, the hints, the suspicions. There were a number of silent hurts, as when Dave saw a shadow of doubt cross the face of a friend who believed his story yet wondered if there were more to it. One minister commented, "Surely there must be something to it, if the FBI arrested him."

Finally, Christmas arrived and further news that son Matt (age 22) had a mass in his lungs, soon to be diagnosed as Hodgkin's disease.

Would the nightmare never end?

During this time David and Louise came to realize how God had tried to prepare them for the ordeal. David's last sermon, prior to his being arrested was on the subject, "Satan, the Defeated Foe." In his sermon, recorded on tape, David made what now appears to have been a prophetic statement, encouraging believers, "to hold on to God even on Thursday, when the whole world seems to close in on you."

January 1983. The attorney in Florida didn't seem to have much encouragement. David came to lean more heavily than ever on what he felt inside, his personal assurance from the Holy Spirit, rather than on outward circumstances.

It was now obvious to Dave that the authorities had letters of recent date, stamped with his signature. Equally obvious was the fact that there was really only David's word to insist that he had had no connection with the scam operation. David tried to remain calm, to relax, to wait upon the Lord. It was difficult. The church prayed.

David's pretrial hearing date was set for January 3 but he was notified to appear in court, Ft. Lauderdale, on Tuesday, January 11, 1983. The trial was complicated and expected to be long. Though David knew he had a court-appointed attorney in Miami, he heard nothing from him and wondered just what the man was really trying to do for him. The attorney told David not to worry and to meet him at the courthouse. They would then decide about strategy.

When prosecuting attorneys finally arrived, they talked with David's lawyer and he in turn informed David that a plea bargain might be offered. All night David wrestled with the dilemma: should he plead guilty to a lesser charge? get the whole matter cleared up quickly? save all that money for expense and travel?

But how could he? He wasn't guilty. Not guilty of anything. His lawyer said the prosecuting attorneys were not likely to let the matter ride. It would be too embarrassing. They had invested too much money. They would insist on something.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Imagine!

by Wayne Simmons



H. Armstrong Roberts

THE Storyteller was Jesus.

GOD GAVE us reason and imagination, and both have their legitimate place. To read and study the Bible productively, both are needed. The Bible is composed of story and theology. Story appeals to imagination; theology appeals to reason. No one can read the theological arguments of Paul without *reasoning*. No one can appreciate the Gospels without *picturing*.

A mark of Evangelicalism is belief in the supernatural. The shame is that so many who believe in the supernatural foundations of the Christian faith have lost the sense of awe and rapture that deep reflection on those foundations brings. They get the doctrines down and cease to marvel. They are unable to revel in the marvelous because they have let the faculty of imagination dry up. They lose the excitement of children discovering the world for the first time. In wanting to avoid being child*ish*, they



fail to be child*like*.

One product of imagination is fantasy. The fantasizer asks the question "What if?" To enter a world of fantasy is to have one's sense of wonder renewed. You see things you never saw before. You exist in suspense, not knowing what to expect next.

A good dose of fantasy, especially Christian fantasy, can revive the shriveled imagination and restore the openness of wonder. In recent years, the works of imaginative Christians have become more widely known. George Macdonald, C. S. Lewis, Charles Williams, J. R. R. Tolkien, G. K. Chesterton, and Dorothy L. Sayers are a few such writers. Tolkien created the little furry-footed Hobbits (in *The Hobbit* and "The Lord of the Rings" trilogy). Lewis created the magnificent lion, Aslan, in "The Chronicles of Narnia." These writers were believers who were not afraid of enjoying and projecting their imaginations. More modern writers who utilize Christian symbolism and draw on the Christian faith are Madeleine L'Engle, Graham Greene, Walker Percy, Flannery O'Connor, Frederick Buechner, Doris Betts, and John Updike.

The Storyteller was Jesus. He taught by parables (stories). He never taught *without* parables. There are those who are suspicious of storytelling and imaginative activities. Any *untruth* is seen as lying and associated with the devil. They see no place for made-up tales or plays or puppets in the worship of God. But who ever asked Jesus of a parable: Did that *really* happen? The point of the story was not whether it took place or not. The point of the story was the *moral truth* it conveyed. Fiction can be a conveyer of truth. A hand puppet can introduce a child to Jesus. A drama can reveal the good news to an adult.

God created us to be creative. We can never be *primary* creators, but we *can* be *secondary* creators. We do not create out of nothing, but we do assemble in original ways what is already there to produce works of art which bring praise for our creativity and glory to the Giver of that creativity.

Apart from any moral purpose of creativeness, there is the fact that the act of creation and the products of creation are enjoyable *in themselves.* Why did God create such a diversity of plants and animals? For the pure enjoyment of it. He delighted in the variety of forms. The long-necked giraffe, the floppy-eared elephant, the segmented armadillo, the curly-horned mountain goat, the towering redwood, the delicate ferns. All the work of the Divine Artist. All very good.

A majority of the writers mentioned previously are of the Anglican and Catholic traditions. These traditions stress the physical and sacramental. The abstract is seen in and through the concrete; the spiritual in and through the material. Most likely that is why Catholic and Anglican writers more readily express themselves in specific, concrete stories. They have been taught to see the *inner* in the *outer.*

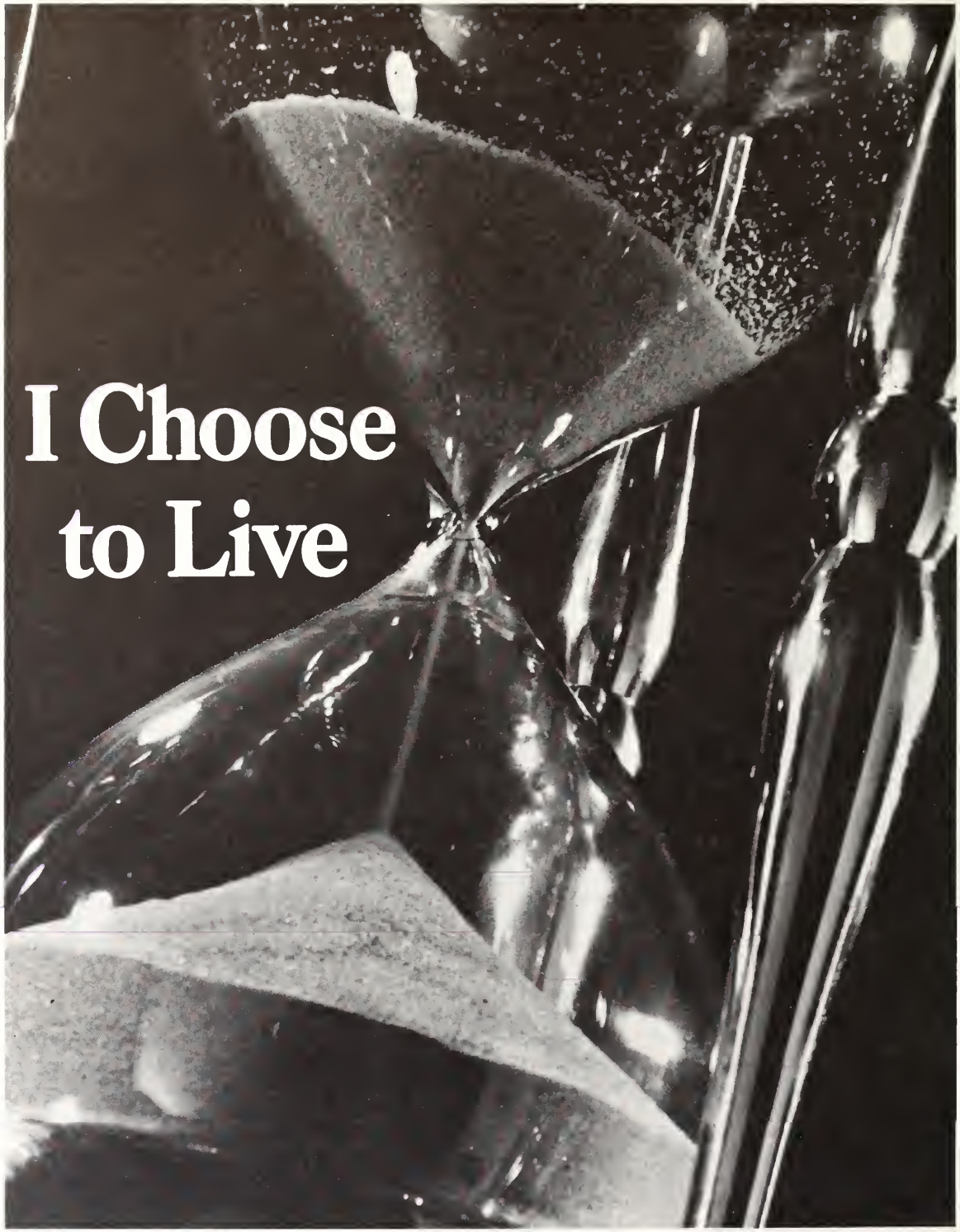
By contrast, those who emphasize the Spirit—Quakers, Pentecostals, charismatics—have not produced fantasy and fiction writers of the statue of those mentioned. Why is this?

Possibly because the emphasis has been on the *inner* at the expense of the *outer.* Recognizing that the external can become a substitute for the *internal*, there has developed a suspicion of the *exterior.* But this need not be so. *The* manifestation of the spiritual in the material, *the* affirmation of the physical, was the Incarnation. The Word was made flesh. That Word was Christ, the image of God. The Word was spoken; the Image was revealed.

As God did, Christian writers and painters utilize word and image to communicate. The books and paintings in their heads are transferred to outward media. They *externalize* the *interior.* They make the invisible visible. As Mary gave birth to Jesus, these give birth to works of art.

That same Spirit who participated in the drama of Jesus' birth participates in the creation of Christ-centered stories and novels and poems and plays today. So, do not abort those words and images within you. Give them flesh. Deliver them. Use the gift of imagination to glorify the Creator. Be a cocreator with God. □

I Choose to Live



Religious News Service Photo

by Beverly Brown

With God's help, I have won the battle in my mind.

My faith was tested when I was told I had a dangerous and incurable disease. "Your blood tests indicate lupus," the doctor said. She recommended I be hospitalized for further tests.

I was dumbfounded! I had never even heard of lupus.

From the pamphlets the doctor gave me I learned lupus is a chronic inflammatory disease which can attack almost any organ in the body. The cause is unknown.

Months later I would be grateful to this doctor for her awareness of this little-known disease. At this point I didn't want to have lupus, whatever it was! Even the name sounded ominous.

Then I read something else about lupus. It was an incurable and sometimes fatal disease. My mind kept repeating this over and over again. No cure! I would have to live with the pain and weakness for the rest of my life.

The road from denial to acceptance was a bumpy one. One day a lupus patient was interviewed on television and a hot-line number flashed on the screen. I didn't call. I would manage this myself.

The truth is I wasn't managing anything by myself. I did everything possible to deny I was ill. I had been told the importance of rest and my body screamed for me to slow down. Instead, I increased my level of activity. The pain escalated.

I confided in a few people. Only one had ever heard of lupus. I felt alone with an illness I didn't understand and one I was convinced I did not want to live with. I don't think I'll ever forget that time or the panic and helplessness which engulfed me.

Then one night I got on my knees and prayed to a God I'd almost forgotten. A peacefulness came over me that had not been there before. Something impelled me to call the lupus hot line. This was the turning point in my accepting and coping with this mysterious and disabling disease.

My hand shook as I dialed the number. A man answered. His name was Steve. I couldn't control my nervousness as I tried to explain why I was calling.

"Take your time," Steve said. His voice was calm and reassuring. "I understand. It's going to be all right."

For some reason I believed him. All my pent-up emotion came out in a torrent of words and tears. As we talked, his words "I understand" had a special meaning for me. I intuitively knew God was working in my life through this man.

Steve was to give me his loving support for the next two years. He recommended I follow the doctor's advice to be hospitalized for further tests, and at a later date he guided me to a local chapter of The American Lupus Society. This led me to small rap groups and to people who became friends and allies in my struggle with this disease.

It was winter when I attended my first lupus rap meeting. Everyone was friendly. They looked happy and healthy. I could hardly believe they were lupus patients. Then I remembered what people said to me, "Bev, you look so well. You can't be sick."

I listened intently as they shared their experiences and feelings. They were talking about themselves, but they were telling my story of anguish and pain. A massive weight lifted from me. There were others who lived with this disease and who knew how I felt. I was no longer alone. God had done for me what I could not do for myself.

The meeting ended. For long beautiful moments I stood there, drinking in the love and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

the college campus

College campuses of America have been labeled "a lost world."

Students who seek meaning for life and direction for the future often despair for lack of guidance in spiritual and moral values.

One student who returned home from college after graduation said, "College gave us spokes, but no hub. We came away with knowledge but no purpose; therefore our dilemma."

According to Gerald E. Marsh, "Many students say: 'We are not apathetic but we don't know what to believe and what to do.'" Reason for this attitude among students can be attributed largely to the attitude among college professors and their underlying philosophy of modern higher education.

One leading educator of our time holds the philosophy that teachers are not to be moral watchdogs, but simply to provide the best in teaching. But can one provide the best in teaching when one ignores moral and spiritual values?

Moral and spiritual values have to do with human





Stone Photo

relationships and commitments. No individual's personal values can be divorced from his belief and commitments. Values result from commitments. Therefore, proper personal values, demonstrated by the teacher, will have a strong bearing on the values of students. Mere interest in others and an awareness of their needs could be key factors in the development of proper values.

Because moral and spiritual values are developed over a period of time, students are often unaware of the imprint professors are having on their lives. Many students will not realize the impact of college training and certain professors until years later. Only their reflections will reveal what actually happened to them in college.

Eric H. Hutchinson says, "We do not devote to moral, spiritual, and ethical development anything like the effort we expand on purely intellectual training or material advancement. Only occasionally, and then not very loudly, has this generation of students heard ideals and moral standards proclaimed consistently and without shamefaced apology."

Howard Taylor further amplifies the reason for the dilemma of college students with this statement, "Faculty members take as their task the manufacture, refinement, and distribution of knowledge to those who come by the hundreds before them: rarely are the big questions of truth, justice, beauty, and human destiny raised."

Since there is a widening breach between the secular and the religious in higher education, there is also an attempt at the separation of values from educational processes. This effort is psychologically and ethically untenable. Values are a vital part of the total development of a person. When educators fail to take this into account, they do disservice to the cause of higher education.

A survey was made of a cross section of college students on the question of "How College Affects Religious Faith." The specific question posed was, "Have campus experiences intensified your faith or raised doubt about religion?" As a result of this survey 40 percent of the students said college experiences had made them question their faith. Doubts among college students increased as they progressed in their program. The number of seniors who expressed doubt was almost twice as many as the freshmen. Even those who maintained their faith, according to the survey, seemed far less certain of themselves than the true nonbelievers.

Newsweek reports that the impressionable college freshman learns he can do without his old ideas about God. It is not so much a sudden

by Ray H. Hughes

AND COMMITMENT

loss of faith as it is a gradual fade-out of his adolescent concept of God. In other words, the question of God is more likely to be passe than problematic.

Due to this prevailing "value climate" on today's modern campus, what then should be the attitude of Christians who attend college?

When one leaves the protection of home and must make serious decisions of life, one sometimes buckles beneath the pressure. A main reason is that the individual has leaned too heavily on others for religious faith. Therefore, one often hears, "I lost my faith in college!"

As a student encounters new knowledge and begins to think for himself, naturally doubts will arise. This point is where it is so vital that one have a personal encounter with the Lord Jesus Christ. If a student is totally committed, intellectual search and periodic experiences of doubt can enhance one's faith and establish one deeper in Christ.

This is where the difference between a pious stance and a total commitment is brought into focus. If one's religion rests in emotion only, without intellectual confirmation, and if one does not love God with all his mind as well as his heart, faith stands to be shaken.

One college student said, "I had lots of holes shot in my belief when I came to college—it was painful." But I must add that, if it is done in faith a personal examination of one's belief in Christ will only bring strength.

All college students should learn the meaning of total commitment to Christ. The word *commit* means "to relinquish or let go." In committing to Him, there are some things which must be denied, renounced, and forsaken. This is expressed beautifully in the hymn *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross:*

"My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride . . . All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood . . . Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all."

This is simply our response to the sacrifice of Christ on Calvary. Jesus paid it all: all to Him we owe.

Commitment also suggests attachment. This is more than intellectual assent to Christ. It is definitely personal. It is identification with, and abandonment to Him, in all phases of life—the physical, the emotional, and the volitional.

Present conditions on today's college campuses are strong arguments for existence of the true Christian college. A true Christian college has to be where the philosophy, purpose, and instruction are geared to help young people find purpose in life.

Therefore, the choice of a *true* Christian college which makes an effort to provide a good "value climate" is highly recommended for every young man and woman who wants higher education with real meaning. □



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Drink Deeply. Deception is habit-forming—requiring several new deceptions to hide the first, more to hide those, and so on. Once you're in, you're in up to your neck. So, embrace this new lifestyle with all the gusto you can give.



CHA



Associate with other deceivers. No one really appreciates a good deception like they will. Besides, where else can you find a friend who won't be there when you need him?



Ignore the consequences of deception: guilt, worries about keeping your stories straight, a belief that lying works, a poor reputation, and so on. Those are what you wanted all along anyway.



End by lyi
Convince yo
can fool Goo
the business a
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By the time you

How to

Deceive Others

Artist/Writer, Larry E. Neagle



yourself again.
that if anyone
can. And that
sooner or later
just hogwash.
out differently,
will be too late.



I WAS AFRAID I'D DROP THE BOX AND THE DRESS WOULD VANISH BEFORE MY EYES.

THE ORIGINAL

BY WANDA CATO BRETT

I DON'T KNOW what made me do it. Maybe I had known I would do it all along. It was silk. Beautiful, spun silk. All the way from Paris, and it was an original. Not a carbon copy. It really was the most beautiful dress I'd ever seen.

When did I decide to buy it?

Maybe when I first saw it in the window display, hanging in thin air and surrounded by spring flowers. Maybe when I tried it on during my lunch hour and watched my reflection in the mirror. The most beautiful dress anywhere. I think I knew then I was going to buy it.

I walked past the dress shop every day on my way to the parking lot. One day, I turned up the sidewalk and walked to the door. I wrote a check for the dress and watched the saleslady box it in tissue paper. It was more expensive than anything I'd ever bought in my whole life. I tried not to think about having written a check for all my savings.

I was giddy all the way to my car. I pinched myself. Any minute the bubble would burst. I was afraid I'd drop the box and the dress would vanish before my eyes. The only one like it anywhere. An original. Startling and dramatic

in its simplicity. And it was all mine.

I knew exactly when and where I would wear the dress. Easter Sunday was coming up in a matter of days. I wanted to wear the dress to church and make sure things were different this year. Every Easter before this I had spent my Sunday wishing my clothes were new and spring colored. I had always been embarrassed at church. Shabby. Out-of-date.

That was now behind me. This Easter was going to be different. This Sunday, folks would all look at me and wish for my dress.

At night, before I went to bed, I would take the dress out of the box and unwrap the tissue paper protecting it. I couldn't sleep; and, when at last I did, I dreamed about the dress. I had been outdone for the last time. Now I felt invincible.

JoAnne, my best friend and next-door neighbor, saw the dress. Her words fell like ice. "Have you lost your mind? How much was this dress? How are you going to eat? Pay your rent? You can't eat a dress you know!"

I had to admit she left me vaguely uncomfortable, but I pushed her words to the back of my mind.

"This Easter," I told her firmly, "I will have the most beautiful dress in the world!"

End of discussion.

Easter morning dawned with the promise of a warm, lazy day. Early morning chill faded and bright sunbeams sprinkled across my floor. I got up an hour early and spent extra time pressing the silk dress, analyzing it in the mirror. Only after I had everything exactly perfect—everything—did I venture out to church.

I was an instant success. The dress was all I'd hoped for and more. I could hear the whispers and see the stares following me as I walked up the church steps. I accepted all the compliments and tried to look nonchalant. People who hadn't spoken to me in awhile came by my pew. It was true. Clothes made a person. Clothes made you something fine and grand.

I sat by the window so light would catch the silk just right. I knew I looked like a picture. The best-looking bachelor in the church sat beside me and struck up a conversation. I had never been so happy.

Then it happened. Kate Jerome walked into the room. She was late of course, so everyone turned and watched as she walked down the center aisle.

She was wearing my dress!

I closed my eyes. The room seemed hot and stuffy. Light from the window burned my skin. I shook my head and willed her to go away. It didn't work. Kate sat down right in front of me. My dress! Exactly. Not a detail of difference.

I will never know how I got through the song service. I moved my mouth but the words stuck in my throat. I felt like everyone was looking at the two of us. Laughing. How could it happen?

The saleslady had promised there wasn't another dress like it anywhere. Mine was an original. The only one.

I found out later Kate had seen the dress in the shop window and copied the design. She wanted to be a fashion designer, and she was always practicing. At the moment, I didn't care how she had gotten my dress. I just knew I wanted to die.

My mind spun in circles. Surely the whole church would laugh when they got home for their Easter dinner. "Did you see?" "Side by side?" "Just alike?" "Must have been a great sale!"

I felt more miserable by the minute. Imagined whispers sounded louder than the real

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

Faces in the Crowd

by Hoyt E. Stone



EASTER SUNDAY.

It is a small rural church on the outskirts of town. Some members remember when there was only a white frame building and when long freight trains passed constantly, even on Sunday. The building is now brick and the trains pass twice a week. Never on Sunday.

The parking lot is full of cars. Sunday school is over and seated in the auditorium are 120 people, more or less, depending on how much faith you have in the statistics posted on the record board up front and left of the pastor's podium.

The children are fidgety. There's to be an Easter egg hunt immediately following the service. In the pasture beyond the parking lot. They feel Pastor Hickson has preached too long three minutes after he starts.

It's a congregation of farmers, mill workers, store clerks, secretaries, two school teachers, and a Brother Ben Phillips who has come to town recently as a teller in the First National Bank. Folks say Ben has money. He doesn't act like it.

Pastor Jeremiah Hickson is also new, having been appointed since the last General Assembly. It's the best church Hickson's ever had. He prays a lot. This morning, though he has worked all week on his sermon, he wonders if anyone is really listening. There are a few amens when he reads his text. Edna Brooks uses little Jamie as an excuse for going to the rest room. She has kidney problems.

Every face looks typical. Perhaps ordinary.

Except for Blake and Judy.

They sit together, five rows back. All through the service, if you look closely, you will see Judy's knuckles whiten as she squeezes Blake's hand. His response is gentle. Judy looks straight at the preacher, head tilted slightly up. Because she sits in a beam of light from the building's one stained-glass window above the podium, there's an ethereal beauty on Judy's face. Blake looks like the farmer he is. Son of the soil, ruddy-faced and burned by winters and summers of trying to make fifty acres grow something more than a living.



It's the only church Blake and Judy have ever known. They started as children and made their way together up through kindergarten, primary, junior, and high school. Friends who became sweethearts. Young adults who really didn't surprise anyone when they announced marriage plans during their senior year at Preston High.

It was a big church wedding. Blake and Judy did their own decorating. There were lots of snapshots. Judy's parents commended Blake for putting his money into remodeling on the old homeplace rather than wasting it on a photographer and on flowers which would have faded in three days.

Blake does a lot of thinking this morning. There's a sharp pain in his heart. Lips firm, he listens to his pastor: between sentences his mind jumps back to last week . . . the doctor's office . . . and words like, "Sorry, Blake, but there's no question about the diagnosis . . . malignant . . . three months at the most . . ."

"Will you do me a favor, Doctor?" There was a plea in Blake's voice. "Don't tell Judy.

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A. Devaney, Inc., N.Y. Photo

Update

W.A. Davis
Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education



TEENS AND FASTING

Definition of teens: Interesting persons—ages 13 through 19.

Definition of fasting: To abstain from eating.

Fasting . . . I get a headache when I don't eat. What good does it do if I feel so bad? Isn't fasting something that older people in the church do?

Look up the following Scripture references and write down your discoveries relating to fasting.

Look it up—Matthew 4:2
Write it down _____

Look it up—1 Samuel 7:6; 2 Samuel 12:16, 21-23; 1 Kings 21:27; Nehemiah 9:1-3; Daniel 9:3; Joel 1:14; 2:12, 15; Jonah 3:5
Write it down _____

Look it up—Nehemiah 1:4
Write it down _____

Look it up—2 Chronicles 20:3; Ezra 8:21-23; Esther 4:13, 16; 9:31; Jeremiah 14:12
Write it down _____

Look it up—Psalm 69:10, 11, 13
Write it down _____

Look it up—Luke 2:37; Acts 13:2, 3
Write it down _____

Look it up—1 Samuel 31:13; 2 Samuel 1:11, 12; 12:16, 21-23; Psalm 35:13; Daniel 6:18
Write it down _____

Look it up—Isaiah 58:3, 5, 6
Write it down _____

Look it up—Zechariah 7:5; Matthew 6:16-18; Luke 18:12
Write it down _____

Based on your study of the Scripture and discoveries that the Holy Spirit gave you, answer the following question. Should a teen be involved in the practice of fasting?

_____ Yes _____ No

_____ _____
Signature Date

DAVID WILLETTS: Tried As by Fire

Continued from page 5

Still David prayed.

Wednesday morning David met his attorney in the courthouse. Things didn't look good. Saying nothing, but taking David out into the hall, the attorney whispered, "Don't let on but I think they're going to offer us a deal."

Time dragged. Dave went into the hall for a drink and a candy bar. His name was called and he was told to meet his attorney in the judge's chambers.

With a lump in his throat, David Willetts walked in before the judge. The prosecuting attorneys said, "Your Honor, after reviewing all the evidence, we feel we have no case against Reverend David Willetts. We'd like to notify the court that we are dropping all charges against David Willetts."

"You are free to go, Reverend Willetts," the judge said, "and I'd like to add that I think justice has been served in this matter."

Without any trial and without assistance from his defense attorney, David was miraculously delivered.

David ran immediately to phone home!

His exact words.

"I can't explain what it was like to have that load suddenly lifted. I wanted to shout! To sing! To yell! Once I'd phoned Louise, I walked down the hall and paused by the door leading into the courtroom. I slipped the door open a tiny bit and looked in. There was the judge and all the others. The trial was beginning.

" 'Thank You, God,' I said aloud, and then let the door close. It was a door I never wanted to open again.

"Even my lawyer said it was a miracle. Never had he known of any case being prepared so meticulously, and with such expense, only to have all charges dismissed.

"All I can say is, 'Praise God for miracles.' For a church and a family who stood by me. For friends. God is so good.

"We've even had promising news about Matt. Doctors tell us Hodgkin's is now one of the most curable of cancers. He is responding to chemotherapy. Back at Lee College. We're taking life one day at a time, praying and believing for another miracle.

"With God, all things are possible."

P.S. The Willetts family expresses appreciation to all those people who stood by them with love, prayer, and faith. □

H.E.S.



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Current Happenings with Questions for Christian Reflection

YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Leadership Development Coordinator



CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to Miss Martha Pendergrass, Fyffe, Alabama for having won a full year's tuition scholarship to Lee College. Martha was the fortunate recipient at a drawing held "Family Day" for Church of God young people at Six Flags Over Georgia in late fall of '82. She plans to enter Lee in September of this year. (Gerald W. Redman, Director of Alumni Affairs, Lee College) □

THINGS GO BETTER . . .

"Hi, I'm the talking Coca-Cola vending machine," booms the cheery, masculine voice as the electronic strains of "Greensleeves" accompany his welcoming words. "Make your selection, please," continues the invisible "personage" behind a speaker located just above the coin slot.

Have you met the talking vending machine? "They certainly attract attention," chuckle the Coke officials. "When we put the first one in, people were lined up and blocking the aisles—just to get a chance to put their money in. They cause a lot of commotion where there is any amount of traffic," they note.

Noting that cars now talk, letting drivers and passengers know when lights are on or keys are left in the ignition, Nathan Nolan, marketing director for the Chattanooga Coca-Cola Bottling Company winks, "Yes, but our *next* model will call people by name."

CHURCH FULL OF WINNERS

A church full of winners—that's how Christian Education Coordinator Dale Bain refers to the Millbrook Church of God in Alabama. There's a trophy case in the church to verify Dale's statement. Terry Perdue holds trophies from Alabama youth camp, as well as MVP trophies in church league softball and basketball. Patricia Bain was Miss Youth Camp 1981. Sister Monica was Miss Personality, Youth Camp 1982. Amy Tierce attended Tennessee youth camp and brought home a Miss Tennessee youth camp trophy. In 1980, Millbrook youth led the State of Alabama with a total of $12,000 for YWEA; and in 1981 the church again contributed $12,000 for world missions. □

* * * *

1. Are the young people of your church involved in "winning activities"?

2. Can you name some other things you wish the young people of your church could do for the Lord? □

STUDENTS' ENTHUSIASM FOR MISSIONS GROWS

(Madison, WI) New stirrings of missionary interest among college students are reported by Inter-Varsity Missions. David Bryant and a team of eight students spent a week at Taylor University to mobilize prayer for spiritual awakening and world evangelization. They spoke in chapel, trained campus leaders at seminars, held dorm discussions, and advised student government leaders about their role in prayer. Five hundred students joined a prayer movement for a new missions thrust; fifty prayed throughout the night. Daily and weekly prayer meetings have begun.

At Global Outreach '82 in Atlanta, six hundred students gathered from six states for an Inter-Varsity and Student Foreign Missions Fellowship conference. At the conclusion, two hundred students committed themselves to be missionaries to earth's last-reached people. Another two hundred stood to indicate that God was calling them to be career missionaries somewhere overseas. Yet another two hundred gave their lives to world evangelization, wherever and however God leads them. □

* * * *

1. Why do you think there may be an increased desire by youth to win the lost?

2. Youth respond to a challenge. Have you or the youth of your church been challenged lately to greater commitment and service to God's kingdom? □

CARTOON VIOLENCE DECREASES

Saturday morning cartoon violence is reported to have decreased by 40 percent in the last quarter of 1982 from record highs set earlier in the year. According to the National Coalition on Television Violence (NCTV), Saturday morning mayhem had reached a record high of thirty-six violent acts per hour from July through September of 1982. However, because of a number of new, low-violence cartoon programs introduced in the fall season, the violence levels have decreased back down to twenty-two violent acts per hour.

Dr. Radecki, chairman of the coalition and psychiatrist with the Southern Illinois University School of Medicine, states that twenty-seven out of twenty-eight studies of the effects of TV violence have documented increases in uncooperative, aggressive and violent behavior in children from the viewing of cartoon violence.

* * * *

1. How do you feel about Saturday morning cartoons? Are they harmless or dangerous?

2. Why do you think directors of children's programming would include so much violence?

3. Why do you think there has been a recent decrease in the amount of violence in the Saturday morning children's programs?

THE ORIGINAL

Continued from page 17

ones. It was a bad dream. I would wake up. But I knew each passing second I had never been more awake.

I left the service during the offertory and drove my car until I couldn't see the road anymore. Tears blinded me. It had all gone wrong and I didn't know why.

I drove to the ocean. The gentle waves usually calmed me but today the waves were too loud. Too harsh. They rose and crashed and fell against the shoreline with deafening strides.

Eventually, I took off my sandals and walked the sandy shore until my feet ached. My spirit felt parched. It had all turned sour like churning milk. The taste in my mouth was bitter. I didn't know if the bitterness was from the salt of my tears, or the salt of ocean spray splashing against my face.

Coming to a pier, I saw a man sitting cross-legged on the side of wooden boards. He was playing a guitar. A group of people had gathered around him. His songs were simple . . . a chord here . . . a chord there.

"Hey, it's Easter," someone shouted. "How about an Easter rabbit song." Everyone laughed.

"How about just an Easter song?" he said. The young man smiled and began to play solemn chords. His words were carried gently on the wind, ocean waves in the background.

On the first day of the week
Early in the morning
Mary came unto the tomb
When the light was dawning.

Jesus Christ had risen
Exactly like He said
He wasn't in the tomb
His body wasn't dead.

He lived. Easter morning!
The very first joyful one
Triumphant and glorious
—God's own Son!

The story was familiar. I could have told it to a little child. Yet I had missed it. I had missed the whole point.

Easter. It wasn't a new dress . . . a new suit . . . a new hat . . . a new pair of shoes. It wasn't the outward appearance. It was the inward appearance. Knowing deep inside that the tomb was indeed empty. "He lives. He is not here. He is risen. Just like He said."

I had been so wrapped up in a new dress, a new outfit that I missed the Savior. The one and only Son of God. The original. There was no carbon copy for Christ. No possible imitation of His death and resurrection. And I had forgotten.

I looked away from the group on the pier. The sky seemed bluer, the clouds whiter, the ocean greener. It was good to be alive. A young, harried-looking mother walked past me with her children. She smiled a hello and we talked a few minutes.

I turned to go. The children called out a goodbye.

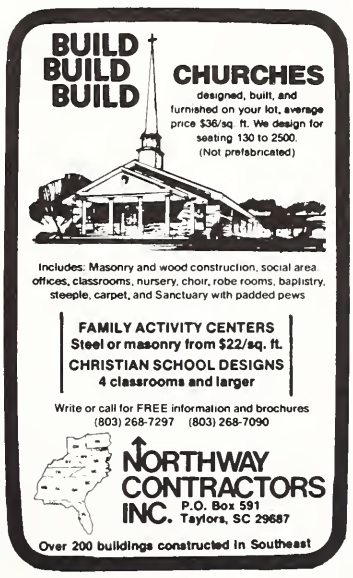
The young mother laughed. "By the way," she said, "before you leave I just have to tell you—I love your dress!" □











Books

STRENGTHENING YOUR GRIP by Charles R. Swindoll

Charles R. Swindoll has his finger on the pulse of the times—and perhaps yours as well—when he describes the '80s as the decade of aimlessness. Yesterday's slogans like "Remember Pearl Harbor!" and "We Shall Overcome!" have lost their capacity to marshal our loyalty, clarify our goals, or strengthen our resolve. The shrill calls to join causes have been replaced with yawns of indifference and disrespect—even on the part of many Christians. "We are seeing the sand castles that once housed our hopes washed out to sea," the author says.

But you don't have to be washed away with this tide. Cutting through pious verbiage and writing with hard-hitting realism, Chuck Swindoll shows how to focus our aims anew on certain essentials as:

- Keeping priorities straight
- Staying involved with others
- Striving for purity of life
- Maintaining integrity
- Cherishing family life

These and other principles form what the author describes as fixed points, eternal truths, and foundational principles that can keep you from drifting aimlessly. (Word Books, Waco, TX 76703) □

DO YOU HEAR WHAT YOU'RE THINKING? by Jerry A. Schmidt

Did you know that your moods don't govern your thoughts? Rather your thoughts control your moods.

Psychotherapy has rediscovered the biblical truth that the way a person "thinks within himself, so he is" (Proverbs 23:7, *NASB*). Obviously, then, you need to control your thoughts, rather than letting your thoughts control you. But how?

Dr. Schmidt deals with two thought levels—your subconscious and the thoughts that you are aware of. He tells you how to change foolish "tapes" that play in your subconscious mind, and discusses ways to improve your conscious thoughts.

Do You Hear What You're Thinking? deals with the problems of depression, stress, anxiety, guilt, tact, perfectionism, anger, resentment, and self-worth. This book shows how you can, with God's help, redirect your automatic thinking. You can replace foolish "tapes" that play in your mind by training yourself to think the truth. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187)□

TOMMY, THE COMEBACK KID by Thomas Fulghum

Tommy, the Comeback Kid, by Thomas Fulghum, is the story of a young man recovering from a devastating accident.

This book tells of Tom's raw courage and determination.

It is also the story of his parents' courage, from the moment in the emergency room when the father desperately examined that terribly damaged head to tell whether it was his son or not, to Lois's tears as her son walked across the platform to receive his high school diploma. (Victor Books, a division of Scripture Press) □

FEEDING THE FAITHFUL: A CHRISTIAN'S VIEW OF TODAY'S NUTRITION by Ethel Hulbert Renwick

Ethel Hulbert Renwick presents a striking indictment of today's nutrition from a Christian viewpoint in *Feeding the Faithful.*

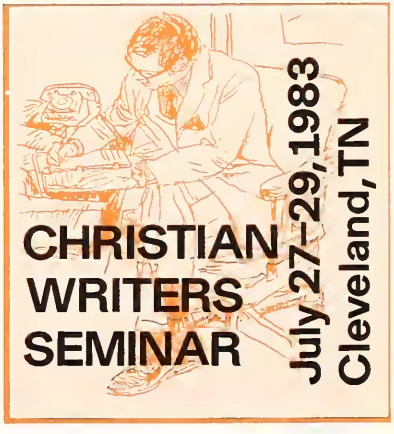
In her well-documented study and appeal, Ms. Renwick brings to light the shocking facts on disease traceable to nutritional defects in our diets—defects promoted by a food supply system that destroys vital nutrients; poisons foods with toxic substances; creates artificial foods with near-zero health benefits and deceives the consumer with false claims.

Ms. Renwick's conviction is that it is a Christian's responsibility to be aware of the quality of today's food supply and that the Christian church must take an active role in this education. (Keats Publishing, Inc., New Canaan, CT 06840) □

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FACES IN THE CROWD

Continued from page 19

I don't think she can take it. I'd rather things stay just as they are."

The doctor promised.

That's why Blake holds Judy's hand this morning. Why he has lately become a far more attentive husband. There are times when he wishes to talk with Judy about her sickness but she seems to avoid the subject and he's concluded there really isn't much to say anyway. Just pray. Trust God. Take life one day at a time.

"Because He lives, we also shall live," Pastor Hickson says emphatically, hand lifted. Blake nods his head. Squeezes Judy's hand again.

Judy is also listening. She's known of her illness long before Blake. She made one secret trip to the doctor before telling him. Judy also had a talk with the doctor. After all, Dr. Riley brought her into the world.

"Just one thing, Uncle Riley," Judy said as she slipped into her sweater, "you mustn't tell Blake. I'll take the pills and I promise I'll do everything you say but I don't want Blake to know. He's such a sensitive man. Doesn't say much. But he feels it. I don't want him pitying me and looking at me hurtlike. Will you promise?"

"Whatever you say, Judy."

Judy feels weakness in her body. Her strength ebbing. It's worse right after taking the chemotherapy tablets. What Judy hates most is that her blond hair has been coming out. Blake found one in his eggs Saturday, at breakfast.

Judy swallows.

She's glad Blake doesn't know how bad it really is.

The kids fidget and talk on the front row. Edna returns from the rest room. She slaps little Jamie when he refuses to move over. Pastor Hickson notices but pretends not to.

So the morning passes . . .

And the pastor preaches . . .

And at least two people listen . . .

Two faces in a crowd. □

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Corinthians 5:1).

"So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Corinthians 15:54, 55).

I CHOOSE TO LIVE

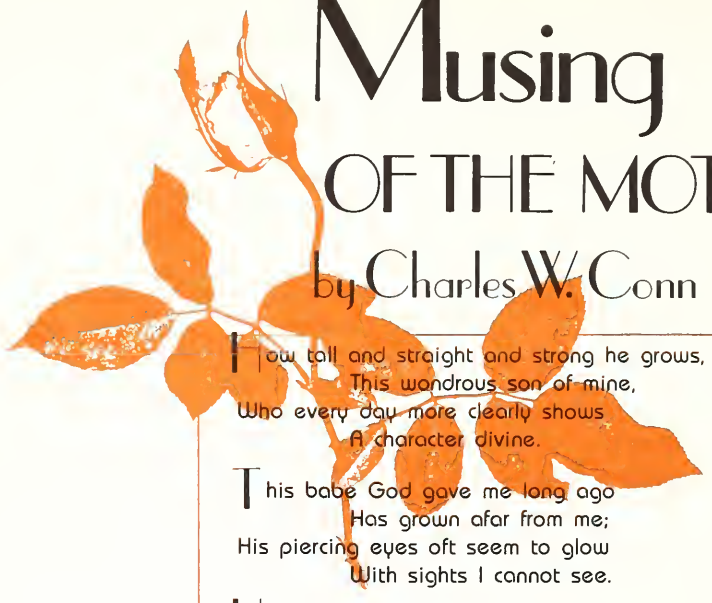
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warmth I sensed in the room. A smile started in my stomach and soared throughout my body. I turned and walked out the door. A warm breeze filled me with excitement as I stepped into the sunlight of a new day.

I've been lucky. My ailment was diagnosed before it was too late. I have doctors who carefully watch my progress and I have family and friends who love me. My heart is filled with gratitude.

Yes, I still have lupus. But today the pain and manifestations of the disease do not control my life. With God's help, I have won the battle in my mind. I have chosen to live. □





Musing
OF THE MOTHER

by Charles W. Conn

How tall and straight and strong he grows,
This wondrous son of mine,
Who every day more clearly shows
A character divine.

This babe God gave me long ago
Has grown afar from me;
His piercing eyes oft seem to glow
With sights I cannot see.

His childhood mirth is laid aside,
Replaced now with concern
For those who gather at his side
In eagerness to learn.

I cannot hold him here, I know,
Or keep him close to me,
For something tells me he must go
To meet his destiny.

Oh, can it be that this is He
Of whom the prophets tell,
Who comes to lead to liberty
His people Israel?

Then why am I so sore distressed,
And why this aching care;
Why such pain within my breast,
As if a sword were there?

EDITORIAL, Hoyt E. Stone



The Seven Deadly Sins



CAN YOU NAME THEM?

Of course, you can probably name at least seven sins, or you can name seven expressions of sin which you consider deadly or dangerous. But can you name that list of sins which the church categorized as "deadly" more than fifteen hundred years ago?

*Turn the page upside down. If you wish, wait until you are alone when no one is watching.

Don't feel too badly about it. I had some trouble with the list myself. We Evangelicals mention some of these often but we don't often categorize them. Three of them we seldom name at all: gluttony, anger, and sloth.

These sins are classified as deadly, not merely because they are serious moral offenses, but because they each give rise to other sins. That is how Thomas Aquinas would explain it.

Paul gives us a longer list of sins, works of the flesh, in Galatians 5:19. We recognize, of course, that all sin is deadly in that sin separates us from God. Nevertheless, I note a few things about this particular list—things which I'm sure wiser and more knowledgeable churchmen noticed long before I was born—which I think pertinent to this generation.

First, this list contains the worst of sins: pride, which caused Adam and Eve to sin in the garden; and envy, which caused religious leaders to crucify the Son of God (Mark 15:10). It refers to two of our most talked-about sins: covetousness, far too prominent in our materialistic age; and lust (inordinate or illicit sexual desire), which has spawned a multi-million dollar pornography business and a glorified playboy lifestyle which could be the envy of Sodom. It also refers to those three sins seldom mentioned: gluttony, anger, and sloth.

Second, each item on this list happens to be one which requires self-discipline. Only the self-disciplined individual (call him born again, sanctified, Spirit filled, or whatever) can handle life in terms of this list. Discipline is something we need to learn in youth. We need to begin at once that self-disciplining process Paul mentioned when he wrote: "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway" (1 Corinthians 9:27).

Finally, in terms of how the church approaches young people, I see a warning in this list. We have every reason to abhor those sins of the flesh—adultery, fornication, promiscuity, homosexuality—which plague this generation. We know what horror and heartbreak such sins spawn. But we do not have a right to imply that lust is the only item on the list, that it is worse than the others, or that it is unforgiveable.

The list applies to all, whatever our age.

So does the blood of Christ (Revelation 1:5). □

Alan Cliburn Photo

*Pride, covetousness, lust, envy, gluttony, anger, and sloth.

YWEA



1983 ASIAN CHALLENGE

The Church of God Center for Asian Ministries will house:

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Keith Bolt: *Eagle Scout at Fourteen*





Congratulations on attaining the rank of Eagle Scout. Your hard work and diligence have earned you this high award which is a symbol of your dedication to the principles of the Boy Scouts of America.

You have my best wishes for continued success.

Ronald Reagan



Eagle Scout

Keith P. Bolt, a freshman at Brookwood High School has attained the rank of Eagle Scout, the highest award given by the Boy Scouts of America.

As his community service project, Bolt worked on the landscaping of the Wynne-Russell House in Lilburn.

He is the son of Ron and Sarah Bolt and the grandson of the Rev. and Mrs. Clyde N. Bolt of Lilburn.

Stone Photo

LIGHTED PATHWAY
Guiding Youth

May, 1983
Volume 54, Number 5

THIS MONTH

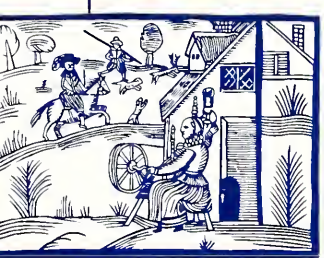
Tour the world of biographies with Wayne Simmons. Find out why Daniel Jessen thinks the church has trouble keeping boys. Enjoy Henry Ferguson's well-researched look at the power of prayer. Perhaps you too have a Mystic Tree. There's a surprise in Clare Miseles story, "The Dowry."

Hoyt E. Stone









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Stone Photo

Keith Bolt:
Eagle Scout at Fourteen

The card now nestles securely in the family album. It reads:

"Congratulations on attaining the rank of Eagle Scout. Your hard work and diligence have earned you this high award which is a symbol of your dedication to the principles of the Boy Scouts of America."

You have my best wishes for continued success.

Ronald Reagan

At the top of the card, embossed, is the American eagle and the presidential seal.

The proud owner of that card is Keith Bolt, now age fifteen of Lilburn, Georgia. He received his award presentation on October 11, 1982, during special ceremonies attended by his parents, Ronald and Sarah Bolt; sister, Lisa; his pastor, Robert Herrin (Doraville Church of God); State Representative Tom Phillips, who presented Keith a special award from the State of Georgia; past scoutmaster, Tom Sparks; and a host of friends.

Youth Minister Sam Belisle said of Keith on that occasion: "I've seen leadership abilities and

Keith Bolt:
Eagle Scout at Fourteen



The Bolt family: father Ron and Keith, mother Sarah and Lisa.



Keith in uniform and being congratulated by scoutmaster.



I've seen a love for God in Keith's life which I wish all teenagers could have. There are three strong fibers in Keith's life: first, a tenacious character which will not quit or give up; concern for others expressed in acts of kindness; and his will to serve God in all things."

During the same ceremony, Keith's uncle, Phil Bolt, also handed out laurels. He referred to Keith as a young man characterized by self-discipline, modesty, intelligence, and faith in God.

Life hasn't petted and pampered Keith. At age ten he became ill and was suspected as having bone cancer. Doctors felt the tumor in Keith's leg was active and they eventually scheduled him for surgery. What the physicians didn't fully reckon with was the power of prayer.

Keith's mother and father, his grandfather, who is a Church of God preacher, his friends, and his church joined Keith in prayer for a miracle.

The miracle came!

When doctors finally looked closely at what was once a tumor, or what was once thought to be a tumor, they found only scar tissue and the leftovers now harmlessly benign.

Stone Photos

Through all of this, Keith pursued his scouting, refusing to be hindered and completing many of his assignments even on crutches.

The rank of eagle is the highest in scouting. Statistically less than 1 percent of all scouts ever make eagle. To do so is a herculean task even with two good legs and perfect health.

Keith Bolt is a remarkable young man indeed.

Keith lists for himself an impressive array of hobbies. He enjoys baseball, plays the trumpet, and sings in the teen chorus at his church. Keith reads avidly and pursues a special interest in American Indian history. As a scout, Keith is a member of the Order of the Arrow. He has become something of an authority on Indian customs, habits, and cultural dance.

There are many things a young man must do in order to become an eagle scout. He must move up through the ranks of the whole scouting program, of course, and he must constantly prove himself in terms of the scout law: always trustworthy . . . loyal . . . helpful . . . friendly . . . courteous . . . kind . . .obedient . . . cheerful . . . thrifty . . . brave . . . clean . . . and reverent. He must be ideal enough to receive endorsement from community and state leaders; and, finally, he must successfully choose, design, and complete a significant community project.

For his eagle scout service project Keith chose to landscape and restore the front lawn of the Wynne-Russell House in Lilburn, Georgia. The house was constructed in the early 1800's and has been placed on the National Register of Historical Places. Today, being the oldest home in the town, the Wynne-Russell House is a community landmark.

Keith worked with the historical restoration committee. He cleaned off the front bank of the house, put in some steps, built a stone walkway to the front porch and planted ground ivy and shrubs. He called on family members, friends and other scouts to provide labor and he managed to get many of the materials donated.

Keith admits he has had lots of support from his family, friends, and church. Scouting requires time as well as concentrated effort. He doesn't say much about it himself but friends are quick to point out (especially Pastor Robert Herrin) that Keith doesn't neglect his church and his spiritual life either. For the past two summers, in fact, Keith has found it necessary to miss scout camp because it conflicted with the church's summer camp program and he candidly admits he will do the same again this year. If there's a conflict. Church comes first.

Perhaps we have reason to expect such an attitude from a young man reared in the church (grandfather a preacher; mother and dad always involved; uncles; aunts; one uncle, Sabord Woods, a professor at Lee College) but, whether we do or not, we also know it doesn't always happen.



Maybe, too, that's why we should be all the more appreciative when a Keith Bolt comes along. □

ENDLESS JOURNEYS by Wayn

To read a biography is to take a journey. Each life is a journey from birth to death. A biography describes that journey, allowing the reader to travel along, to trace the route.

When we accompany others on their life journeys, we make their experiences our own. We incorporate their lives. We make their time our time.

Biographies are time machines. By means of them we go back in time and forward in time. We travel the centuries.

Of major biographical importance is *where, when,* and *to whom* one is born. Life flows from birth, and birth influences the course of one's life. Why people are born where they are is a mystery. Yet we know people have to be born *somewhere* if they are going to exist. Someone cannot be born everywhere at the same time.

Everything that happens in an individual's life is important. Experience shapes viewpoints. Language, names, personalities, places, accidents, and so forth contribute to the formation of perspective. We all live in some environment. There are major influences and minor influences on us. A major influence on one person may be a minor influence, or no influence, on another. Biographical reading lets us see what people, events, and ideas are important to others. We become aware of the incredible variety of life and the uniqueness of each human being. We see that no life is an exact repeat of another, that there is always novelty.

To read one biography after another is to take one journey after another. These journeys are endless since there are more biographies written than an individual has time to read in one lifetime. Each human being lives a story to be told, and many of those stories *have* been told.

When you begin a written account of a life, you do not know what will happen or what people you will meet. You do not know what you will discover or how you will change. You are curious and expectant. You have a sense of adventure.

Biographical reading is unique for each person. Though one or more people may share the experience of reading life stories, they may differ as to *whom* they are reading about and as to *when* they read about the same individual (if they do). Say I read Isaac B. Singer's *In My Father's Court* and Dorothy Day's *The Long Loneliness.* You may read one, or both, or neither. You may prefer *Tolstoy* by Henry Troyat and *Simone Weil: A Life* by Simone Petrement. Or we may both decide to read all four books.

There is a necessary order to biographical reading. One recorded life must precede another. Many insights can be gained from comparing one record with another. Patterns of life emerge from the study of "comparative biography." Guidance can be found for one's own life.

The avid reader of life narratives is very aware of the multiplicity of paths humans take. God knows *all* paths and perspectives. To embrace new vantage points is to widen one's vision. To enlarge one's vision is to see more of what God sees. Biographies expand consciousness. One person looks through many eyes.

We tend to read the life stories of individuals who did what we do or what we would *like* to do. A writer may read of writers, an artist of artists, a nonconformist of nonconformists, a theologian of theologians. From this attraction of like to like can come strong models.

In all cultures and subcultures there are models. In a sense they are the "saints" of that culture or subculture. They are identified with as models and imitated. In this way their stories mold the stories of others. Imitation is a striving to make the story of "a shining example" one's own. Examples change lives.

To read biographies is a good way to learn history. The biographical approach to history is a *personalized* approach. Looking at world events through one person's eyes can be enlightening.

This unique angle can engrave the historic event on the reader's mind like an account in a regular history book might not.

To read biographies is an excellent way to learn about the classics in literature. Before reading anything by a classic author, read a life of that author; then read his or her stories, novels, or other works. Get to know a writer and the writings will mean much more. In the author's literary creations you will see autobiographical information recorded, played with, altered, and enlarged. Authors occasionally write fiction about lives they wish they had. In his play *Long Day's Journey Into Night* Eugene O'Neill wrote about the tension, anxiety, and pain of his real family; in another drama, *Ah, Wilderness!*, he wrote about a fantasized family life. Fiction becomes a secondary source of autobiography. The writer plays a game of literary hide-and-seek. He is hidden and revealed. Now you see him, now you don't.



Biographies can produce a greater understanding of the other sex. A man reads the life of a woman and comprehends a little of what it's like to be female. A woman reads the life of a man and grasps to an extent what it's like to be male. By sympathetic imagination each sex walks in the other's shoes.

To a great extent, biography is psychology is philosophy/theology. What you do determines what you believe. Action shapes thought and thought shapes action.

The Danish theologian, Soren Kierkegaard, demonstrated the influence of life on theology. His father practiced a brooding, melancholic Christianity, believing that he had blasphemed the Holy Spirit. The impact of this anguished faith on Kierkegaard is manifest in the emphasis on suffering faith in Kierkegaard's theology.

Kierkegaard made multiple allusions to his own life in his theological writings. He stamped his Christian beliefs with the particulars of his own existence (in effect, making a theology out of his life). This *existential* Christianity led to the existentialist movement in philosophy. Kierkegaard became known as the "father of existentialism."

I discovered Kierkegaard during the last year of college. His self-expressive theology made me acutely conscious of how creative people *individualize* their work. He thereby opened up the whole realm of biography to me. He made me *want* to read biographies and to look for autobiography in fiction.

A life story can make a profound impression on a culture. The story of Jesus, for example, has been passed down the centuries. Religious and secular artists alike have painted the crucified Christ. Christ-figures have shown up in novels such as William Faulkner's *A Fable* and Fyodor Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*. In the New Testament we get four versions of the story of Jesus. Interpretations of the four Gospels have been presented in stories, novels, movies, and plays. "Tell me the story of Jesus," says the song. Many have endeavored to do just that.

Christians continue to return to the story of Jesus as portrayed in the Gospels. Looking to His life is not the same as looking to an ordinary life. Jesus was God's Son. He was divine and His life was divine. To touch upon His life was and is to touch upon the holy, to encounter God.

To travel with Jesus through His life, via the reading of the Gospels, is to accompany Him on the journey of journeys. Yet not the *reading about* Jesus' life alone, but the realization of the supreme importance of that life to *our* lives is what truly *incorporates* His journey into ours, His

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

For Boys ONLY

HAVE YOU EVER tried to recruit men to teach a children's Sunday school class? The task borders on the impossible.

Why aren't more men involved in the church? It's a question church leaders—male and female—need to face.

WHEN MEN ARE BOYS

Several church observers have suggested that the problem begins early in the men's lives—when they are boys in the church. It is quite possible that as boys, they did not receive the special treatment necessary to keep them active, involved, and interested in the church.

Girls usually outdistance boys both in numbers and in interest in teen Sunday school classes. The guys tend to be bored and apathetic, and drop out at the first opportunity. Are adolescent boys less "spiritual" than girls? I don't think so. Why, then, are they so apathetic? And what can be done to correct the situation?

SOME CAUSES FOR DISINTEREST

Turnoff #1: the issue of male identification.

Boys have a more difficult time than girls in finding their identity within family and societal structures. Most children spend their early years at home with their mother. They do not spend much time with their father. The problem is magnified when the father is not around at all, such as in a female-headed household. In these situations, girls absorb the female/mother image rapidly, but boys struggle to grasp the male role.

When young boys (especially those from fatherless or non-Christian homes) go to church, they should be able to find good male role-models there. The scarcity of male role-models within the church is a serious matter. There are just not that many men around, and the men who are around often tend to be unavailable to boys. They may serve on church committees or take up the offering, but in terms of what a boy sees, the significant leadership functions of the church are often fulfilled by women.

Thus, boys frequently find male role-models—except for the pastor—inaccessible. Sadly, boys often view "the preacher" as an unreal figure who always carries a Bible, wears a tie, and speaks in sophisticated English. Boys may seldom see the male pastor in casual attire. They need to know that he and other church leaders wear blue jeans, like sports, and get their hands dirty from time to time.

As a result of their view of these men, boys may often conclude that it is not very "manly" to live as a Christian adult male. A related conclusion is that "church" is for women and children, not real men.

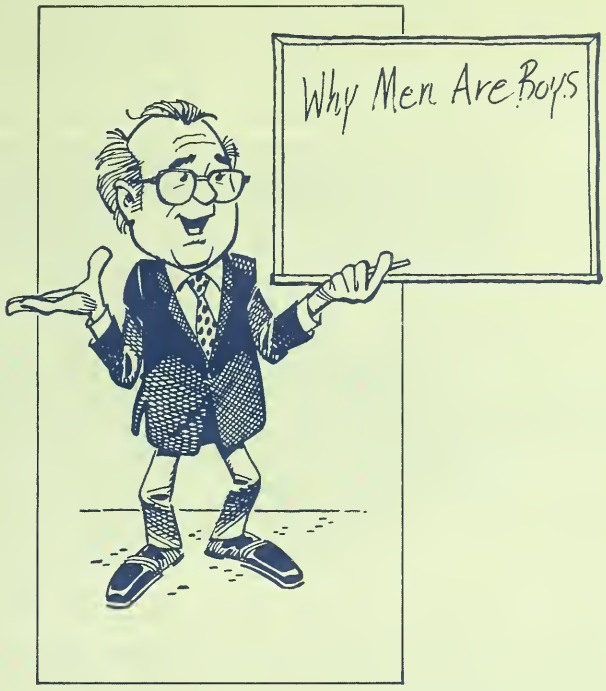
Turnoff #2: the rigid expectations adults place on boys.

"Sit down" and "be still" are two directives that children, especially boys, hear repeatedly. Let's face it: How many normal, fun-loving boys get excited about a program in which they have to sit down and be still? But many church programs are fashioned after school, which usually is not the most exciting aspect of boys' lives.

Turnoff #3: the total coeducational programming adopted by many churches.

The rationale for teen coed ministry often goes something like this: "The boys won't come if the girls are not there." Frankly, this kind of thinking is amazingly shallow. Until college age,

by Daniel Jessen



significant developmental differences exist between boys and girls, and church programming must account for these.

Boys and girls, particularly during the elementary-school age and teen years, have markedly different interests. Total coed programming overlooks these distinct differences.

The nature of peer friendships during adolescence is another aspect of this developmental picture that is often overlooked. A boy's best friend at thirteen, sixteen, or even older is usually another boy. What the church may imply to boys by imposing total coed programming is that same-sex friendships are not worth developing.

Total coed programming also works against the developing of close, intimate friendships with Christian adults. The discipling relationship between the Christian man and boy, or between the Christian woman and girl, will not develop easily within the natural flow of a totally coeducational situation.

Teenage girls, on the whole, are more socially advanced than boys of the same age. From early adolescence until age seventeen or later, males have a one- or two-year "maturity lag." This difference is especially intense during junior-high years. Junior-high boys want to be members of an intimate group of their own age and sex. Only a minority are involved with girls, and at this age, boys have less interest in the opposite sex than girls do. If boys are forced into coed situations when they are not psychologically or developmentally ready, they become vulnerable to high anxiety.

The evidence from developmental psychology is clear: Although teens are increasingly drawn to the opposite sex, and they enjoy and need some coed activities, their closest friends and times of comfortable fellowship are reserved for people of their own age and sex. That's why I consider totally coed youth programming a tragedy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

NEED HELP? Call God Collect

by Henry N. Ferguson

THERE IS AN awesome power available to Christians that many either fail to comprehend or simply neglect to apply. It has the capacity to heal an inner hurt or the ability to stop a spreading disease. It can soften the heart of a king or water a desert with rain. We call it "prayer"—the act of approaching God with our thoughts or words.

Samuel Chadwick once wrote: "The one concern of the devil is to keep Christians from praying. He fears nothing from prayerless studies, from prayerless work, from prayerless religion. He laughs at our toil, mocks at our wisdom—*but trembles when we pray*. Prayer is the best weapon we have for destroying Satan's kingdom."

What is prayer? It is simply a sincere, sensible, affectionate pouring out of the soul to God through Christ. It is a cry for understanding we do not have; for the power we need to make our lives count. Prayer is of such concern to our Lord that He took the time to teach the disciples how to pray. To talk to God in prayer and to hear in patient reverence the Lord's response is the ultimate act of trust in the Lord.

There is a lovely old prayer that emphasizes this point. It is used by fishermen on the coast of France: "Oh God, Thy sea is so great and my boat is so small!"

The prayer goes no further. Some say this is not a prayer at all. Yet we have here the groundwork and basis for all prayer: man standing consciously in the presence of God.

There is no limit to the power of prayer. A few years ago a young businessman, faced with disaster, discovered this truth.

George Shinn of Raleigh, North Carolina, owner of a chain of business schools, was in trouble. He was in such desperate straits that he used the last of his funds to hire five men—three lawyers and two certified accountants—to see if they could find any way out of his difficulties. After hours of probing, reviewing the records, and asking questions, the men reached their conclusion.

"Give up, George, and find a job with someone else," they counseled. "You don't have a prayer, not a prayer!"

George had started with the school as a janitor, meantime attending classes. Later he became a recruiter of new students and eventually bought an interest in the then existing three schools. In time he bought out his partners. That's when disaster struck.

He learned that with the purchase he had acquired thousands of dollars worth of unpaid bills, the property was mortgaged to the hilt, staff members hadn't been paid for weeks. That's when he had a meeting with the lawyers and accountants.

A few evenings later, driving home, deep in despair, it hit him. "I do have a prayer! It's all I have left." He stopped the car by the side of the road and let the words pour out. "Lord, You know what a mess I'm in. Everybody says I'm sunk. I don't believe You feel that way. Help me, Lord. I'm turning the company over to You. You do the guiding and I'll do the work. And anything that comes to me, Lord, I'll share with You."

That night George had his first good night's sleep in weeks.

It wasn't easy, but everything gradually fell into place: creditors were paid off; the schools were reorganized and new ones added. Seven years later enrollment had grown to over five thousand students, there was a staff of over eight hundred, and George was a millionaire—simply because he gave up and, in prayer, let God take over. George's experience is a reminder that man's extremity is God's opportunity.

How often have you heard someone say, in hurt and disillusionment, "I prayed, but my prayers were never answered."

It happens often. Consequently, be careful how you pray and what you pray for. Don't expect God to hold off rain for a picnic, provide the winning lottery ticket, or sink a free throw to win the game. Don't barter with God—"If you do this for me, I'll do that for You." This is very much like the mentality of the mountain pack rat when he steals something valuable, leaving in its place a piece of paper or a pebble.

Three hundred years ago Saint Jean LaSalle put prayer in its proper perspective when he said: "Hold prayer in high esteem. It is the foundation of all the virtues, and the source of all grace needed to sanctify ourselves to discharge the duties of our employment."

Christians should pray for others. When we do, we must not only pray the words but also experience the suffering of others in our own heart. Pray caring. Pray thinking about what people really need. Pray thinking of how you can help.



Difficult? Yes. Worth trying? Millions of voices through the ages have said so. "If you make a habit of sincere prayer," wrote the distinguished physician Alexis Carrel, "your life will be very noticeably and profoundly altered. Prayer is the most powerful form of energy that one can generate."

Prayer is unique in that it not only transcends all barriers of time, but its power can outlive the very person who offered it. Many a child who has been prayed for incessantly by a concerned grandmother has found Christ years later—long after the grandmother was gone. The life may have died, but the prayer lived on.

Prayer is all-important in any aspect of God's work. The Reverend Murray Macloud relates an experience he had while a missionary in India. "I was summoned to the bedside of a Brahman priest, who was apparently dying. Although I could give him no medical help, I told him I would gladly pray for him, that our living Savior might touch his body with healing and his soul with salvation. On three successive visits I prayed with him and read the story of the death and resurrection of Christ.

"On the third day, as I prayed, I heard Tiwari struggle to his feet. I looked up and saw him standing beside me, head bowed and hands clasped. He said, 'As you were praying, I became conscious of another in the room with us; and I knew in my spirit it was Jesus, of whom you read in your holy book. In His presence I could not remain lying down.'

"That day I realized as never before how blessedly true are the Savior's words, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' "

Shortly afterward, Tiwari became a faithful follower of the Lord.

When you have prayed, be patient and wait for God's direction. Don't belabor Him with long exhortations. As Fulton J. Sheen once remarked, "Most people commit the same mistake with God that they do with their friends; they do all the talking."

As by an infallible instinct great men of all ages have turned to God for help. They seem to bypass intellectual doubt, finding a shortcut to universal truth. No one has ever expressed it better than Abraham Lincoln.

"I have had so many evidences of His direction, so many instances of His direction, so many instances when I have been controlled by some other power than my own will, that I cannot doubt that this power comes from above. I frequently see my way clear to a decision when I am conscious that I have not sufficient facts upon which to found it. I am satisfied that when the Almighty wants me to do or not to do a particular thing, He finds a way of letting me know it. It is never well with the man who does not heed this urging. I should be the most self-conceited blockhead, in my discharge of the duties that are put upon me in this place, if I should hope to get along without the wisdom that comes from God in answer to prayer."

Prayer can become the greatest of all the factors that help us develop and keep a positive mental attitude. It can give us peace of mind when everything else may fail. It can reveal the means by which we can draw upon the powers of the universe and use them for the attainment of our desires. And Bill Kurtis will attest to this fact.

Kurtis is cohost with Diane Sawyer of the *CBS Morning News*. He has suffered some deep tragedy in his life and has this to say of prayer: "I think prayer is an incredible force. Psychologically, it channels your thoughts. Prayer is calming and focusing. When it is directed toward a goal, your mind opens up to every

possible stimulus."

God sometimes answers prayers in ways we could not possibly anticipate. Often it seems that our prayers, unanswered, are simply echoing back to us. "Why," we ask, "does He answer other people's prayers, but never mine?"

Then we suddenly realize that God *has* been answering our prayers—we just haven't been listening. This realization comes when we discover what the answer to prayer really is. It is not miracles of courage and hope bestowed on us, nor the sickness of our spirit somehow miraculously healed. Instead, it is often all the little events we experience: when lagging courage is strengthened by the comforting words of a cherished friend, when an aching heart is gladdened and stimulated by shared laughter, when the kind act of a stranger gives us a lift for the day. *This* is God's miracle of answered prayer—His way of helping us to endure and to grow again.

We can never comprehend the infinite wisdom of God. But we can establish communication with Him by prayer, by faith, and by acceptance of His guidance. It's a wonderful consolation when the days are dark. □



Forward In

POWER UNLIMITED

ON MARCH 31, 1983, the Church of God will begin a nationwide telecast. E. C. Thomas, general overseer, called it a historic event, pointing out that the church will be the only Evangelical denomination on national television.

The name of the telecast is *Power Unlimited.* Reaching every state and eleven foreign countries, the program will be carried by PTL Inspiration Satellite Network and will be aired each Thursday evening from 7:30 to 8 o'clock.

Carl Richardson, general director of the radio and television ministries of the church, said Trinity Broadcasting Network (TBN) in California is expected to carry the telecast soon. That network alone reaches over ten million homes.





- **The Inspirational Network (PTL Satellite) and The Ameri-Cable Service**

  Thursday Evenings, 7:30 p.m. (Eastern time)
  Effective March 31, 1983

- **Trinity Broadcasting Network**

  Sunday Afternoons, 5:00 p.m. (Eastern time)
  Effective May, 1983

- **The following general public access stations:**

New York City	Channel 54	Sunday	5:00 p.m.
Los Angeles	Channel 40	Sunday	2:00 p.m.
Phoenix	Channel 21	Sunday	3:00 p.m.
Oklahoma City	Channel 14	Sunday	4:00 p.m.
Cincinnati & Richmond, IN	Channel 43	Sunday	5:00 p.m.
Miami	Channel 45	Sunday	5:00 p.m.
Columbus	Channel 51	Sunday	3:00 p.m. 12:00 midnight
Monroe, LA	Channel 14	Sunday	7:30 a.m.
Charleston-Huntington, WV	Channel 23	Sunday	11:00 a.m.

Faith's New Venture

Richardson is also negotiating with the Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN), which is the second largest in the country, reaching over twenty million homes.

Richardson, who will be the minister on the program, emphasized that the telecast will be fast moving with music, interviews, and a message. "Most religious programs are slow and dull with one man behind the pulpit," Richardson said. "We will use numerous people," he continued.

"For example, in one program we interview Jerry Noble, our announcer, and his wife, Paula, who have a new baby. Then we emphasize long-term, meaningful relationships, followed by Dr. Robert Fisher who briefly discusses family relationships. Afterwards, Lamar Vest, the church's general director of youth, admonishes parents from Paul's statement, 'Don't provoke your children.' We intend to hold the people's attention so that we can reach them for Christ," Richardson said.

"Not one penny of the tithe dollar from the general church will go into television," Richardson commented. "This is a work of faith, and more than two thousand people have already pledged at least fifteen dollars a month over a twelve month period to help launch the telecast, and others will pledge. I expect our church people to voluntarily pay for the telecast," he concluded.

The Church of God has had a radio broadcast since 1958. Called "Forward in Faith," the broadcast began on six stations, but is now carried weekly on over four hundred stations in every state and several foreign countries. Richardson emphasized that the "Forward in Faith" broadcast will continue. □

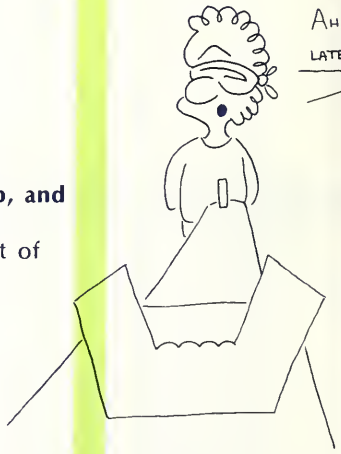
How to STUNT YOUR S





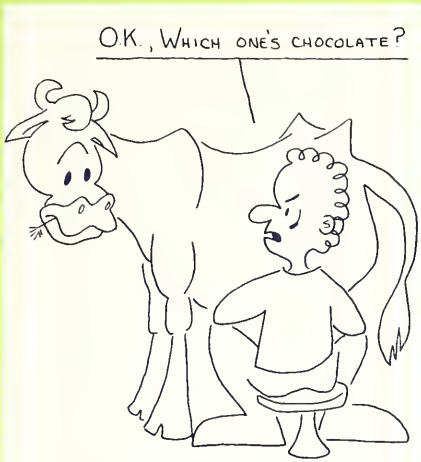
Abandon the basics of spiritual survival—quiet time, fellowship, worship, and so on. After all, you can tread water with the best of them.

Practice moments of unlistening silence. It doubtful that He—or anyone else—would l anything you want to anyway.



Submit not—to Him o anyone else. You came your feet washed, not wash those of someon

IRITUAL GROWTH



Milk not your struggles for spiritual insight. After all, God intends for your life to be happy, comfortable, and easy. Satisfy yourself with that surface slush. Forget that God often does His most lasting works in a believer's life in the "dark night of the soul."



Never reach out to others. They have their needs and problems, you have yours; and never the twain shall meet. Besides, it's hard to extract the speck in their eyes when they're poking the log in yours.

Marinate yourself in the sauce of hurry, hurry, hurry. All this nonsense about, "Please be patient with me, God is not through with me yet," is for the lazy and the slow. You need perfection, and you need it now.



Artist/Writer, Larry E. Neagle

The CHOICE

by Wanda Cato Brett

GRADUATION wasn't what I had expected. The lengthy ceremony, the awkward caps and ill-fitting gowns. The long, endless summer stretching before me. It was scary.

I swallowed my fears and told everyone it was exciting though. I couldn't admit I wasn't as confident as the next person in line.

"Where are you going?" "What are your plans?"—the questions flew. It seemed everyone had a niche, a place to belong. Except me. I wondered what would happen if I said, "Plans? I haven't got any. I'm going to disappoint my father and drop out of the computer field. I'm going to Kennings Inn for a few days to gather my thoughts. Now that it's all come down to the wire, I think I made the wrong choice."

I wanted to laugh. It was so ironic. All the exams, all the late night hours of study. For what? The wrong career, perhaps. Honesty doesn't usually go over big at graduation ceremonies. (That's where you tell the girl who played her radio full-volume that you're going to miss her.) So I decided to keep my mouth shut and counted the tassels blowing in the summer wind.

Familiar faces. Familiar routine. Familiar schedule. I knew I would miss it. But I could never say to anyone, "I wish it weren't happening so fast. I wish it would slow down. I need more time." My independence from school. My freedom from finals . . . I had wanted it too loud and too long to admit anything to the contrary now.

I barely heard my name when they called it. Later, I read the old-fashioned letters on the round scroll in my hands. I traced the words "Computer Science" and wondered what my father would say when I told him, 'I think I've made the wrong choice. I lived your dream, not mine. I want something different. A new direction."

Dad was going to hit the ceiling.

I practiced my speech for two hours before I went home. Dad was sitting on the front porch in the wicker rocking chair. He smiled tolerantly when I walked up the steps.

"Did you tell everyone goodbye?" He was beaming. "First in your graduating class. Do you know how proud you made me? A degree is something I never had, but you have one now and you are the best. And you're going to have any job you want—just wait and see."

It was going to be hard to tell him. I took a deep breath.

"Dad," my voice sounded shaky so I started over. "Dad, you know it's been a long year. Finals. Senior events. Lots of pressure. Lots of study. I thought we could take some time off and drive up to the mountains. Stay in Mrs. Kennings' old inn, like we used to."

He nodded his head happily. "Sure, you've put out lots of time and energy. Let's take a few days off. Just don't want to stay too long. Don't want all those good jobs grabbed up by some other bright young programmer." He laughed heartily at his own little joke.

"By the way," he said. "Have you decided which job offer you're going to take? Those computer companies don't like to be kept waiting. You're the only one in your class with three offers. Made up your mind?"

I should have waited. I should have told him later. Any day but graduation day. But it all came home to me and I blurted it out, "Dad, you know I already have a part-time job at the center for handicapped children."

"Oh, that one," he said. "Guess they'll miss you when you leave. No matter. They'll find someone else."

My voice shook slightly. "Actually, they've asked me to stay on through the summer and become a permanent staff member in the fall. I've been doing a lot of thinking about it, and I want to stay. I'm beginning to find out how

much I enjoy helping them. Seeing them progress. Why, one little boy has even learned to walk since I've been working with him." My words came quickly and spilled over each other. My thoughts raced faster than my voice. "I feel like I'm doing something worthwhile. Not that computer science isn't good—it's just more your thing than mine. I love the children; I feel alive." The rocking chair stopped squeaking. Before I turned around, I knew he was gone.

I went inside the house, but he was in the den watching TV. He didn't talk to me while I packed my clothes in the backpack. When I got ready to leave, he stood at the door and watched me climb into the car. "That's right," he said bitterly. "You go to the mountains. And you think about throwing your chances away. All your chances, just to work at some kindergarten. You think about it, and come home with some sense!"

I knew he didn't mean the harsh words. It's just that some dreams die hard. I drove to Tableside Mountain, my mind whirling like a spinning top. I didn't plan to fall in love with the children. I didn't plan to let my heart get filled with wide eyes and struggling hands that didn't bend, fingers that had no flexibility or control. My hands guided theirs over paper. Making words. Drawing out freedom step by step. It had just happened.

I pulled up to Mrs. Kennings' inn and noticed happily that some things never change. She greeted me with a big hug. She was still the slightly befuddled, lovable lady wearing her favorite blue housedress and pink curlers perpetually wrapped around flyaway wisps of graying hair.

I ate dinner at the inn and went to bed early. Hot summer breezes blew cotton curtains up from the window and made shadow patterns on the wall. I thought morning would never come.

When dawn finally broke through the night clouds, I grabbed a quick breakfast and packed four sandwiches in my backpack. I made my way up through winding trails of Tableside Mountain. A clear stream ran in curving patterns, crashed and splashed over the rocks, drowning out other sounds. Sunlight made textured quilts out of forest leaves, and cool fresh air filled my lungs. I walked for miles. Time did not exist and, when I hit the clearing, I knew it wouldn't be long before I found the wide, open space at the top.

I could see for miles. Perched on flat rocks, I discovered light and color again. Everything seemed small and insignificant. This was my shelter from that storm which would surely rage if I didn't take one of the

" I love the children; I feel alive."



computer jobs.

The mountain became part of me. I don't know how long I sat on the cool, flat rocks, but the sun was beginning to set when I realized I still hadn't made up my mind. I laid my head on my makeshift backpack pillow and stared out over the mountains. I had to go home the next day. I needed an answer.

God seemed far away, beyond the blue sky tinged with pink. Totally removed from my decision. Computers to classrooms. Did He care? Was it all too insignificant for His greatness? God was no stranger to me, but lately He had become more like a slightly neglected friend, visited on Sundays.

My prayer was halting, "God, are You leading me in a new direction? I'm so afraid. So unsure. Guide me, please. Give me wisdom." The sky deepened to purple and I knew I should leave. Reluctantly I gathered an uneaten sandwich and tossed it to screeching birds nearby.

The sound of a motor in the distance interrupted my thoughts. The sound grew louder. Suddenly Mrs. Kennings appeared driving an old jeep pell-mell over the rocks and crannies of Tableside. I had to laugh. She was, of course, wearing her favorite blue dress and her new pink curlers. She spotted me and maneuvered her jeep up the winding trail.

She was all chatter as usual. "Where have you been? Here it is nearly dark, and you on top of this mountain. Thinking! Why a body can't think on level ground is beyond me. You have to go running off to the tip-top of the mountain. And your poor father down at the bottom worried sick about you. Now go on. Get in."

I was too surprised to argue. Besides, you can't argue with pink curlers. I threw my backpack in the jeep and jumped in beside her. We were within sight of the inn when she pulled the jeep to a sudden halt. She was off again on her one-way conversation.

"Now, I don't know what kind of a rift you and your father have had. But it must have been good. You've been coming here with your father for years, ever since your blessed mother died—may she rest in peace. Now I gather this rift is all about computers." She sniffed loudly. "I can't say as I know a thing about 'em. But I do know a body should do what a body wants to do. Myself, I wanted to be a nurse." She glanced at me sideways to see if I was laughing. "And here I am running an inn, because my father ran an inn and his father and mother ran an inn. Now I don't particularly dislike it, but I don't love it. And I always wonder what it'd be like to be a nurse. Now if you want to work with kids, you'd better go down there and fight for it. Cause I always say, 'If something's worth having it's worth fightin' for!' "

I looked at Mrs. Kennings and for the first time all day I smiled. The answer I prayed for had come. It came in a strange package with pink bobbing curlers, but it had come. I'd never seen her dreams. Never known. I now saw her in a whole new light.

My father picked me up at the foot of the mountain and we talked all the way home. (Evidently, he had gotten Mrs. Kennings' speech before I did.) He seemed mellowed. Not exactly happy but more or less resigned.

It wasn't easy for him to accept my decision. In fact, he still cherishes the secret hope that one day I'll go back to computer work. Who knows? Maybe I will. But for right now, I'm where I want to be. Occasionally, he visits my class and leaves telling me how much more money I could be making with computers. But we're starting to build again. It's going to take time.

Every now and then I think of Mrs. Kennings and the part she played in my decision. God sent her to me, I'm sure. When I got my first week's paycheck from the school, I bought her a nurse's cap and sent it to her airmail.

I hear she's wearing it now—not over the pink curlers—I hope! □

the DOWRY

by CLARE MISELES



ONLY THE LORD KNEW HOW MUCH SHE WANTED TO BE HIS WIFE, BUT...

JOHN stood strong and tall and surveyed the girl he was going to marry. She was much too thin, and quite frail. She complained of cold hands and feet. She really wasn't pretty. She wasn't even his type. She was quiet as a mouse, terribly shy with people, and lived with the Lord in her heart.

On the other hand, John was rugged, full of spirit and vigor. He was fond of the outdoors and sports, and talked about politics and world affairs most of the time. Oh, they were different, all right!

Even friends wondered about their relationship. One very curious friend even dared ask, "What do you see in her, John?" This friend was convinced John was mesmerized when he heard, "What do you see in a sky that is calm and clear?"

But John wasn't mesmerized; he was in love. He loved this girl: buxom or not, pretty or plain. In John's eyes, she had a strange and lovely quality that seemed to come from her heart. He loved her so much his eyes rested lovingly on her and caused her apple cheeks to blossom pink. "Shall I tell you what I see?" he asked merrily, caressing her head.

"Oh John . . ." she spoke shyly, keeping her eyes down. Then her fingers found their way to his lips and tenderly pressed against them. She was accustomed to his charming talk, but now there was no need for pretty phrases. She knew what was in his heart, and it was enough that his love was hers.

Yes, it was miracle enough. She even told the Lord she thought it must surely be so. How else could a boy so full of laughter and talk, so full of life, choose her—a mouse of a girl?

"Very well then," he said, free from her fingers at last, "tell me what you see in me."

She was speechless, dumbstruck, and he chuckled lightly in amusement. But when her struggle for words became a fearful task, he came to her rescue.

"Never mind," he said quietly. " 'Tis enough that you love me . . . although why in the . . ." He stopped suddenly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

Update



YOU'RE INVITED TO THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON WORLD EVANGELISM

Some young people wish everything in life were easy. They feel if it takes a special effort, it is not worth doing. Homework, chores, tests and term papers are a "pain." They long to get up when they want to, go to bed when they desire, and not be "hasseled" about doing anything.

The problem with that kind of lifestyle is that nothing of value will ever be accomplished. Anything worthwhile takes effort. The things that are of great value take great effort.

The International Congress on World Evangelism to be held in Cleveland, Tennessee, August 10-12, 1983, is for special young people. It is not for young people who just *let* things happen. It is for those unusual young people who want to *make* things happen: young people who want to be part of the great things God is doing in the world.

The International Congress on World Evangelism, with a program designed for young people, will focus on the following objectives:

1. Participants will discover an international church. You will meet Christians from around the world and find that you are part of an international family that speaks many different languages but worships the same Lord.

2. The Congress will show the humanitarian responsibilities of the church—ministering to the whole man. You'll be challenged to take your eyes off yourself and focus attention on the needs of the world—not anonymous children in far-off lands but people with values, faces, personalities, feelings, and who are living in suffocating poverty through no fault of their own.

3. The Congress will create an awareness of what it means to be a world Christian. You'll hear stories of what God is doing in Africa, South America, Central America and the Far East. It should help you develop a spirit of world Christian fellowship.

4. The gathering will also provide opportunities for personal involvement in world evangelization. You'll discover you have an important place in God's work. You'll be made aware of opportunities in short- and long-term missionary work.

If you are the type young person who wants to get involved, who makes things happen, then the International Congress on World Evangelism is the place for you this summer. □

W. A. Davis
Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education

ENDLESS JOURNEYS

Continued from page 7

life into ours. We study about His life, and receive life.

After we have traveled with Christ, He travels with us. When, as Christians, we read biographies, He is our companion on those journeys, and adds a whole new dimension to our reading. With Him life becomes a spiritual odyssey into eternity. □

FOR BOYS ONLY

Continued from page 9

SOME SOLUTIONS

Although solutions don't come simply, it is not a hopeless situation. The supply of dedicated Christian men for tomorrow will expand when the church develops a healthy respect for men and boys, recognizing their special needs. In short, boys deserve special treatment!

Churches can take several steps. Here are a few suggestions:

1. Place greater emphasis on father-son relationships. Christian fathers need to seize every opportunity to spend time with their sons, listening, talking, praying, playing, and working together. Fathers need preparation and encouragement to be faithful to their boys. Church leaders must help dads in their fathering.

2. Plan and conduct frequent man-boy activities, outings, sports events and camping trips which will bring the church's men and boys together. These will help to show boys that Christian men really do care about them.

3. Make sure boys get adequate exposure to faithful Christian men. Boys want and need adult male role-models. Boys need to have access to vibrant Christian men. Men need to take their share of service, starting in the church nursery and teaching Sunday school at all age levels. The identification process is strengthened by dividing Sunday school classes by sex from second grade on up through the end of high school, with Christian men teaching boys, of course.

4. Claim and reclaim that "lost population" in the average coed youth program—junior-high boys. They deserve activity programs of their own liking. A boys-only program during junior high school, under the leadership of concerned and trained men, will sustain and even increase the average junior-high boy's interest. He needs a group of boys where he can be physically expressive.

Coed programming does develop social relationships between the sexes, and churches need to help prepare teens to work together with people of the opposite sex. But most junior-high and many senior-high boys prefer a boys-only program to the traditional coeducational approach! Only a minority are really comfortable with a total diet of coed programs.

5. Provide adequate support systems for teenage boys programs. It is a tragic mistake to siphon off mature boys who are comfortable in an all-boys program, and send them into a high-powered coed program, replete with your pastor and a marathon of zany activities. The wise youth director allows for diversity,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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Current Happenings with Questions for Christian Reflection

YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by SONJIA LEE HUNT, Leadership Development Coordinator

AFTER SLEEP AND WORK—TV

How do you spend most of your time? About a third of it is spent in bed. About a third of it is spent at work or at school. But after sleeping and working, many Americans devote most of their time to TV. A *Reader's Digest* report by Eugene H. Methvin suggests that the typical young person graduating from high school may have spent twice as much time in front of the tube as in a classroom. □

* * * *

1. How would you use your spare time if there were no televisions? Would these be viable alternatives for you to consider anyway?

2. If you evaluated your daily activities for a week, what percentage of your time could be called self-centered (benefiting you) and what percentage would be "others centered"? □

CHINA AND GIRL BABIES

Because a growing number of Chinese husbands have been beating their wives for giving birth to girl babies, the Chinese government is explaining to men that it is they—not their wives—who determine a baby's sex.

A recent issue of the *Peking Daily* points out that "badly treating and persecuting wives when they give birth to baby girls . . . both violates socialist moral standards and demonstrates a lack of understanding of science."

Chinese prejudice against girl babies is traditional, especially among the peasantry, and has been heightened by the government's campaign to limit families to one child. Many Chinese peasants still believe that a son is necessary to carry on the family name and to support his parents in their old age. Some wives even commit suicide after giving birth to girls. Others commit infanticide until they produce a male. Peking is determined to halt the practice, which it calls "feudal." (*Parade* Magazine) □

* * * *

1. What value do you think human life has for someone who would kill his own child?

2. Could you love these people in spite of their prejudices? □

IS IT SILLY IF IT SELLS?

Will the American public buy anything cleverly marketed?

"Sure it will," pipes Cindy Allison, the young artist who designed the logo, carrying bag and wrote the mythological story for Magic Wings creators Jack Huguelet and Bob Spalding.

Magic Wings? you ask. The $5.95 wings are shiny, polyester, foam-filled, silver ornaments that people clip to their shoes ala the Greek god Mercury.

How do they intend to turn a little gift-shop chuckler into a multimillion dollar phenomenon? Grand-scale mythmaking designed to elevate the product from silly amusement to magical, other-worldly grandeur.

Fantasy is hot among children and adults these days, and the creators believe Magic Wings will appeal to many in both groups.

"These wings have powers if you know the right commands," says Mrs. Allison in complete seriousness. "They are more than just something you clip on your shoes." (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) □

* * * *

1. Do you agree that the American public will buy anything cleverly marketed?

2. Why do you think fantasy is "hot" among children and adults these days?

3. Why do you buy certain clothes, drink specific soft drinks, and so forth? Do you buy the most advertised product? □

KALEIDOSCOPE GIVING CHILDREN CHANCE TO SHOW CREATIVITY

Colored bright yellow and sporting long banners from pinnacles stretching up from its base, Kaleidoscope looks more like a circus sideshow than the traveling art-participation workshop for children that it is.

Kaleidoscope, which was created by Hallmark Cards as a public service, is designed to supplement classroom art instruction and to stimulate the imaginations of children aged 6-12 so they can explore art on their own.

A child needs to know it's okay to be creative and different. Maybe as a result of this type of reinforcement they will decide to make some changes as adults and make the world a better place to live.

The original traveling Kaleidoscope debuted in 1969 and made its way to more than 150 towns in 23 states where it was viewed by more than 500,000 children. Since going on the road in 1978, the newly designed Kaleidoscope structure has entertained more than 185,000 youngsters. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) □

* * * *

1. What do you think could be some of the benefits of this type program to individuals and to society?

2. Should we attempt to help others or ourselves to be more creative? □

FOR BOYS ONLY

Continued from page 21

realizing that many senior-high boys will prefer leadership roles in boys-only programs.

WRAPPING IT UP

It would be a mistake to imply that simply starting a boys program in a local church will attract droves of boys or ignite the men of the church. Nevertheless, experience in many churches shows that over a period of time and with faithful, careful leadership, such programs can produce active, involved Christian "men, who shall be able to teach others also" (2 Timothy 2:2). The Holy Spirit has used this proven tool in many congregations to open a new day for men and boys. □

Reprinted from *Brigade Leader*, Condensed
© 1982 by Christian Service Brigade
Wheaton, Illinois

Dan Jessen, Ed. D. is professor of Christian education at Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary in Hamilton, Massachusetts. Dan is the father of two girls and one boy.

NOTE: THE GENERAL YOUTH AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT HAS ADOPTED CHRISTIAN SERVICE BRIGADE AS ITS OFFICIAL BOYS PROGRAM. LOOK FOR DETAILS SOON ON HOW YOU CAN GET YOUR CHURCH INVOLVED IN EFFECTIVE MINISTRY TO BOYS.

THE DOWRY

Continued from page 19

to clamp down on words. "See what I mean?" he teased, but not without a little shame. "Look what you're going to have to put up with!"

"John . . ." Her words came quickly and with certainty. "In some ways, you'll change . . ."

"Me, change?" The idea of his mouth spilling gentle, refined language made him smile. "Oh, not me," he insisted. "But you . . . you might." He was teasing again. "Evil is the stronger force, you know. . ."

"Evil will *not* win!" she declared, and with such firm assurance that it surprised him. "With the help of the Lord, I will teach you the good way."

He watched the glow of faith in her eyes and answered, "Of course," while his lips moved to her ear and whispered, "And when will that be?"

"John . . ." Her assurance had suddenly vanished, and uneasiness settled on her small face. It wasn't that she didn't love John enough to want to marry soon. She did! Only the Lord knew how much she wanted to be his wife, but. . .

"John what?" he asked. He noted her hesitancy, but when he felt her tremble, his concern grew. "What . . . what is it?"

"John. . ."

"Tell me!" He too was now shaking a little.

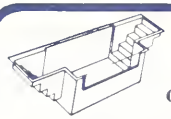
"It's . . . it's my dowry. . ."

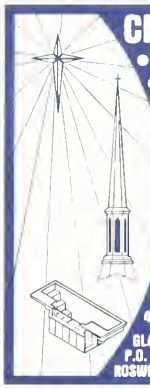
"Your dowry?" He smiled out of relief.

"It's . . . it's not as simple as you believe," she said sadly. It was not easy to tell him what was in her heart. Maybe it would have been less difficult if

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

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Books

WHAT TEENAGERS WISH THEIR PARENTS KNEW ABOUT KIDS by Fritz Ridenour

In this lively and practical book for parents of teenagers, Fritz Ridenour blends his exuberant style with the candid input of hundreds of Christian young people, basing his entire philosophy on the scripture: "Provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" (Ephesians 6:4).

The author, who terms himself "a semipro with empathy," has worked with teenagers in Christian youth groups, has edited teen-oriented books, has counseled teenagers and their parents, and has gone through those teenage years with his own children. In *What Teenagers Wish Their Parents Knew About Kids*, Fritz offers parents help through those critical years when their children are teenagers. He shares what he's learned from his own experiences as a parent—both his successes and failures. And he adds to this his own study of the Scriptures and psychological research. (Word Books, Waco, TX 76703) □

A PLACE TO HIDE by Roger F. Campbell

What can you do? Build a fortress? Open a Swiss bank account? Run for political office? Build bigger and better bombs?

"None of the above," asserts the author in this unusual survival manual for the times ahead. The key to survival through hard times before the last day is the revival of the church. Only through revival can be found a place to hide. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

MANAGEMENT: A BIBLICAL APPROACH by Myron Rush

Christian leaders often find themselves managing work from a base of extensive training in spiritual and theological matters. But they have little solid training in management principles and practices. Or they have training adopted wholly from the secular business world despite its inconsistency with the principles of God's Word. Neither situation will do, and both have at times proved disastrous. Now, from a committed Christian with long experience in management training and consultations, comes timely and biblical help on such critical management issues as:

*Creating a productive work environment
*Delegating responsibility
*Making decisions and solving problems
*Communicating effectively in the workplace
*Nurturing good working relationships
*Planning in harmony with God's will
*Escaping the trap of tradition
*Managing time
*Making the performance evaluation worthwhile.

In all these areas and more, Myron Rush gives helpful counsel while faithfully setting forth the biblical priority of people as God's most valuable resource. If you are called of God to lead and manage others, you need the principles of this book. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

BIBLE PANORAMA by Terry Hall

A wide-angle view of the Scriptures—to give you the big picture.

*Does the Bible remind you of a gigantic jigsaw puzzle, with thousands of isolated pieces?

*Do you know lots of Bible facts but have a hard time seeing how they all fit together?

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Bible Panorama gives a bird's-eye view of the Bible. It shows how the Bible's many facts dovetail to form the big picture of Scripture. Via words and many pictures *Bible Panorama* shows how Bible truths interlock, thus forming a mural of God's dealings with people. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

THE DOWRY

Continued from page 23

her face and form were pretty. Then she would not feel so wretched at having so few worldly goods to take to her husband in marriage.

"To me it is quite simple. . ." He spoke without second thoughts. "I am not marrying a dowry. I am marrying you, the girl I love!"

Tears of happiness lined her pale eyes, but she drove them off with a deep sigh. She had something to say, and it was best that it be said now. "I . . . I have bed linens, a goose-down quilt, my great-grandmother's candlesticks, and. . ."

"See," he broke in with a tease, "I am marrying an heiress."

"John. . ." Her eyes besought him not to be frivolous, but to listen carefully and try to understand. "I . . . I have books. . ." He began to speak, but her hand moved to his mouth. "I want you to see them."

"Now?"

She was already off, and at the tall fruitwood cabinet, opening a drawer, removing three books and holding on to them as if they were solid gold. She came forward with more spirit than he had ever seen in her and said, "They are more than books—they are my very life."

He took the books from her

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hands, solemnly, and proceeded to loosely thumb the pages. One good glance was more than enough. "They're about religion," he said briefly, trying hard to be enthusiastic.

"They're about God and His love. . ." she corrected softly.

And so, a few months later, John took himself a wife . . . a wife void of earthly beauty, wit, and costly material things. The bed linens and goose-down quilt were used; so were the cherished treasured candlesticks, but the books . . . the books, with their rich spiritual passages . . . they became, in essence, the true dowry.

Together with the gentle girl he married, those books marked a crossroads of John's life. They changed his ways, his ideas, and his talk. They unlocked his once-closed mind and sent him forth to deeper and broader vistas. They helped make him a Christian, and a lay preacher, and in years to come, even an ordained minister.

Those books gave John Bunyan the key to a gift of creativity buried within him—fully realized when later he wrote his immortal books, *Grace Abounding, The Holy War,* and *Pilgrim's Progress.* □

THE PIPER by Jeff Deel

No dream could ever be so real,
No imagination fully form
This man who came my soul to steal
That blustery autumn morn.

His weather-beaten countenance,
Thick whiskers, harsh and gray,
Often staring as if entranced
By some scene far away.

His robe was torn and stained
A plain dull hue of red,
Flowing to the barren ground,
Much like the scroll he read.

A path of dust his feet did show
For they were tainted and bent,
The fire that filled his eyes let know
From whence he had been sent.

Then came the beckoning of the sound
That flowed from out the pipe,
Much like the music of the wind,
The sounds so crisp and ripe.

The pen with which I was to sign
Was called eternity;
The book with my name sealed inside
Brings peace, or so said he.

The tug within my heart so strong,
I raised the quill to write.
Then suddenly another song
Was heard, and then the light.

The old man's face, distorted now,
Showed signs of wrenching fear.
He grasped the pipe, the book, the pen,
And with haste did disappear.

The One who stood before me now
Was wondrous to behold.
He stretched His loving arms to me
And of His love He told.

And in each hand a mark of pain
Confirmed my every thought,
That the Son of God himself
My soul's destruction fought.

Now as I travel down the path
Of life, there shining bright:
Reflections from my eyes and heart
Of that one glorious light.

And if the tempter sends his man
Again my soul to heist,
I'll smile and let the piper see
In me one Jesus Christ.

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The Mystic Tree

by Charles W. Conn

When I was just a little lad
I had a giant Mystic Tree
That towered high into the sky
And overlooked the land and sea.

I often climbed from limb to limb—
Far up and up, a mile or more,
Till from its branches I could see
The span of earth from shore to shore.

The gentle wind caressed my cheeks,
The loving sun bathed all of me—
For everything was peace and love,
There in my wondrous Mystic Tree.

My aerie world became to me
A lovely place of child's delight
Where rainbows filled the friendly sky
And bluebirds flew in graceful flight.

The earth I saw was paradise
With little pain and less of strife;
Where children played, and grown-ups loved,
And good men shared their happy life.

Long years ago I left my Tree;
And left my carefree play;
I found responsibility—
And lost my youth along the way.

I cannot climb the Tree again;
It's just a pensive memory.
Such things belong to childhood dreams
And not to men like me.



Religious News Service Photo

EDITORIAL, Hoyt E. Stone



EXODUS: M. P. Cross

September 1, 1895 - March 4, 1983

MARCH 7, 1983. The sun hung warm and near in a blue sky. Dark-suited preachers gathered early in the foyer, their numbers eventually spilling out onto the front patio drive of Chattanooga's Woodmore Church of God.

Being members of a special fraternity, the preachers greeted one another joyously, noisily. They shook hands, hugged necks, signed the register, and then lined up like penguins to serve as honorary pallbearers for M. P. Cross's commemorative service.

Small talk and laughter toned to seriousness. To strands of organ music they marched somberly inside and seated themselves up front and to the right: on stage, Mike Chapman, Eddie Williams, Cecil B. Knight, and Ray H. Hughes. Flowers perfumed the air.

Singing was superb. "*We Shall Behold Him* . . . our Savior and Lord." "*Only One Life* . . . it will soon be past." Irma Williams' new song, "*I Have Wings* . . . I can fly."



Laudatory remarks were kind. Ray Hughes's sermon opened with, "Grace didn't fail when death knocked at this man's door." His words towered upward on the dead man's traits of humility, determination, courage, service, and character. He closed on a camp meeting note of victory.

Nonetheless, it was M. P. Cross in person who stole the show.

He did so through a tape recording. Voice high, firm, positive, yet trembling with the weight of eighty-seven years.

Had anyone asked my advice as to whether you should play a tape recording of a dead person's voice at his funeral I would have said no. The idea as such just doesn't appeal to me.

In terms of M. P. Cross, I would have been wrong.

His message was so clear ("It is a privilege to serve such a faithful God."), so human ("Once I had only a sweet potato for breakfast. I asked God for butter to go with it and He sent the butter."), so honest ("I have also sat at dinner in a governor's mansion, and with heads of state, lest you think I'm just talking of hard times."), and so positive ("There have been some rough spots but there have also been victories. Mostly it has been good! Praise His holy name!"). I wish every reader of this magazine could have been there and heard.

Some readers of this magazine never knew M. P. Cross. He became a Pentecostal in 1913. He served this church for years and was Ray Hughes's state overseer when Ray began his ministry. M. P. Cross was our church's first executive Missions Secretary. Though retired for the past twenty-five years, he lived on the Tennessee campground and continued to bless others right up to the time of his death.

His life was great: his exodus grand.

In memory he remains with us. His example . . . his voice . . . and his laughter . . . (Genesis 49:33). □

Local Conferences on the Holy Spirit

May 1-4, 1983



The Impact of the Holy Spirit Baptism on Daily Living

OVERVIEW OF CONFERENCE EVENTS

SUNDAY

Sunday School
10:00-11:00 a.m.*
Teachers Promote Conference
Study Book Made Available

Worship Service
11:00 a.m.-12:00 noon*
Congregation Briefed About Conference
Commitment Sermon
Members Challenged to Sign Personal Commitment Card

Prayer Groups
6:00-6:45 p.m.*
Prayer for Conference Effectiveness, Church Unity, Operation of the Gifts of the Spirit

Worship Service
7:00-8:30 p.m.*
Conference Goals Outlined
Filmstrip Shown
Praise, Prayer, Receiving

MONDAY

General Session
7:00-7:30 p.m.*
- Devotion
- Instructions
- Music
- Testimonies

Study Classes
7:30-8:30 p.m.*
- ☐ Adults and Youth
  - Freedom in Worship
  - Holiness in Behavior
- ☐ Children
  - The Work of the Holy Spirit in Creation

Receiving Time
8:30 p.m.*
Receiving the Promise
Praise, Commitment, Renewal

Faith Exchange
(Following Receiving Time)
- Sharing
- Fellowship
- Refreshments
- Testimonies

TUESDAY

General Session
7:00-7:30 p.m.*
- Devotion
- Instructions
- Music
- Testimonies

Study Classes
7:30-8:30 p.m.*
- ☐ Adults and Youth
  - Integrity in Gifts
  - Honesty in Relationships
- ☐ Children
  - The Baptism of Jesus

Receiving Time
8:30 p.m.*
Receiving the Promise
Praise, Commitment, Renewal

Faith Exchange
(Following Receiving Time)
- Sharing
- Fellowship
- Refreshments
- Testimonies

WEDNESDAY

General Session
7:00-7:30 p.m.*
- Devotion
- Instructions
- Music
- Testimonies

Study Classes
7:30-8:30 p.m.*
- ☐ Adults and Youth
  - Confidence in Self
  - Success in Coping
- ☐ Children
  - The Day of Pentecost
  - The Work of the Spirit Today

Receiving Time
8:30 p.m.*
Receiving the Promise
Praise, Commitment, Renewal

Faith Exchange
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*Times may be adjusted to accommodate local schedules

June 1983

LIGHTED PATHWAY

Guiding Youth

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OFF TO . . . BACK TO . . .

Alaska

NOT TO BE TAKEN
FROM THIS ROOM



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LIGHTED PATHWAY
Guiding Youth

June, 1983

Volume 54, Number 6

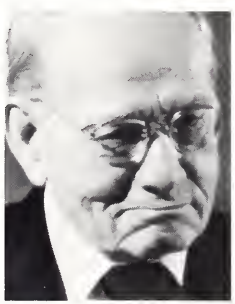
THIS MONTH

June is decision month, for many young people leaving home month. Our feature tells how Victor and Judy Powell have coped with this dilemma. David Griffis has a special word for and about fathers. Kerry Turpin speaks a word for the youth camp counselor.

For poetry lovers, more from Charles W. Conn.

Hoyt E. Stone







FEATURES

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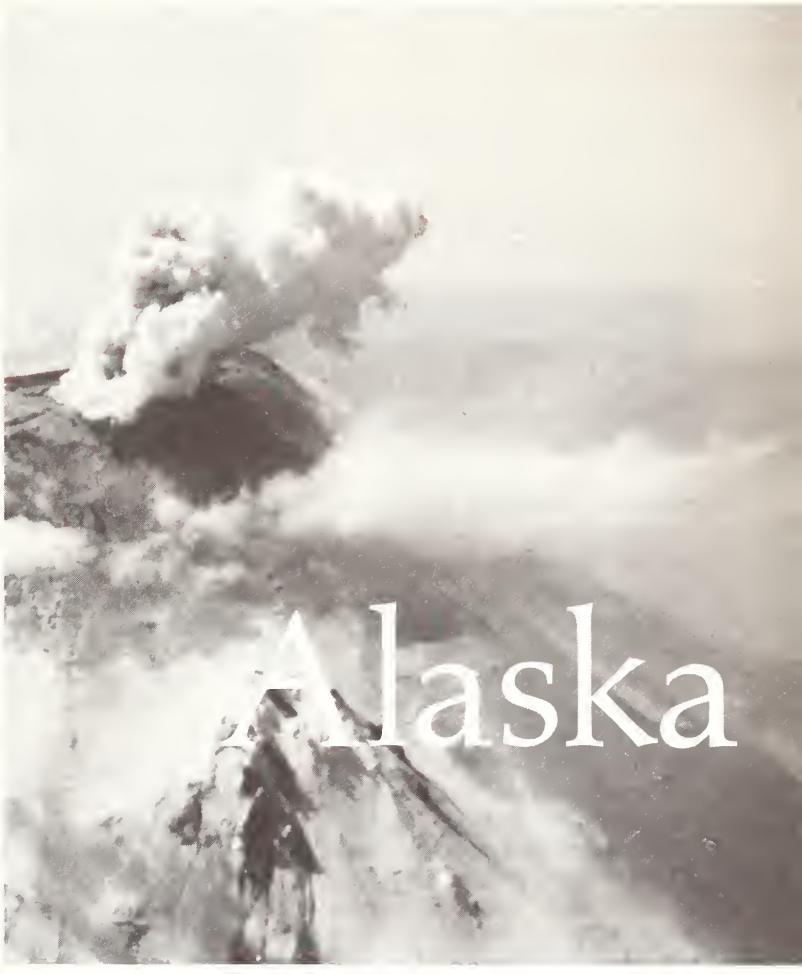
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OFF TO . . . BACK TO . . .



Powell Photo



Alaska

Church of God young people still hear the call. They still say "YES."

One *could* call Victor and Judy Powell young pioneers. That is, if you still think of Alaska as a wilderness of snow, ice, and Eskimos.

Or, if you are a more realistic young person, with real knowledge of geography and of what is taking place in our fiftieth state, then you might wish to think of them as being normally adventurous.

Whichever, they both recently resigned nice-paying jobs in Cleveland. They bid farewell to friends and set off cross-country and



Powell Photos

OFF TO... Alaska BACK TO...

north from Seattle by ferry on a trip many of us would consider exciting.

For Judy (Roberson) it was a trip which surely required inner reserves of strength and fortitude. She's a Florida girl, having visited Alaska only one time previously. That was last Christmas. The weather was so warm Judy couldn't even go skiing and she admits her first trip was something of a disappointment, depending of course on what one expects Alaska to be.

For Victor it's *back* to Alaska. Victor wasn't born in Alaska. Fact is, Victor was born (can you believe it?) in Cleveland, February 18, 1959, while his parents Norman and Sue (Kennedy) Powell were themselves students at Lee. Victor graduated from Chugiak High School, about ten miles east of Anchorage.

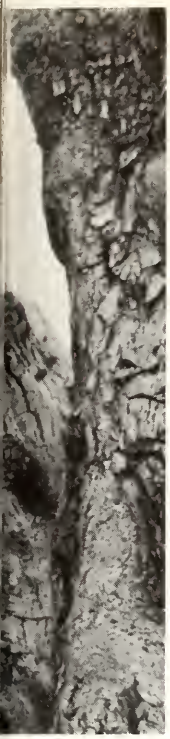
Victor and Judy added their names to that growing list of young married couples who found love on the Lee College campus, December 22, 1979. They stayed on in school after marriage, however, both graduating, and now they feel it's time to truly launch out.

As is usual, it is Victor's major and chosen profession which is taking the couple to Alaska. He's a Christian education major and has found employment and challenge at the East Park Church of God in Anchorage, working with Pastor Dewayne Payne.

When two lives merge adjustments are necessary

Judy's major is psychology. Prior to Victor, she will tell you laughingly, her career goals included further education in the psychology field, maybe even a Ph.D., and off on that road to fame as a psychologist. Judy









does plan to work in Anchorage, as well as to give full support to Victor at the church. In time she may even attend school at the university; but for now she's happy to be getting started on their own and in a place with a future.

One other thing, Judy now feels she will probably go into some sort of social work. For the last year or so she worked for a Life Care Center in Cleveland and her experiences there, helping others, seem to have altered her career plans.

Judy goes to Alaska with an extra pain in her heart. Her father passed away recently. She has three sisters: Pat Miller, Sheryl Riker, and Lori Roberson who is still home.

Born December 16, 1959, Judy grew up in Florida and graduated from Palmetto High. Her home is near Bradenton, just south of Tampa. As Judy figures it, that's a long way from Anchorage.

God's work is where opportunity calls

Victor will serve the East Park Church as Christian education director and also as principal of the Christian school. At present, the school has an enrollment of 125. They have fourteen employed people on the staff, with buildings and property valued at more than one and a quarter million dollars.

So . . . for Victor and Judy Powell . . . it's back to . . . off to the land of Seward's Folly. We wish them well.

The photographs accompanying this article were shot during the couple's journey west and north to Alaska. We thank them for the photos.

And Judy, sometime this year we trust you'll have opportunity to go skiing. □

ALASKA

Alaska is the largest state in the union:
- West to East it is 2,400 miles wide—
- North to South it is 1,420 miles—
- It has 6,648 miles of coastline—
- It shares 1,538 miles of border with Canada—
- It is $^1/_5$ the size of the entire 48 lower states—
- It is so large it has four time zones.

Alaska was purchased from Russia, in 1867, for $7.2 million, considered such a fabulous price at the time that it was referred to as Seward's Folly.

Alaska's present population is 400,000, its largest city Anchorage, with 200,000.

Alaska's flag consists of eight gold stars on a field of blue, the Big Dipper and the North Star.

Alaska's highest recorded temperature is 100 degrees, Fort Yukon, June 27, 1915.

Alaska's lowest temperature, -80 degrees, Prospect Creek Camp, January 23, 1971.

Alaska's cost of living (clothing, food, housing and gasoline) is estimated to be from 20 percent to 40 percent higher than in the lower 48 states.

Alaska's state motto is "North to the future"—
- State flower, forget-me-not—
- State bird, willow ptarmigan—
- State fish, king salmon—
- State sport, dog mushing—
- State song, "Alaska's Flag."

Alaska's tallest mountain is Mt. McKinley, towering 20,320 feet—

Largest freshwater lake, Iliamna, covering 1,000 square miles—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

Preacher's KIDS:

WE CAN'T HELP IT



by David M. Griffis

GRIFFIS is just an old 'Preacher's Kid.' " The words smarted, stung my pride, though I had heard them before.

It was the midsixties, and the kid from an elite neighborhood, with new penny Loafers, Madras shirt, and "Beatle" haircut, had just put me on the spot. Right in front of everybody.

When you are fourteen and new in town, little things seem important. This is especially true during those pressure years of adolescence.

There were four children in our family. Dad pastored a financially struggling church, and our parsonage was located in the lower middle-class neighborhood where half the junior-high student body lived. The other half lived in what was known by the rest of us as "Money-bag Hills."

My accuser on this occasion came from up on the hill. I wore jeans and a flannel shirt. My tennis shoes were K-Mart specials. My hair was in a flattop. And, since the sharpest girls in school were standing there, my face was a blushing red.

I shuffled a pebble with the toe of my tennis shoe, hoping for the Rapture. Then it came again, as the crowd of onlookers increased, "Preach for us, preacher's kid, tell us a Sunday school story." I ran a morning and evening paper route to earn my spending money and from throwing three hundred papers a day, I had developed a strong right arm. A quick right cross to the chin silenced my tormentor. It then became his turn at an embarrassed red.

A teacher came rushing in, helped him up off the ground, soundly tongue thrashed me, and then led me to the principal's office. Too full of pride to give explanations, I took my punishment and went home.

As I walked slowly beside the road and across the tracks towards our parsonage, I envisioned the course of the next few days. Dad and I would have one of those man-to-man talks. In a fatherlike, friendlike, Christlike, way he would let me know he both loved me and was disappointed in me. Then, after his two sermons on Sunday, I'd probably be under such conviction I would hit the altar and pray through. Again. Come Monday I'd face my persecutor and apologize. Sooner or later I would again become a laughing stock, I would again be tempted to fight, and I would still be a genuine "PK."

But this time it was different. Maybe Dad knew or sensed the truth or maybe—now that I think about it after all these years—the Holy Spirit impressed him. Whatever, this time Dad took me to town. Though the budget was tight, he bought me new clothes for both school and church. In fact, Dad put me in style. He even admitted the flattop was dead and agreed to let my hair grow, to certain limits of course.

Then we talked. We talked about life, about girls, about fighting, about God, and about the fact that financial status, social grouping and being with the in-crowd has little if anything to do with the size of character.

Well . . . on that day . . . suddenly I was glad to be a preacher's kid. How grand to have a father like that!

Seventeen years ago that was and now I'm a preacher with a little kid of my own. I wonder about my young son and I want to be the right kind of father to him, the kind Dad was to me. When I see young men and women involved in full-time service for the Lord and I realize they are the children of ministers, then I know their calling must be real. They know the hardships and sacrifices, as well as the joys and rewards of ministry, and yet they have given their lives to God.

Sprinkled throughout Scripture are glimpses of children of various Bible preachers. In the Old Testament, the tribe of Levi was given responsibility for ministering before the Lord. Literally thousands of them carried out this responsibility with honor and great faithfulness. However, some failed, as all humans can, and others became prey to the snares of the wicked one.

In Leviticus 10, we see Nadab and Abihu, sons of Aaron, presumptuously breaking God's law and coming under divine judgment.

In 1 Samuel 2, we read of Hophni and Phinehas, sons of Eli the priest, who through immorality, irreverence, and taking what was holy for granted brought swift destruction upon themselves.

And how could we forget the sons of the great prophet Samuel, of whom the Bible said, "His sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment" (1 Samuel 8:3)?

On the other hand, we read of the four daughters of Philip the evangelist "which did prophesy" (Acts 21:9).

And there is Timothy, the spiritually adopted son of the Apostle Paul, who became the Bishop of Ephesus and a dynamic leader of early Christianity.

Finally, let's not forget Jesus himself, for His Father preached the first gospel of hope in the despair of Eden, proclaiming the blessed fact that the seed of the woman would bruise the head of the serpent (see Genesis 3:15).

These examples show us that minister's children are just people subject to both victories and defeats.

Preachers' kids, "PK's," there are ways in which they are a unique group of people. Living in parsonages. Moving from place to place. Always starting in new schools. Making new friends. Leaving friends. Waking up to find Dad already in the living room reading his Bible. Enduring those times of forced good behavior, while Mom gives a baby shower to a living room full of church ladies. All the while growing up with all the normal hazards of everyday living.

I had no power to choose the family into which I was born. I can't help being one of the sons of a prophet.

But I wouldn't have it any other way. □

Youth Camp Counselors Also Ask Questions

THE FIRST night at camp is always fun. Meeting new people, making friends, getting settled in—it's all part of a routine I experienced many times as a camper.

Though this was my first year as a counselor, I expected the usual things to go wrong: dusty cabin drawers, plumbing leaks, not-so-hot food, being last in line for all the events, and always having to stick with kids from your own cabin.

Still, deep down I hoped maybe it would be different since I was a counselor this year.

It wasn't.

And all through the week I found myself asking over and again one question, *Why did I come?*



Monday night after service we were back in our cabin getting ready for bed. Almost time for lights out. One of the girls came running to me, "The toilet is overflowing! Water is going all over the floor!"

My first thought was, *Tell somebody who will take care of it.* Then I realized . . . I was that somebody. I was the counselor.

I glanced over to the bathroom, a corner in the cabin with a curtain to pull across for privacy. The girl was right. Water was pouring from underneath the curtain.

"All right, girls, get all your things off the floor. Onto your bunks. Bottom bunks. Double up if necessary." I rushed around helping campers lift suitcases and various other articles to the safety of higher ground.

I changed quickly from pajamas to street clothes while I gave the girls instructions. "Stay underneath the covers. Be very quiet. No getting off the bunks! I'll be right back."

I whispered a word of explanation to the counselor in the next cabin and asked her to keep an eye on my girls. With that, I hurried out the door and headed for the camp director's cabin.

He came immediately to the door in answer to my frenzied knock. I explained the

Why Did I Come?



by Kerry King Turpin

situation. He promised to send the janitor right down. Satisfied that help was on the way, I returned to my cabin.

Surprisingly, the youngsters were behaving extremely well. Most of them had already fallen asleep. As much as I hated to do it, I grabbed the old rag mop from a corner and went to work. It was a tedious process—soaking up water, slipping out to the back of the cabin to ring the mop out with my hands, returning and starting the process all over again. Finally, the floor was dry again. I stretched out on my bunk, awaiting the arrival of the janitor.

I waited and I waited. By then I was totally exhausted—ready for bed. It was late. After an hour, I decided to try again. I got up and plodded once again over to the camp director's cabin. This time there was no answer.

"Great! Now what?" I paused and looked around. I could hear noises from the cafeteria. Lights were on. I decided to give it a try.

As soon as I walked in the door, the camp director remembered.

"Oh, Kerry, I forgot all about it. I'll send him right over."

This time, though, I waited until the janitor could accompany me back to the cabin. Though it had been a huge problem for me, it took him only a minute to fix the offending commode.

Tired as I was, sleep was difficult and troubled. I was awake early into the morning, staring at the ceiling and thinking, *Why did I come?*

Still on my bunk next morning, I saw two huge spiders. If I fear anything, it is a spider dangling over my head. And these were not your ordinary corner-of-the-living-room spiders. These were two of the largest I had ever seen before—right over my head! Now, just because they were eight feet above me, up in the rafters, didn't matter at all. They were definitely over my head!

First, I sort of froze. Then I panicked. I sprang out of bed, thinking, *Get somebody to take care of it!* There it was again. Somebody? I *was* that somebody.

I remembered the night before when the girls had been getting ready for bed. Two of them had seen a tiny spider, and nearly the entire cabin had erupted into hysterics. What would the girls do if they spotted these two monsters?

That somebody in me rose to the occasion.

I tiptoed to the adjoining cabin and returned with the broom. Then, calling up all my courage, I waved the weapon over my head in a sweeping arch intended to bring those invaders to the ground. One was down! Whack! That spider was out of the picture.

But where was the other one? I stared into the rafters but I could find no sign of the other spider. It had disappeared. Well . . . at least it couldn't intimidate me any longer. Not until later that day when I opened my suitcase to find that spider peering back at me.

Why did I come to camp?

Throughout the week other experiences prompted that same question. Oddly enough, I eventually came up with one answer. Eight little girls had been entrusted to my care.

We were together all through every day and night. I watched those girls gather around my bed for devotions, listened as they asked if God really cared for them, hurt with them as they poured out their problems.

I saw wide-eyed faces, earnest

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

IT WAS after 8 p.m., March 25, 1983. The banquet room at Vallees Steak House, Springfield, Virginia, was filled. Every chair was occupied except one—that of the guest of honor.

Where was Frank W. Lemons on the night when some four hundred of his closest friends, associates and admirers had gathered for a special banquet to "Honor God's Faithful"?

Exactly where those acquainted with the eighty-one-year-old minister might expect—circulating among the people . . . shaking hands . . . spreading his own quiet, sincere warmth . . . expressing appreciation for those who had come.

It was to be a special evening. The Reverend Frank W. Lemons had been chosen as the first man to be inducted into the School of Theology's Hall of Prophets. This evening also marked inauguration of the Frank W. Lemons Scholarship Fund for young ministers studying at the School of Theology.

The festivities included a full-course meal, special singing, and presentation of a special book of memories to Brother and Sister Lemons. Present were the Reverend E. C. Thomas; members of the School of Theology administration and staff; a number of local pastors from Virginia, Washington and Maryland; and family and friends from as far away as Minot, North Dakota.

When the guest of honor was finally seated, School of Theology President Dr. Lewis J. Willis welcomed special guests.



Following the meal, the Reverend H. Lynn Stone, School of Theology development director, noted that Frank Lemons began his sixty-year ministry in 1922, and has served as pastor, evangelist, overseer, editor, state board member and member of the Executive Council. He has also served as pastor to the military during World War II.

"Nevertheless," continued Stone, "it is not Frank W. Lemons, the pioneer, the preacher, the writer or the administrator being honored, but rather, Frank Lemons, the man," one who "exemplifies what redeemed men ought to be . . . who personifies compassion, tenderness and concern for others . . . in private and personal



ways which have uniquely influenced each of our lives."

One of those uniquely influenced by Frank Lemons was Mrs. Paul H. Walker. Mary Ruth Stone shared a letter from Mrs. Walker, included in the Lemons' book of memories.

In addition to Mrs. Walker there were other letters of appreciation: from Dr. David S. Bishop, pastor of the Christian Life Center Church of God in Yakima, Washington, Lemons' "spiritual son"; from brother David who publicly forgave his elder sibling for nicknaming him "Hine" at the age of four; and from Dr. Charles W. Conn, videotaped, citing Lemons as "one of the first Church of God intellectuals," evidenced by his appointments as editor of Sunday school literature and member of the Supreme Council. Dr. Conn congratulated Lemons for both his dedication and the high level on which he had pursued it.

The significance of the occasion was underscored by the Reverend E. C. Thomas, general overseer of the Church of God. Reading from a prepared letter, Thomas expressed appreciation on behalf of the Executive Committee and praised Lemons for a ministry that "has touched the lives of thousands of people around the world." Thomas commented upon Lemons' multistate ministry, noting particularly his work in North Carolina and Virginia, where he

Honoring God's Faithful

by Dan Stone



J. W. Stone Photo

has "made an indelible impression . . . particularly in the Washington, D.C. area."

Following Thomas's presentation, School of Theology President Dr. Lewis J. Willis shared, first of all, a personal statement of his appreciation for Lemons. Willis commented upon his professional relationship with Lemons while serving as editor of Church of God publications, noting that he was "a creative, astute, precise and spiritually sensitive writer." The School of Theology president saluted Lemons as "one of God's splendidly unique servants . . . whose contribution to the Church of God and to the kingdom of God has been immensely strategic, magnificently sturdy, and eternally significant."

Along with his personal statement of appreciation for Lemons, Willis restated the dual purpose for the banquet—the induction of Lemons into the Church of God School of Theology Hall of Prophets, and the inauguration of the scholarship fund created to help "perpetuate the ministry of a pioneer." Willis affirmed the School of Theology's purpose as that of preparing men and women for ministry around the world, noting that approximately 20 percent of the graduate school's enrollment consists of international students from North, Central and South America, Africa, Europe, the Middle East and Asia; students who have recognized God's call upon their lives and are preparing to meet the physical and spiritual distress of their people.

Willis's comments were poignantly underscored by the presence of Romanian Bible student Lazar Gog, currently enrolled in the School of Theology. Gog, one of the few Pentecostal students ever given permission by the Romanian government to leave his country and return, also expressed appreciation for Lemons, pointing out in accented but articulate English, the Bible's admonition to "honor them to whom honor is due."

The School of Theology student also recalled an incident from 1976 when then General Overseer Ray H. Hughes was guest speaker for the first Romanian seminary's commencement exercises. According to Gog, Dr. Hughes "got excited, as usually he does, and forty people were saved. The next day some government officials said the exercises were good, but they didn't like that American. When it was pointed out to them that Dr. Hughes had indeed preached very well, they replied, 'Yes, this is the reason we don't like him.' "

Gog concluded by saying that the Church of God School of Theology prepares ministers to preach "very well," and by thanking Lemons for his example and his namesake endowment fund, which will allow the graduate school to continue to train ministers to preach "very well."

Following Lazar Gog's presentation and Lemons' official induction into the Hall of Prophets, the guest of honor thanked those present during the two-hour banquet for their long-suffering and suggested they "take a little salt" with all the nice things that had been said about him.

"I'm just a man," the pioneer preacher said, "and the things you've said about me . . . well . . . the glory all belongs to the Lord."

It was a predictable response. Men such as Frank W. Lemons are eager to give credit where it is due until it is due them. As Hoyt Stone says in his preface to the Lemons' book of memories, "Frank Lemons will be quick to lift a hand and to reaffirm, just as he has been affirming for years, that any merit on his part must be attributable to Jesus Christ and to that marvelous work of grace which transformed him as a repentant sinner years ago."

Those who came to Springfield, Virginia, on March 25, 1983, would not argue that point. They would gratefully acknowledge its simple truth, and they would thank God with all their hearts for that work of grace, and for that transformed man, Frank Lemons, who has so quietly and warmly affected their lives these many years. □



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HOW NOT

DEATH

Artist / W
LARRY E



Fear death. Flee it. Run! Run! RUN! Surely there's someplace to hide.

Focus on yourself. Forget the others involved, including the one who died. Think only in terms of *your* pain, *your* sorrow, and *your* loss.





Carry the burden on your own. You don't need anyone else's help. If your heart breaks, you can repair it yourself.



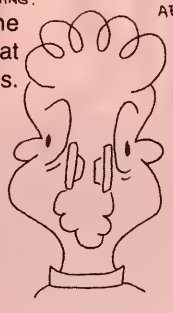
TO FACE

AGLE

THE WORLD SAYS DEATH IS:
HOPELESS.
AWFUL.
FUTILE.
NOTHINGNESS.
NON-BEING.
THE END OF EVERYTHING.

THE BIBLE SAYS DEATH IS
THE WAGES OF SIN.
ROMANS 6:23
TERRIBLE FOR THE UNBELIEVER.
REVELATION 21:8
POWERLESS OVER A BELIEVER.
I CORINTHIANS 15:55
CONQUERED IN CHRIST.
HEBREWS 2:14
ABSENCE FROM THE BODY,
BUT PRESENCE WITH THE
LORD.
II CORINTHIANS 5:8

Misunderstand death. Blindly swallow the world's mythology about it. Ignore what Scripture says death really is.



Forget about all the King's horses and all the King's men. What can the King do anyway?

r, lock up your grief eelings. Hide them away. ram them into a bottle nd cement the stopper in. rying is for babies nyway.



FIGHTING WITH FEAR WITHIN

THE BOYS and girls stood in a semicircle and watched while the Jensen kids, the school bullies, moved forward to challenge the new stranger in school, Billy Wilson. Blazing noon sun glistened on the sweat that formed on Billy's forehead as the Jensen boys moved forward. The horses tied at the school gate neighed loudly, as though they anticipated what was about to take place.

Billy felt the acrid taste of fear rising in his throat and he knew a fight would be his only way out of this. The taller Jensen boy moved close and pointed to the lard pail in Billy's hand.

"Wat'cha got in that there lunch pail, boy?" Chuck Jensen demanded.

"Nothing," Billy said and lowered his eyes to the ground.

"Don't sass me, boy!" Chuck shouted and pushed Billy to the ground.

Billy got up slowly and brushed the dirt from his bib overalls.

"I weren't sassing. I just meant I didn't have nothing special," Billy explained meekly.

"You 'shamed of yer lunch, boy?" Chuck pursued.

"I got hardtack, bacon, and a fresh apple." Billy's voice rose to a high pitch with emotion, and someone in the crowd of children snickered at the sound.

"Don't get loud with me, boy. I ain't deaf. Now, I'll just have that apple." Chuck Jensen held out his hand.

"Yeah, we'll just have that apple," Butch parroted.

Billy raised his eyes to study the faces in the crowd. He wished he had stayed in his seat to eat lunch instead of coming out here in the school yard. The faces of the children surrounding him stared, some blankly, but mostly with grins as they waited to see him surrender the prize apple from his lunch pail.

Even the smaller Jensen boy, Butch, stood a head taller than Billy, and Chuck was half a head taller again. At best he could expect a licking if he refused, and he'd lose the apple anyway. But he knew it was more than that. He would remain a stranger in this school if he surrendered without a fight. It was certain nobody would have a coward for a friend.

"You gonna stand there daydreaming all day, shorty, or you gonna hand over that apple?" Butch demanded.

A ripple of laughter stirred in the crowd around Billy and the Jensen boys.

Billy raised his eyes, squinted in the bright sunlight and studied the faces of the crowd once more. A new face had joined the group.

A tall boy, head and shoulders above the others, stood at the back of the crowd and stared over their heads. He was long as a broom handle and about as thin. His gaunt eyes seemed sad to Billy, as though they had aged beyond the tender years of the boy's lanky body.

The boy, ugly as a duck, stood and looked right into Billy's eyes, and Billy was certain the boy was shaking his head no, real slow and steady, like Billy wasn't to give up his apple. Billy swallowed hard and took a step toward Chuck Jensen. He raised his finger and punched the taller boy in the chest.

"This here apple was give me by my maw. It's fer my lunch and you ain't gettin' it, and that's that," Billy concluded and swallowed hard.

Chuck Jensen's eyes bulged and his mouth

OUT,

BY TOM HART

dropped open. But the surprise was quickly replaced by simmering anger that fairly crackled in the stocky boy's dark eyes. Billy felt a sinking feeling in his stomach, and he braced for the blows that he knew would come.

"Boy, you just earned yerself a good licking." Chuck Jensen moved forward menacingly.

"Yeah, and with two of us on ya, you gonna be sorry you ever sassed the Jensens," Butch Jensen added and moved forward with his brother.

The crowd of children grew silent, like the stillness before a storm. Billy prayed silently that the schoolmaster would come out and ring the bell to signal the end of lunch, but he knew it would never happen in time to stop the fight.

"It won't be two on one. It will be two against two," said a voice from the back of the crowd. Billy looked up to see the tall, gaunt boy move through the crowd to stand at his side.

Chuck Jensen stopped short and his mouth dropped open. He looked up to the only boy in school who stood above him in height. Billy felt his heart begin to pound and the emptiness of being alone was swept away.

The group of children watched intently, standing silently beneath the azure sky. Even the horses at the hitching post had grown silent.

"Aw, who wants to bust a head just fer an ol' apple anyway?" Chuck Jensen turned away.

"Yeah, just fer an ol' apple," Butch repeated and turned to leave with his brother.

The other children drifted away and returned to their play at the swings and teeters.

"I'm beholden to you," Billy said and extended his hand to the tall, lanky boy towering above him.

"You needn't feel obligated. You have the right to be here, just like any other person. Though it's hard for folks, the way people are always trying to push one another around because they're afraid within themselves. Seems like if they can scare somebody else their own fear isn't so terrible. I've read about folks like the Jensen boys in here," the tall boy said and patted the cover of the Bible in his hand.

"That what made you side with me?" Billy asked.

"I reckon. Something like that," the tall boy explained. "That and the fact those bullies are always spoiling for a fight with somebody smaller because they're afraid—in here." The lanky boy tapped the left side of his chest. "Like the good book says, 'Without were fightings, within were fears.' "

"Sounds like a right smart book." Billy admired the shiny black book cover held proudly in the lanky boy's bony hand. "Mind if I take a squint at it?"

"Not at all." The taller boy held out the Bible.

Billy took the book and opened the cover. He silently sounded out the name printed in a neat hand on the inside cover.

"That yer name?" Billy asked.

"Yep."

Billy returned his gaze to the name and said it aloud.

"Abraham Lincoln." □



THE LETTER

BY WANOA CATO BRETT

I SHOULD NEVER have read the letter. It was lying on the kitchen table with an envelope tossed carelessly over the corner. I think the pink and gray stationery caught my eye. It was a pleasant combination. Colorful. Inviting. Too inviting actually, because I stepped over by the table and began to read a letter that wasn't addressed to me, one that I never should have seen.

That's when I learned Meg's secret.

Meg was my best friend for over two years. We shared everything together. We borrowed clothes from each other, ate fudge at midnight, grabbed quick lunches whenever we could, and gave each other ridiculous presents on holidays. In short, if you had asked me to describe Meg, to tell you all about her, I'd have said I knew her well. I would have said that no one knew Meg better than I . . . until I read the letter.

I read the words several times, letting them sink in. There could be no mistake. The well-rounded script covering the page was like a piece of Meg's past coming to life. The sun scattered patches of light across the highly polished table. Everything seemed too ordinary, yet not ordinary at all.

Meg came breezing into the kitchen, chattering away in her familiar style. Nothing had changed for her. It was still comfortable. Still routine.

But it wasn't the same for me anymore and it never would be. I jumped guiltily when she entered the room and wondered that she didn't notice the long stare I gave her. I tried to reconcile my newly discovered secret with the girl I knew. It didn't match. I needed more pieces of the puzzle to add it all up. It took real effort and concentration the rest of the day just to make things seem normal.

Late that evening, I sat out on the front porch and watched the stars come out one by one. Night chill lay on my shoulders like an uncomfortable blanket, but I didn't bother to go inside. Over and again I tried to justify reading the letter. I called it "idle curiosity" and "my right to know." In reality it was nothing more than prying, plain and simple. There was no excuse for it.

The worst part of it all lay in my knowing something I had no right to know. Meg had not chosen to trust me with her secret, maybe because she thought I wasn't worthy of her trust. And maybe—since the letter episode—she was right. My voice made that little choking sound—the kind you make when you're too grown-up to cry and too hurt to laugh.

The letter. It was always on my mind. I felt I had violated Meg's privacy. Opened a package that didn't have my name on it. Pandora's box. In the days that followed, I worried about Meg, but I didn't know how to politely say, "Hi, Meg! I read your mail the other day. I know your secret." I guess there isn't a polite way to admit you're a snoop. I could just see the stricken look that would cross her face. I could see her eyes widen in shock and disbelief.

No. I could never tell her. So I found excuses to stay away instead. It was so much simpler to avoid her. I was afraid I'd blurt out the truth in an unguarded moment. It was easier to gradually drift apart. I knew Meg was hurt and even confused by my sudden indifference. But truth of the matter was, I just couldn't face her anymore.

Life lazed along. Autumn days of color faded into wintery gray. Winter melted into gentle spring . . . spring to summer.

In the summer, Meg moved away.

She didn't tell me. I saw Mrs. Ellerby, her next-door neighbor in the grocery store.

She said Meg moved because she'd gotten another job, making more money and she didn't feel like she had any real ties to the town anymore. My conscience twinged with guilt. I pushed it aside. Dismissed it.

Maybe the letter would have stayed comfortably tucked away in the back of my mind forever, if I hadn't gotten the phone call. It came one afternoon without warning. The insistent phone shattered my summer stillness. I crossed the den and answered reluctantly, more to stop the ringing than from curiosity as to who was calling. The voice on the other end of the line was smooth sounding, businesslike, plastic.

"Good afternoon. I represent the new company Miss Meg Johnson is working for," the salesmanlike voice didn't even pause. "Our company is doing a routine character reference check. Would you recommend Miss Johnson to us?"

My throat felt dry. I suddenly was in Meg's kitchen again, reading the inked words scattered across the pink and gray pages. The old Meg, I could recommend, but Meg in the letter. What did I know about her? The smooth-talking voice called me back to the present. "I say, could you recommend Miss Johnson to us?"

My voice returned and I heard myself speaking. Separated from the words, but still speaking them. "Meg was . . . is my friend. She's a fine person. Honest. And a good worker." I struggled to put my thoughts into words. "She's positive. Very positive. And she cares about other people. She cares. Yes, I can recommend her."

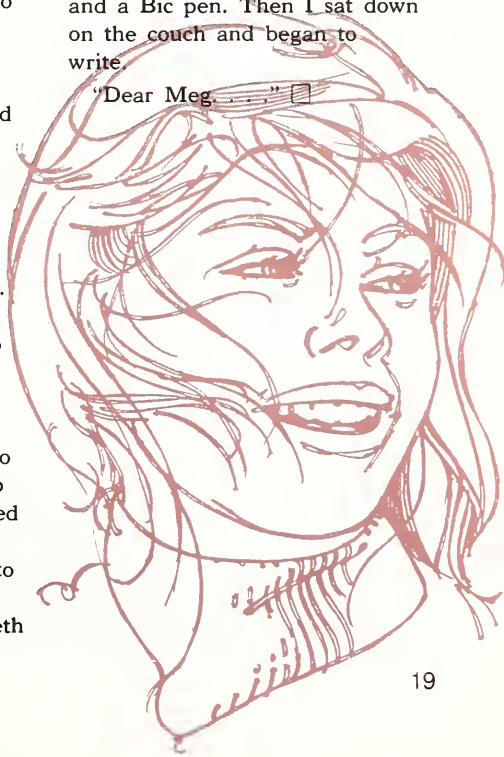
I hung up the phone absently and looked out the den window for a long time. I knew I had spoken the truth about Meg. Deep inside I knew what kind of a person she really was. I believe I had known it all along, even after reading the letter. Meg, the person, was no different the moment after I read her mail—uninvited and unasked—than the moment before. A piece of the past had merely reached out to touch her and I had witnessed it. I had also seen Meg put that past behind her.

She was a much bigger, better person than I had been. Meg had been able to forgive herself. Why did I continue to hold her at arm's length? Perhaps because I couldn't forgive her. I had chosen to judge instead. I walked over to the coffee table and picked up a Bible from the stand. I leafed through the pages. Timeworn phrases, age-old words spoke to my heart. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." "A friend loveth at all times." "Love one another."

Meg. I had cheated myself and Meg out of something very fine, something called friendship. It had been my own mistake. Perhaps it wasn't too late. Maybe there was still time to salvage something. A friend—a real friend—loves without asking anything in return. A friend loves in all and through all. Jesus said, "I have called you My friends." He was the ultimate example.

I scrounged around in an old desk and found unlined paper and a Bic pen. Then I sat down on the couch and began to write.

"Dear Meg. . . ." □





Update

W.A. Davis
Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

1983 Youth Camp Schedules

STATE	CAMP	AGES	DATE	SPEAKER
ALABAMA	Peacemakers, Senior High	15-19	June 6-10	W. D. Alton
	Young Peacemakers, Senior	13-14	June 27-July 1	Loran Livingston
	Peace Cadets, Junior	10-12	July 11-15	Rachel Quinley
	Peacefinders, Primary	7-9	July 18-22	Wilbur & Gracie Thrush
ARIZONA	Peacemakers	12-19	June 13-17	Charles Higgins
	Peace Cadets	7-13	August 15-19	Allan & Sharon McCray
ARKANSAS	Peacemakers	15-19	June 6-10	David Griffis
	Young Peacemakers	13-14	June 27-July 1	Richard Dial
	Peace Cadets	10-12	July 4-8	Rachel Quinley
	Peacefinders	7-9	July 11-15	Elaine Henderson
NORTHERN CALIF.-NEV.	Wilderness Camp	13-19	July 11-15	Hoyt E. Stone
	Teen Camp	13-19	August 29-September 2	Rick Reynolds
	Junior Camp	7-12	August 29-September 2	Ginger Ingram
SOUTHERN CALIF.-NEV.	Peacemakers	13-18	June 27-July 1	Wayman Miller
	Peace Cadets	7-12	July 25-29	Allen McCray
COLORADO-WYOMING	Peacemakers	13-19	July 11-15	Michael J. Smith
	Peace Cadets	8-12	July 11-15	John Todd
FLORIDA	Young Teen	11-13	June 13-17	Leonard Albert
	Teens	14-18	June 20-24	Annette Watson
	Juniors	7-10	July 11-15	Pat Daugherty
FLORIDA (Cocoa)	Youth Camp	7-18	July 18-22	Jonathan Ramsey, Jr.
NORTH GEORGIA	Peacemakers	14-19	June 13-17	Annette Watson
	Peace Cadets	7-9	June 27-July 1	Jack Bentley
	Peacemakers	12-13	July 18-22	Richard Dial
	Peace Cadets	10-11	July 25-29	Wilbur & Grace Thrush
SOUTH GEORGIA	Senior	15-up	June 28-July 2	James A. Jones
	Young Teen	12-14	July 12-16	Don Dempsey
	Pre-Teen	10-11	July 19-23	Gary Tygart
	Primary	7-9	July 26-30	Bob Proctor
ILLINOIS	Peacemaker I	16-19	June 20-24	Sam Oxendine
	Peacemaker II	13-15	June 27-July 1	Gary Tygart
	Peace Cadets	10-12	July 4-8	Bill Wilson
	Peacefinders	7-9	July 18-22	Jack Bentley
	Single & Adult Retreat	18-35	August 19-20	Junus Fulbright
CHICAGO-METRO	Senior Camp	13-19	June 20-24	Sammy Oxendine & Covenant
	Junior Camp	8-12	June 27-July 1	Jack McIntosh
INDIANA	Peacemakers	13-19	June 20-24	Ray Murray
	Peacefinders	7-9	July 18-22	Kathy Sanders
	Peace Cadets	10-12	July 25-29	Lynn Stone
IOWA	Senior Camp	13-19	August 8-12	Billy Swain
	Junior Camp	7-12	August 8-12	Bro. & Sis. Foster & Lean
KANSAS	Senior Camp	13-19	August 8-12	
	Junior Camp	7-12	July 11-15	Steve Smith
KENTUCKY	Teen Camp	15-19	July 4-8	Sammy Oxendine & Covenant
	Young Teen Camp	13-15	July 11-15	Paul O. Lambard, Jr.
	Junior High Camp	10-12	July 18-22	Danny May
	Junior Camp	7-9	July 25-29	Ernest Quinley
LOUISIANA	Peacemakers	13-19	June 20-24	Tom Topley
	Peace Cadets	10-12	June 27-July 1	Dave Ebel
	Peacefinders	7-9	July 11-15	Sam Belisle
MARYLAND-D.C.-DELAWARE	Seniors	15-19	July 4-8	W. A. Davis
	Junior High	12-14	July 11-15	Gary Taylor
	Pre-Teens	10-11	July 18-22	Lynn Stone
	Juniors	7-9	July 25-29	Doug & Gina Anderson
MICHIGAN	Juniors	7-10	July 11-15	Dwella Williams
	Intermediate	11-13	July 18-22	Chip Pace
	Seniors	14-18	July 25-29	Sammy Oxendine

STATE	CAMP	AGES	DATE	SPEAKER
MISSISSIPPI	Senior High	15-19	June 20-24	Dennis McGuire
	Junior High	12-14	June 27-July 1	Steve Ball
	Junior	10-11	July 4-8	Lance Calkmire
	Primary	7-9	July 11-15	Marty Capitano
MISSOURI	Senior Camp	13-19	June 6-10	Dan Dempsey
	Junior Camp	7-12	June 13-17	Robert Proctor
NEBRASKA	Junior Camp	7-12	July 18-22	Staff
	Senior Camp	13-19	July 18-22	Lucille Turner
NEW MEXICO	Peace Cadets		June 20-24	David Martin
	Peacemakers		June 27-July 1	Michael May
GALLUP, NEW MEXICO	Navajo Junior and Senior Camp	5-18	July 4-8	Mike May and Wilburn & Mickey Pena
NEW YORK CITY	Senior Camp	14-19	August 15-19	Kenneth Hall
	Junior Camp	7-13	August 22-26	Charles Duncan
EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA	Kenly Peacemakers	12-15	June 13-17	Ritchie & Jentzen Franklin
	Kenly Peace Cadets	8-11	June 20-24	Douglas & Joyce Miles
	Kenly Senior High & Careers Retreat	16-25 Singles	June 24-26	Dr. George D. Vaarhis
WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA	Peacemakers	12-19	June 20-24	Ken Boyd
	Peace Cadets	8-11	June 27-July 1	Miss Brenda and Friends
	Pioneer Camp	8-up	July 18-22	Ron Martin
NORTH-SOUTH DAKOTA	Indian Youth Camp	7-15	June 6-10	Joe Byrd
	Peace Cadets	7-12	June 13-17	Mystery Guests
	Peacemakers	13-19	June 20-24	Steve Holder & Celebration
	Wilderness	13-19	July 25-29	Gary Sears
	Back-Pack Sacrifice	High School Juniors/Seniors	August 8-12	Ted Lang
NORTHEAN NEW ENGLAND	Peacemakers	13-19	June 20-24	Richard Felts
	Peace Cadets	9-12	June 27-July 1	James Bryant Family
	Peacefinders	6-8	July 4-8	
SOUTHEAN OHIO	Youth Canference	15-24	June 13-18	Barry Winn
	Peace Cadets/Peacefinders	7-12	July 4-9	Jack McIntosh
	Peacemakers	13-19	July 11-16	Jerry Millwood
OKLAHOMA	Senior High	14-19	June 27-July 1	Thomas Topley
	Junior High	11-13	July 4-8	Larry Pemberton
	Junior Camp	7-10	July 11-15	Ginger Ingram
OREGON	Peacemakers	13-19	June 13-17	Billy Olds
	Peace Cadets	7-12	June 20-24	Larry Odam
PENNSYLVANIA	Senior Camp	15-19	June 20-25	Dan Sumner
	Young Teen Camp	12-14	July 18-22	"Sounds of Victory" Ministry
	Junior Camp	8-11	July 25-29	Dale Cannada
SOUTHEAN NEW ENGLAND	Junior Camp	7-12	August 22-26	Eddie Chandler
	Senior Camp	13-19	August 22-26	Eddie Chandler
SOUTH CAROLINA	Peacemakers	13-17	June 6-10	Covenant-ECBC
	Junior Camp	7-12	June 6-10	Doug Anderson
	Peace Cadets	10-12	June 13-17	John D. Childers
	Peacefinders	7-9	June 20-24	Doug Anderson
	Teen Camp	13-17	June 20-24	The Sunners
TENNESSEE	Peacemakers Teen	14-19	June 13-17	Richard Dial
	Peacemakers Young Teen	12-13	July 4-8	Jim Bolin
	Peace Cadets Middle	10-11	July 11-15	Kathy Sanders
	Peace Cadets Junior	7-9	July 18-22	Jerry Millwood & Jesus & Co.
	West Tennessee Camp	7-11	July 25-29	
TEXAS	Seniors	15-20	June 27-July 1st	Donald Walker
	Young Teens	12-14	July 4-8	Travis Porter
	Pre-Teens	10-11	July 11-15	J. Darryl Crawford
	Juniors	7-9	July 18-22	Stara Holly and "Rudy"
VIRGINIA	Senior Peacemakers	15-19	June 13-17	H. Lynn Stone
	Peacemakers	13-14	June 20-24	W. A. Davis
	Senior Peace Cadets	11-12	July 11-15	Gary Sears
	Peace Cadets	9-10	July 18-22	Jack Utterback
	Peacefinders	7-8	July 25-29	Mr. & Mrs. Frank Vance
WEST VIRGINIA	Senior Camp	14-19	July 5-9	Porter Richards
	Intermediate	11-13	July 25-29	Dan Dempsey
	Junior Camp	8-10	August 1-5	Paul H. & Sally Farley
EASTEAN CANADA	Senior Camp	13-19	July 25-29	David Rahamut
	Junior Camp	7-12	August 15-19	
WESTEAN CANADA				



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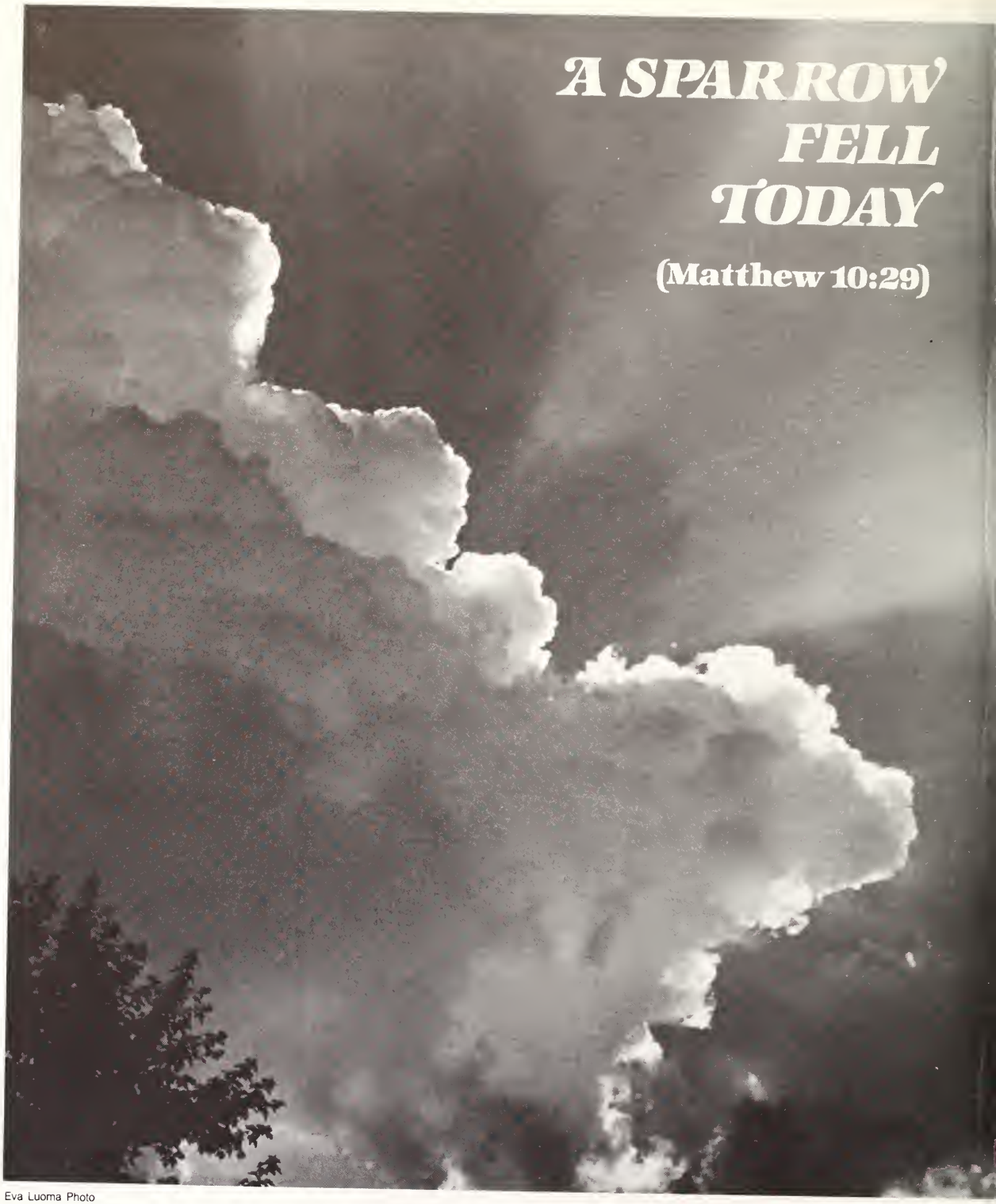
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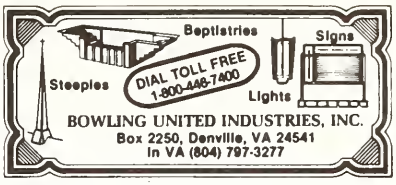
by Charles W. Conn

Somewhere a sparrow fell today;
Lost and bewildered,
Wounded and weary,
He lost his hold on the glassy sky
And crashed to earth
All alone to die.

No eye beheld
His fatal fall,
Nor could an ear
Discern his call.
Unknown,
Unseen,
Unmourned, he lay
In a bramblebush and died today.

But there was One
Who watched with care
As the sparrow fell
Through the mindless air.
The Father traced that final flight
And fixed the sparrow in His sight.
He knew,
He saw,
He loved today
The tiny creature where he lay.

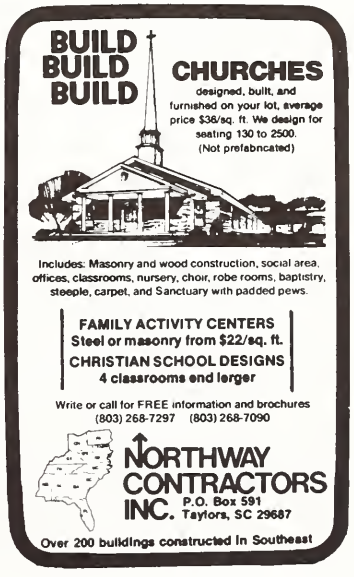
How like the stricken bird are we
Beneath a harsh, unyielding sky.
Although we struggle
In our flight,
Or suffer anguish
Through the night—
The Lord is with us constantly
Both when we rise and when we die.











Books

HISTORY AND CHRISTIANITY by John Warwick Montgomery

History and Christianity is Dr. John Warwick Montgomery's classic defense of the Christian faith. Originally published in 1964, this popular book has long been a favorite among Evangelical apologists. Here's Life Publishers is proud to make this distinguished work of evangelism again available to the inquiring public.

Josh McDowell says, "*History and Christianity* is a must for any student of the Christian faith. Dr. John Warwick Montgomery is one of the most intelligent and lucid defenders of Christianity, and all who are serious about investigating its claims should read this apologetic classic."

In *History and Christianity*, Dr. Montgomery attempts to unravel the tangled web of confusion that often surrounds the question, "Who is Jesus Christ?" He explains that a careful investigation of this issue, while a philosophy student at Cornell University, led him to become a Christian believer. His book encapsulates some of the most persuasive evidences for the Christian case. Montgomery cites powerful evidence to support the authenticity of the New Testament, and his case for Christianity is topped off with compelling evidence of Christ's deity and His resurrection. (Here's Life Publishers, Inc., San Bernardino, CA 92402) □

REVEREND RANDOLLPH AND THE UNHOLY BIBLE by Charles Merrill Smith

A mystery novel.

There's excitement, intrigue, and an interesting glimpse into big-city life from a minister's perspective.

Good entertainment. (G. P. Putnam's Sons Publishers, New York, NY 10016) □

ROBERT SCHULLER: THE INSIDE STORY by Michael and Donna Nason

"He has seen me at my best. . . . He has seen me at my worst. No one outside my immediate family knows me as well as Michael Nason."

Look behind the public image of this renowned television minister, church growth expert, and exponent of possibility thinking. See how the unique Robert Schuller philosophy has emerged from his life experiences—his personal relationships, his critical decisions, his public successes, his private tragedies.

Robert Schuller: The Inside Story is an appealingly honest book. Michael Nason is one of Schuller's closest associates, and Nason's wife, Donna, is a professional writer and author. Together they draw the reader into a close-up, intimate story that explains why Robert Schuller has become one of America's most beloved, fascinating, and controversial public figures.

But this is much more than a personality sketch of a famous person. Anyone seeking a bold approach to achieving dreams, or a solid foundation for times of crisis, will learn how Dr. Schuller himself developed his practical, powerful, "possibility" philosophy. (Word Books Publisher, Waco, TX 76703) □

CONFESSIONS OF A CLOSET EATER by Jackie Barrile

Gloom, depression, binge and purge. That, in increasingly frequent cycles, is the horror of the disorder bulimia, which affects as many as two million American women.

That, too, was the experience of Jackie Barrile, who for ten years tried to balance the roles of wife and mother with the demands of the "little girl" inside her who was unhappily happy only when wolfing down huge amounts of food, then "purging" that food from her system to avoid becoming "fat and ugly."

Mrs. Barrile, a recovered bulimic, traces the background of her affliction and release, drawing from her own experiences to offer hope, encouragement and steps toward a liberated future for women who suffer with this devastating malady. Not only does Mrs. Barrile speak to those suffering from the specific illness of bulimia; her steps to recovery are practical exercises for anyone in the bonds of a disorder affecting the body and will. (The Martin Press Publishers, Torrance, CA 90503) □

WHY DID I COME?

Continued from page 9

and innocent, watch the speaker's every move. I observed small hands reach out to God and short arms slip around a friend's shoulder as together they walked down the aisle to seek the Lord.

Why did I come?

Because Jesus said, "I tell you the truth, anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it" (Luke 18:17, *New International Version*).

I needed to be reminded. That's why I came. □

OFF TO . . . BACK TO . . . ALASKA

Continued from page 6

Largest human project, the Trans-Alaskan pipeline, 800 miles—
Cost of pipeline, $10 billion—
Largest island, Kodiak—
Longest river, Yukon, 1,400 miles in Alaska alone.

Alaska is famous (or shall we say notorious) for earthquakes—
Largest quake on March 27, 1964, measuring 8.5, Richter scale—
The largest quake ever recorded in North America—
Death toll 131 people.

Alaska too has mosquitoes—
Twenty-five known species live in Alaska—
None of them carry diseases.

Alaska may be reached by plane, by sea, or via the Alaska Highway which runs 1,520 miles through Canada and Alaska, from milepost 0 at Dawson Creek, British Columbia, to Fairbanks.

Doug Lindstrand's Alaskan Sketch Book.

Current Happenings with Questions for Christian Reflection

YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by SONJIA LEE HUNT,
Leadership Development Coordinator

WOMEN AND WORKAHOLISM

Workaholism, traditionally thought to be a male syndrome, is affecting more and more women as they fill increasing numbers of top executive positions, says Dr. Ethel Person, a psychoanalyst at the New York State Psychiatric Institute in New York City.

Workaholics tend to avoid relating to family or friends in a personal or emotional manner, Ms. Person explains. Reluctance or defensiveness in admitting any problem is rationalized by the workaholics' belief that they provide "the better things in life" for dependents, things that are possible only because of the high salaries they earn.

"Compulsive housecleaners and over-organizers are also workaholics," she adds. "They 'take care' of husbands and children instead of relating to them."

One way to spot workaholics is by their inability to enjoy themselves on days off from the office, the psychoanalyst says, since they can't relax and they feel guilty about not working. These guilt feelings often are unintentional smokescreens created to stave off personal contact, she says. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) □

* * * *

1. Do you know any workaholics? How do you think a workaholic could help himself or be helped to overcome this syndrome?

2. Do you agree that the workaholic is trying to stave off personal contact? Why or why not?

3. Does the Bible have anything to say about workaholism? Read 2 Peter 1:5-8; Galatians 5:23. What is the key word? □

COCA-COLA'S SECRET INGREDIENTS

Coca-Cola is the most popular soft drink in the world. Each day, people in 155 countries down 250 million bottles of Coke—without knowing its ingredients. They are a secret shared by a select few.

More than 99 percent of Coke's recipe is identified. It is mostly a blend of sugar, carbonated water, caramel, phosphoric acid, caffeine and "spent" coca leaves and cola nuts. The mystery ingredients, "Merchandise 7X," account for less than 1 percent of the syrup. Chemists and competitors have tried for more than eighty years to analyze "7X."

The Coca-Cola Company declines to say how many people know the complete formula, but is generally agreed that fewer than ten insiders have the information. (*Parade* Magazine) □

* * * *

1. Do you think it is important to know the ingredients of the foods we eat and the drinks we drink? Why or why not?

2. Have we come to the point of accepting not only food but also the things we hear and the things we see without questioning their content for harmful ingredients? If so, why is this?

3. With whom or by what are we to check the things that we as Christians hear politicians, teachers, news commentators, friends, writers, preachers, parents, and even ourselves saying? □

THIRTY-YEAR-OLD POSES AS AGED WOMAN

Pat Moore has lived four lives. Three of them were eighty-year-old women—a shopping-bag lady, a middle-class matron and a dowager.

The fourth, the real Ms. Moore, is a thirty-year-old industrial designer who masqueraded as elderly women for three years, one day a week, to learn about what it is like to be old in America.

She found out. She says she was mugged twice, insulted by cashiers and stymied by caps that befuddled arthritic fingers. But she also found kindness and camaraderie with her aged friends.

"The lasting effect is one of understanding why the elderly become homebound," she said.

She has some fond memories. Cab drivers, she says, were especially nice, often climbing out of their taxis to help her to her door or taking the time to talk to her. More than once, a cabbie returning her change gave her a $10 bill instead of a $1 bill, she says.

Often when she dressed as the bag woman, customers at a coffee shop ordered extra food for her. And while younger people sometimes slighted her, she always found allies among the old. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) □

* * * *

1. How do you treat the elderly? Why do some young people treat them disrespectfully?

2. From what you may have read or heard, how are the elderly treated in other cultures? In the last one hundred years, how have families changed with regard to the elderly?

3. What does the Bible say about the elderly? Read Exodus 20:12; Leviticus 19:32; 1 Timothy 5:3, 17; Job 14:21; Romans 12:10. □

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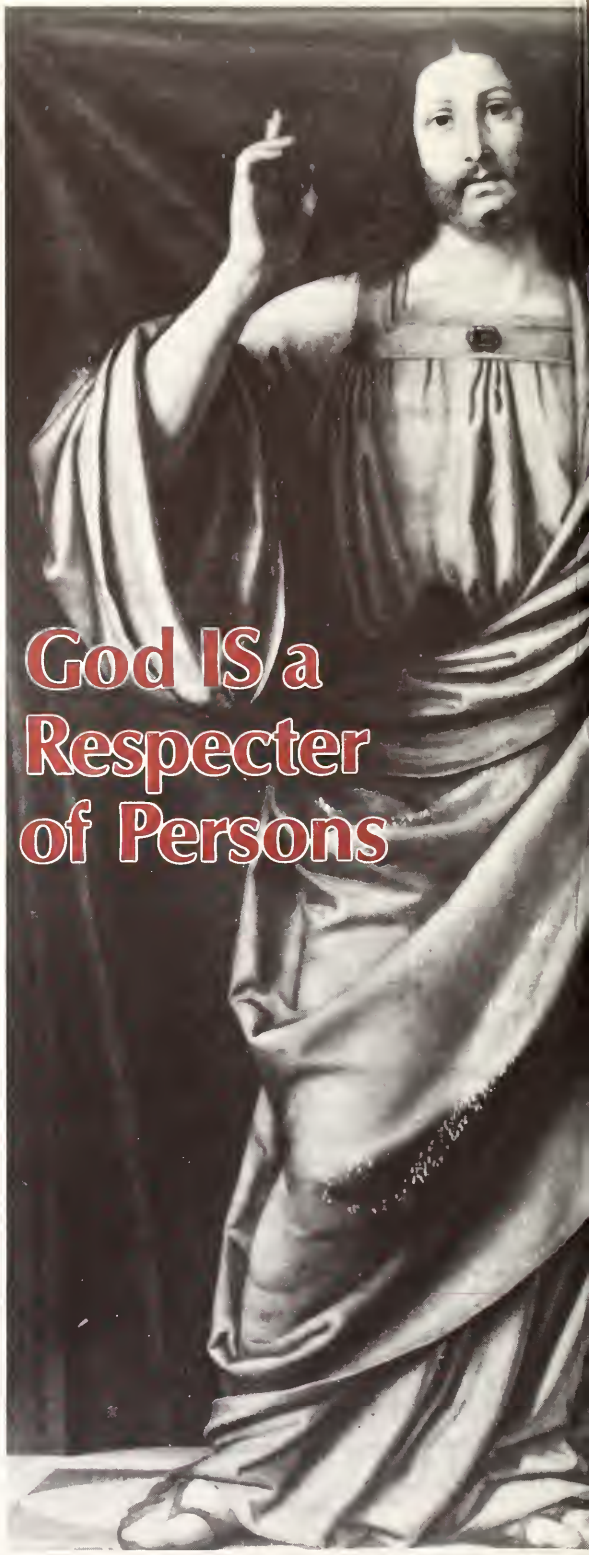
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God IS a Respecter of Persons



THE TROUBLE with clichés (those trite phrases we tend to throw around so loosely) is that, even when clichés convey a truth of sorts, they usually only present one side of the picture.

Consider this one, a favorite of every preacher and Sunday school teacher: "God is no respecter of persons."

It's bad enough that we quote this phrase and the passage of Scripture from which it is taken out of context (Acts 10:34, 35)*; but it's even worse when, thinking through it, we realize it contradicts major principles which Jesus came to reveal.

God *is* a respecter of persons. He created each of us as separate, unique, and distinct individuals. He deals with us individually, loves us individually, and promises to preserve our uniqueness through resurrection and eternal life to come. Jesus illustrated this in His teachings, in His personal relationships with the disciples, and in His preserved physical characteristics following Resurrection.

We use this phrase most often by tagging it to other clichés such as, "If God healed someone else, He'll heal you," or "If God answered Daniel's prayer, He'll answer yours," or "If God made Jacob prosper, He'll make you."

Note those examples closely. Remember, I said there is *some* truth in them. If you found yourself in precisely the same position, and under precisely the same circumstances, and you reacted precisely the same way, then I think it safe to assume God would treat you as He did Daniel or Jacob.

Religious News Service Photo



EDITORIAL, Hoyt E. Stone

We see the greater truth, though, when we look beyond the immediate circumstances of the cliche, and realize God is truly our Father. He does not automatically dispense goodies according to the coins we drop in a prayer slot. God customizes His response. He applies grace and showers mercy with more skill and care than does the physician with his prescription bag. This is the greater principle, the far more important truth Jesus reveals.

Universally God does bestow certain blessing upon all. He makes sun to shine on both good and bad. He sends rain on just and unjust. Physical laws are applicable to all of us.

Jesus taught us of more. He spoke and exemplified personal relationship between human and divine, between creature and Creator. It is this truth—knowing and cultivating the personal relationship—which enables us to walk tall and to press forward in face of all obstacles.

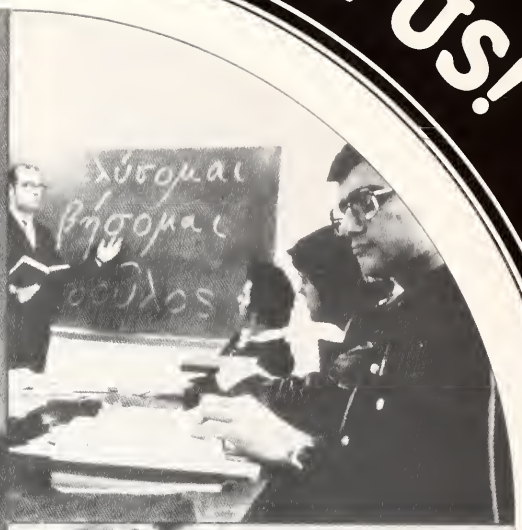
You are not a face in the crowd. You are not a number. You are a personal work of the Master's art, loved for your distinctiveness. Valued precisely because you are different.

God *is* a respecter of persons. □

***Peter used this phrase at the home of Cornelius, saying, "I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." He goes on to explain what he means when he adds, "He that feareth . . . [God], and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."**

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I Want to Be a Surgeon



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Profile: J. Dudley Pyeatt, III

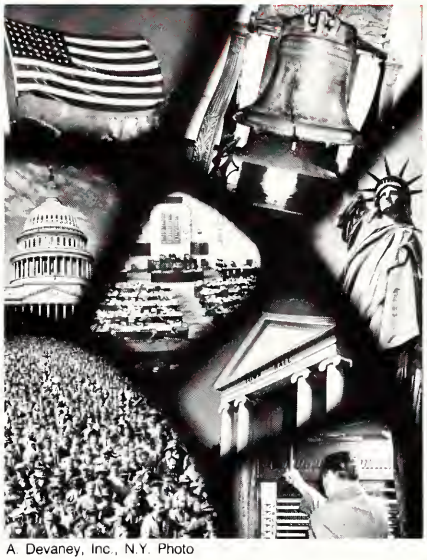
PATHWAY
Guiding Youth
July, 1983
Volume 54, Number 7

THIS MONTH

Patriotism is our theme. It's a subject which, oddly enough, seems to have become popular again. Our feature indicates one way Uncle Sam entices young men into a partnership. Our stories, too, center in on this theme. Wanda does hers in verse.

There's a new category for Teen Talent, highlighted in Nancy Neal's article. Don't miss it.

Hoyt E. Stone



A. Devaney, Inc., N.Y. Photo

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I Want to Be a Surgeon

Profile: J. Dudley Pyeatt, III

I'M SURE OTHER young men, other boys, have at times expressed their desire to be a physician. But few I know—especially in the Church of God—have pursued a dream with such dogged determination as has Dudley Pyeatt, III.

He may have thought of the idea sooner but Dudley knows this dream had firmed up by the time he was a junior in high school. There are no doctors in his family. He has no close personal friends who are doctors. He can't tell you precisely why he made the choice or who influenced him. Other than he was good in math and science.



Stone Photo

Dudley decided to be a doctor.

It's been a long road. One year at Lee College. Transfer to University of Tennessee at Knoxville where he earned a B.A. degree, majoring in zoology. Applications to medical schools and months of waiting for just one of those applications to be approved. Dudley filled those waiting months with work at Parkridge Hospital in Chattanooga. Not doctor's work, mind you. He did common labor as a supply clerk. He also took further study courses at nearby University of Tennessee at Chattanooga.

Finally, acceptance at the University of Tennessee Medical School in Memphis.

Dudley was on his way.

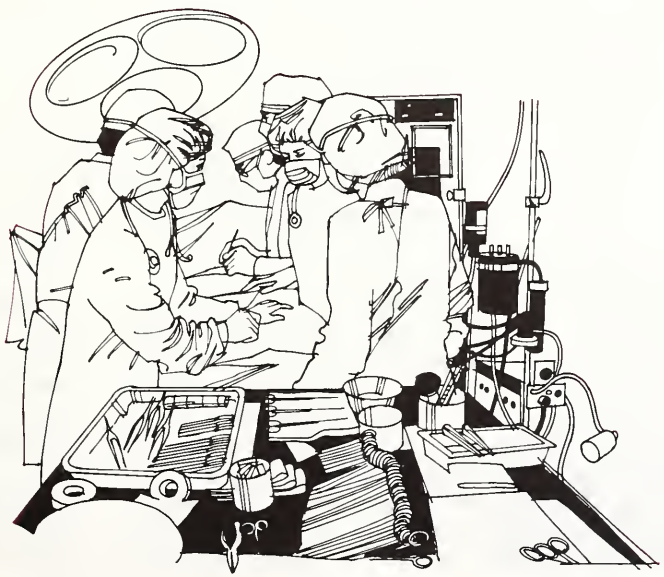
But there were other problems.

If you've ever stopped to figure up what it costs to go to medical school, then you know the almost insurmountable odds still ahead for Dudley.

Here were a few of Dudley's options.

Help from his parents?

"No," Dudley says. "Not significant help. They had helped me enough. I couldn't permit them to take on a further burden."



Scholarships? Perhaps, but the medical field is crowded. Competition is keen. Dudley didn't kid himself. He had no reason to expect some miracle scholarship. He was no genius.

Loans? They had to be repaid. Dudley really wasn't excited about struggling up a ladder and then having to launch a career already in debt up to his ears.

There *was* one other option. The military. That too was a scholarship of sorts. Dudley found that if he took Uncle Sam for a partner, and if he could pass the examinations and otherwise qualify, then the government would foot the bill for his medical school. And the government would let him pay back his loan with the one commodity a young man normally has, time. In short, the government would let Dudley Pyeatt, III, become a surgeon and do what Dudley felt God wanted him to do in this life.

He joined the U.S. Navy.

Dudley finished medical school in June of '82. For the past year he's been doing an internship at the Portsmouth, Virginia, Naval Hospital. He works long hours and often on weekends because he's the junior staffer and senior physicians get choice time off. Dudley is discovering what it's really like to be a doctor, to walk into an operating room with the power of life or death in your hands. It's sobering work. It's making him a man.

There's another change in store for Dudley this summer. Perhaps we should call it, "Payment Number One" on his debt to Big Uncle?

As with all men in blue, Dudley must do some "sea duty." At least one full year. Doctors are a privileged class among navy men in that they can, on occasion, do sea duty without going to sea. Dudley had three options: Kenya, Iceland, or Cuba.

He chose Kenya first because he thought it would be nice to see what life is like in Africa.

Dudley felt somewhat the same way about Iceland.

Cuba? More precisely, Guantanamo Bay—a forty-five-square-mile piece of land Uncle Sam leased from Cuba years ago and which our government refuses to give up even to bearded Castro—well . . . if it had to be Cuba, then Dudley guessed *anything* was better than a ship.

Dudley leaves this month (July 1983) for Cuba . . . wondering . . . destined never to know . . . if he would be heading for Africa, had Kenya been his third choice.

When he has completed his year at Guantanamo Bay, Dudley hopes to return to the Norfolk area and finish up his residency. Then he'll be a surgeon in the true sense of the word, ready for assignment by Uncle Sam. To repay his education loans, Dudley will then serve in the U.S. Navy for three years.

"I really don't view that as bad," Dudley says. "After all, I'll be doing what I wish to do most in life, helping others. I'll be paid fairly well for my services, though not the type money surgeons make in private practice. And I'll have certain freedoms not granted to ordinary servicemen."

Presently, Dudley lives in a neatly furnished Norfolk apartment, with something like a twenty-minute drive to the Naval Hospital where he works. It's not a bad bachelor's pad—a living room with nice paintings on the wall, couch, lounge chair, TV with remote control, and a fish aquarium; kitchen and dining room; bedroom and bath. "Mother helped me decorate it," Dudley explains. "She and Dad came up when I moved." All of which proves mothers are pretty much the same, world over, even when sons are nearing twenty-nine.

Dudley has chosen general surgery rather than a specialized field. He likes best the work of a primary care physician.

"Primary care physicians," Dudley will explain carefully, "are those who see patients first. They are the ones who act in emergencies, who care for the wounded in hospital emergency rooms, who have the first and final contact with injured and recovered people."

Dudley says he likes that intimate contact. He enjoys being able to meet people at their point of need and do something which immediately helps relieve pain and suffering.

Question. How is Dudley Pyeatt, III, going to feel when and if something goes wrong? Surgeons aren't always successful. Sometimes, in spite of all they can do, the patient doesn't make it.

"That will be rough," Dudley admits. "Failure is always difficult. However, isn't it equally

rough to want to help someone and not be able? Failure is something we all learn to live with. In this respect, I'm probably better equipped to cope than many of my fellow physicians. I have my faith in God. I depend on Him for strength. All too often, this seems to be lacking in my colleagues. I may not be the type physician who prays over every patient but I can assure you I'll start every day with prayer for God's guidance and grace."

Dudley misses home—Cleveland, Tennessee—and especially his home church, Westmore. He's found it rather difficult to adjust to church elsewhere, first in Memphis and now in Norfolk. He isn't sure why but he suspects it's partly because of his erratic schedule. Weekends and Sunday mornings often find him on duty at the hospital.

There are thoughtful moments also when Dudley confesses to having paid a high price socially for his education. He's still a bachelor. It's been too long and too uncertain a wait for Dudley to pursue a dream. There is no serious female attachment in Dudley's life at the moment.

"Most of the women with whom I work, or associate, now are older," Dudley says. "Either they have been married and divorced or they are women of whom one is prone to ask, 'what's wrong?' Meanwhile, I suspect young ladies keep asking, 'What's wrong with Dudley Pyeatt?' One does pay a certain price, you know." Dudley grins. "But I keep hoping. Someday I'll meet that special girl."

Meanwhile, here's how Dudley Pyeatt, III, describes a typical day:

"I arise at 5:15 a.m. Snack breakfast. Twenty-five-minute drive through the tunnel and into downtown Portsmouth. Arrive, 6:15. First patient in intensive care, a woman. Check night records for blood pressure readings and neurological status. She had a tumor removed from her brain a week ago. Has heart problems. Decide what changes are to be made. What therapy routine.

"Visit half a dozen other patients. One guy is ready to go home but I've got to make sure he feels okay, that he's eating right. Draw up his discharge papers. Give him medicine to take with him. Tell him when to come back.

"Another patient is preparing for surgery. I just say hello. Promise to see him later in the afternoon. There's also a lady for surgery. I check her labs.

"Two other patients recovering. See that they're all right.

"This keeps me busy until 7 a.m. That's when my operating room time starts. We will do four operations. I'll be part of the team . . . watching . . . assisting . . . still learning. First case, a craniosynostectomy. Kid with a misshapen skull. It closed too soon. Is now too long. I'll help the neurosurgeon correct this by removing part of the skull.

"When one operation is finished, we clean up and prepare immediately for the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21









Stone Photos

Transformed and Adopted

by H. Lynn Stone

DAVID'S CONFESSION is true of all mankind. "But I am a worm, and no man." As Paul confirmed a thousand years later, "There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God."

The lowly earthworm, with no brain, is scorned by man. Being shown no pity, the night crawler is impaled on a crooked hook and cast into the watery deep. There, to the delight of his tormentors, he becomes the wiggling bait for sharp-toothed predators out of the deep.

But suppose, just suppose, you fell in love with a worm. Just imagine for a moment that you actually cared for such a lowly annelid and out of the goodness of your human heart determined to better his estate in life.

"Come with me, little worm," you whisper softly, holding him in the palm of your hand. "You can go to my house and eat at my table and sleep in my bed. Nobody will hurt you there." (Shudder! but keep thinking.)

Even in the midst of your unheard monologue, the worm will crawl right out of your hand, plunge to the ground, and burrow back into the dark hole of dirt from whence he came. He has no understanding of your high purpose or lofty language.

There's only one way to help a worm. Become a worm. Sacrifice the stately dignity of the human body, and shrink into the lowly estate of a worm. Talk the language of a worm. Eat like a worm. Live like a worm. Crawl like a worm. Hang on a hook like a worm. Die like a worm.

Foolishness!

Really?

Perhaps.

Not only is it impossible for you to become a worm, it is also humanly impossible for you to so love a worm to desire to become a worm.

Yet, God can.

Yes, God did.

No worm ever crawled in dirt as dirty as your lies, or in darkness as black as your hatred, or in slime as filthy as your sin.

And no human ever spoke words so wise, or lived in splendor so royal, or communed with love so everlasting as did the Eternal Lord.

It was a far, far, far greater descent for God to become man than for mere man to become a worm. It was much further for Christ to leave His former glory of eternity and descend to the earthly slums of man than for one humankind to become a worm.

If all God had done was to SAY He wanted man to come to His heavenly house, eat at His table, commune with Him, while He was yet speaking we would have twisted wormlike from His hands and burrowed our crawling souls once again in our own darkened hole of sin. Lowly man could not understand God's high language and purpose.

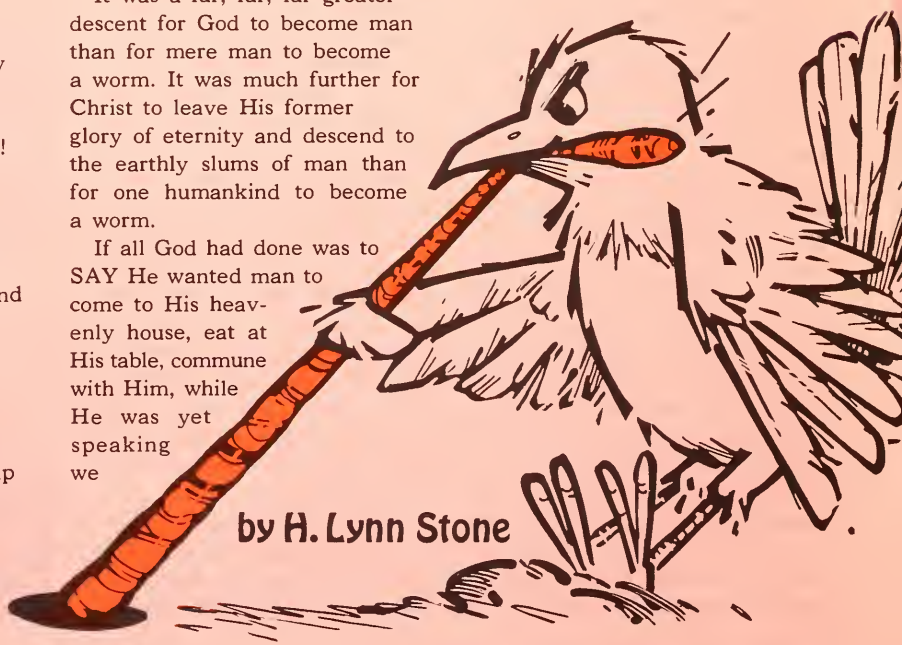
But Jesus became a man.

He was born like him, lived like him, ate like him, hurt like him, talked like him, slept like him, died like him. All in order to transform the lowly man-worm into a worshipful heavenly citizen.

Now, I'm no worm!

I'm a son of God, a joint-heir with Christ.

I'm adopted into the heavenly family. Me, crawl in dirt? Never! But should I ever wiggle from His hand, my Brother sits in the Father's house. He knows how I feel. Thank God, I'm adopted! □





Ever hear that still small voice urging you to do something unusual? It pays to obey.

LISTEN AND OBEY

by Mary Lawrence

THE WINDSTORM had started last night, and had continued on through the day. This was the first week in April, didn't March know better? It was supposed to have taken the wind with it. The branches on the trees looked like ugly monsters flapping their wings to get attention.

We were informed by radio and TV that the winds were blowing gusts of seventy-miles-per-hour. Even my elderly mother couldn't remember such a wind in her entire life. March usually gobbles up all the wind, but not this time.

Everett C. Johnson Photo

I stood by my kitchen window and watched branches snap from the trees in my yard. They dropped off like when my husband uses his chain saw. Some of the limbs were at least twenty feet in length. Others smaller.

I looked at the yard and wondered, "How in the world will I ever get all this mess cleaned up?"

My attention shifted to my neighbor's yard. Branches were scattered all over it too. We both have white pines in our yards.

"Clean Darlene's yard," a voice whispered in my ear.

To myself I said, "What do you mean, clean her yard? Just look at the branches scattered over my own yard. I'll be lucky to get them picked up today. I have to bake cookies for my daughter Michelle's Brownie Troop this afternoon. No way can I clean her yard and mine."

The voice whispered again, a little louder this time. "Clean Darlene's yard."

I had called the hospital earlier to talk with Darlene. Her father had been in the hospital for a week. She had only been home three or four times the entire week. She'd race in to take a bath and change clothes, then back to her father's bedside. She had been surviving on very little sleep, eating sandwiches that were brought to her by friends, and drinking lots of coffee.

Darlene's father Mr. Miller had been ill with multiple sclerosis for twenty years. The last five of those years had been spent in bed. Completely helpless. The nerves in his body no longer functioned, and even coughing was next to impossible. When I heard he had pneumonia, I wondered how he could survive.

Mrs. Miller and Darlene had taken care of him all these many years, never complaining, or acting as if the burden was too heavy.

"I don't see how you keep going," I had said to Mrs. Miller on more than one occasion.

"I claim Isaiah 40, verse 31," she answered. " 'But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.' My strength certainly comes from God."

By this time they had to do everything for Mr. Miller: feed him, bathe him, brush his teeth, even give him haircuts. He could barely turn his head from side to side. Yet, his mind was clear, and he could carry on a conversation quite well. On one occasion I sat with him for the family to attend a school function together. He was listening to gospel music on the stereo. "I'm ready and waiting to go be with God," he told me.

The voice kept urging me to clean up the yard. *I'll call the hospital once more, to see how things are,* I thought to myself, *then I'll go back and work on the yard.*

When Darlene answered the phone, I knew why the urgency had continued. "The doctor just told us that Daddy isn't going to make it, Mary. How in the world will we give him up? We love Daddy so much."

My heart was aching for her, and I searched for words that might bring comfort. They were hard to find. "God will see you through this," I said. "Just lean on Him. He will give you the strength you need."

As things were to turn out, this windy day in April would be the day God would call Mr. Miller home. He had developed a blood clot in his leg on Sunday. Doctors had taken care of the blood clot, but the circulation would not return to the leg. On Tuesday, they had to amputate the leg. His condition worsened.

I slowly walked back to Darlene's house, and started dragging the branches from her yard. I could hardly see through the tears that ran down my face. My heart was so heavy. I almost felt it would burst into a million pieces. I prayed to God for strength and wisdom to be a source of comfort to the family. Losing a loved one is sad under any circumstance.

I had been working in the yard for only a short time when Darlene's car pulled into the driveway. I knew Mr. Miller was with God, walking around, rejoicing.

We were sad, but God does all things well. Mr. Miller would suffer no more. The MS could hurt him no more.

The yard looked neat and clean when the friends and relatives came by to pay respect. In my heart I felt good that I had obeyed God's voice when He told me to "clean the yard." □

TEEN TALENT

The Right to Write

by Nancy Neal



"HEAR YE! HEAR YE!" bellowed the town crier as he scurried through the streets of early America proclaiming from his parchment the news of the day. The townspeople eagerly anticipated this daily "interruption" of their routine to ascertain current events.

"Extra! Extra! Read ALL About It!" shouts the headline from the newspapers being peddled by a little boy on the corner of a busy sidewalk. "Hot off the press! Find out who. . . ." On and on the little boy cries, waving newspapers with bold headlines revealing a political power play, a natural disaster, a scandalous romance. The little boy's only desire is to earn extra money to purchase a new bicycle. But the newspaper—or its writers—seeks to attract readers and to mold their thinking.

The need to communicate has existed as long as man has walked the face of the earth. Perhaps written communication began as symbolic markings on a cave wall. There still exists today the remains of etchings in clay tablets. Fortunately, the mother of invention ultimately produced the printing press.

Recall momentarily the struggles of the colonists. Be reminded that the patriots fought . . . and died . . . for the principles of freedom—among them freedom of the press, the right to write. Freedom of the press is the earned right of free expression and implies the power to *choose* what one says by employing the proper channels for printing the English language.

The secular world has provided a viable means of communicating through the news media—pamphlets, magazines, newspapers. It seems only logical, then, that the church world share this desire and need to keep people informed about what is happening locally, statewide, nationally, and internationally. Consequently, the Department of Youth and Christian Education has expanded the Creative Writing Division of Teen Talent to include a News Writing category. Perhaps you don't wax poetic. Maybe you just don't have a flair for developing short

stories or plays, but you have a knack for presenting facts or occurrences with little attempt at analysis or interpretation. If that's the case, then this category is for you.

Not only is the church interested in providing an outlet for your journalistic abilities and a chance to receive recognition, but there also exists within the church a need for news writers. Therefore, those countless man-hours spent collecting information, writing, editing, and publishing school newspapers can be transformed into training for a vital area of ministry.

Why write news? Ours is a questioning society. If the question isn't *who*, it's *what*. If we aren't asking *when*, we want to know *where*. And if answers to those questions aren't sufficient, then we must know *why* or *how*. A news writer supplies answers to such questions—whether about world affairs or general information of an educational, economical, and recreational nature. Not only does he answer questions, but he is also responsible for shaping the thoughts of his readers and providing a positive influence.

To attract readers initially, as a news writer you must remember four basic points:

1. A story should be current.



2. A story should relate to local needs and interests.

3. A story should relate how many, how fast, how small.

4. A story should have far-reaching effects for every individual.

Once you have captured the readers' interest, you must hold their attention. News articles should be crisp, simple, direct. There are also four basic ways to write a news story:

1. As *straight news* utilizing only facts, no opinion, no guesswork

2. As *human interest* presenting a less important aspect of a news story from a more humanized angle

3. As an *editorial* reflecting on the news in essay form

4. As a "*tie-in*" attempting to lead into an entirely unrelated story through clever use of headlines.

Because journalism covers such a broad area, you will be asked to write either a straight *news story*, an *editorial*, or a *feature story* for the News Writing category. The news story again must utilize only facts and provide no opinions or guesswork; it should not exceed 1,200 words. It also follows a basic format: the headline, the lead, and the body.

The editorial should reflect on the news in essay form, consist of not more than 500 words and be presented as a personal opinion. Editorials are also categorized by the writer's general intention; thus, you may seek to persuade (persuasive editorial), to praise (appreciative editorial), to clarify (background editorial), or to entertain (humorous editorial).

The feature is a story which takes a related but less important aspect of a news story and presents it from a more human-interest angle. There are several types of feature stories, each reflecting a somewhat different approach by the writer: a news feature, a personality sketch, a biography, holiday-related stories, humorous stories, a human-interest story. Regardless of approach, the feature is to be written in essay form of not more than 1,200 words.

A brochure describing the News Writing category and providing a detailed discussion of the areas of competition is now available from the Department of Youth and Christian Education, P.O. Box 2430, Keith at 25th Street, NW, Cleveland, TN 37311.

The opportunity is yours. Safeguard your freedom. "To every thing there is a season. . . .a time to keep silence, and a time to speak" (Ecclesiastes 3:1, 7; *Amplified*). Exercise your unalienable right to "speak," to utilize the printed page. □

Lee College



Business winners from Lee are from left: Tim Teasley, Jeff Hanlin, Rhonda Cody, State President; Dr. Don Rowe, Jana Hanlin, Professor Thompson.

Lee Business Students



Lee Business winners and faculty members pose after winning several business awards. From left: Professor William Morrisett, Pat Bennett, April Wooten, Teri Winters, Deana Fitzwater, Kathy Willis, Karen Page, Professor Alan Burns.

Lee College Phi Beta Lambda (PBL) once again won more awards than any other college or university at the recent Tennessee competition of the national organization. PBL fosters preparation for business leadership among college and university students. Rhonda Cody, a Lee College student and president of the Phi Beta Lambda State Chapter, chaired the meeting. In addition, Aaron Hagmaier, a sophomore at Lee, was elected treasurer for the State Chapter for the coming year.

The first-place winners from Lee College who

will represent Tennessee in national-level competition in San Francisco July 5-9, 1983 were: Patricia Bennett, business law; Deanna Fitzwater, executive typist; Karen Page, corresponding secretary; Kathy McBride Willis, Miss Future Business Teacher.

Second-place winners were Teresa Winters, extemporaneous speaking; April Wooten, advanced accounting.

Jeffrey Hanlin took third place in business administration.

Special recognition was given to the following: Rhonda Cody, Who's Who in Phi Beta Lambda; Jana Hanlin, Phi Beta Lambda Leader of the Month for November; Timothy Teasley, Phi Beta Lambda Leader of the Month for February.

Also, the local chapter won top awards for the community service project, outstanding project, largest chapter, and local chapter report.

Lee College Business Department students have consistently done well and taken top awards in the state competition. One faculty sponsor said, "We in the Business Department are quite pleased with the academic excellence demonstrated by our students. Lee College is proud of these students."

Secretarial competition has consistently been a strong competitive event. Lee students have placed in the first and second positions for the past several years. Lucille Elliott teaches the preparatory classes.

Business Law, taught by Dr. Rowe, has also been a successful area of competition. A Lee student has won first place in this event for the past six years.

Lynn Boyd is the current president of the Lee College chapter of Phi Beta Lambda. Other officers are Randall Rawlings, vice-president; Patricia Bennett, corresponding secretary; Beverly Lee, recording secretary; April Wooten, treasurer; Pamela Cannon, historian.

Faculty sponsors are Alan Burns, William Morrisett, and Dewayne Thompson.

Dr. Rowe, chairman of the Business Department, summarized it this way, "The business curriculum and the quality of instruction at Lee College are effective in preparing students for careers in business." This is evidenced by Phi Beta Lambda's success at state and national competitions over the years. □



JONI AND THE BIBLE

"Twelve-year-old Joni Kay Hildreth has probably set a record when it comes to Bible verse memorization," says Christine S. Stewart, present director of the Bible Memory Course for the North Cleveland Church of God.

Joni completed what is normally a three-year Bible memory course in little more than a month.

Christine feels the Lord has blessed Joni with unusual ability to memorize scriptures but she is quick to note further that Joni worked very hard. She did not idle away any of her time. Joni was assisted in her prodigious effort through *Learning God's Word* booklets 1, 2, and 3. She also was aided in the memorization process through the Bible game, "Glory."

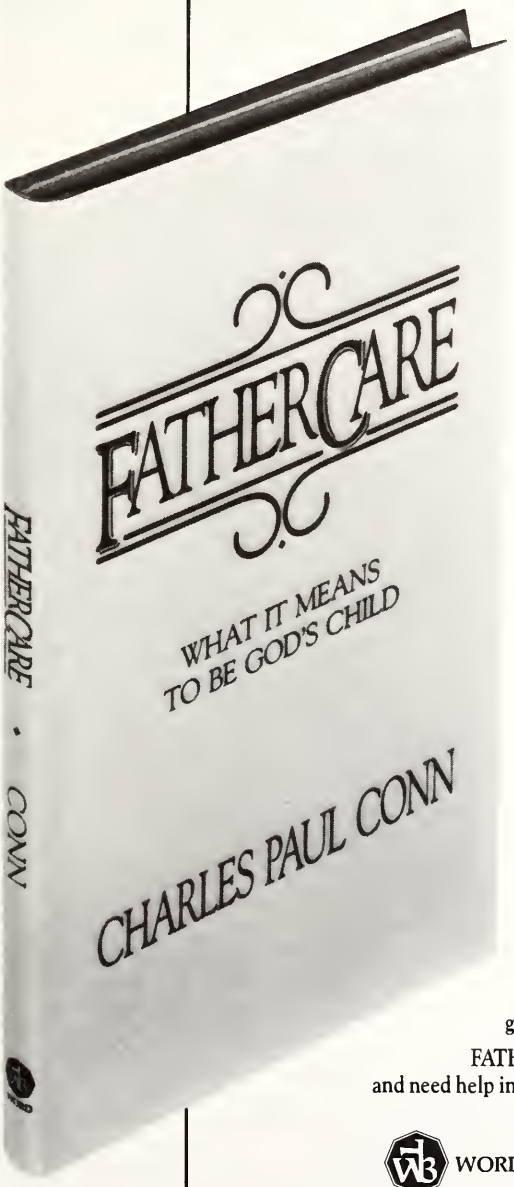
Joni was a new student who moved into Cleveland and became acquainted with the memory course program as the young people were nearing graduation date. She wanted all three certificates and she was willing to work hard both at church and at home, reading the Bible and listening to it read on tape.

Along with other students giving recitations in the church sanctuary, Joni will now participate in reciting Philippians 4:4-9 as part of the church's historical commemorative tape.

Joni's next project is to make a *Glory* Tape. This is a tape with only one student's recitation of all the scriptures required for both the books and the "Glory" game. There will be an interviewer on the tape with Joni. The tape will go into the church tape library and Joni herself will receive seven copies to be shared with others.

Joni is the granddaughter of former North Cleveland pastor Doyle Stanfield.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25



I WALK, My Father Praises Me.

I STUMBLE, I Am Lifted.

I FALL, And He Is There.

A child takes a step... and then falls. Quickly the father helps the child back to his feet to take another step. Patiently, the father teaches the child to walk again without falling.

Walking through life, we all take falls. Paul Conn's new book, FATHERCARE, is about our Divine Father helping us when we fall. We, like children, have physical and emotional needs. Our parental protector — Father God — is there to help in those times of confusion, loneliness, and physical necessities. He supplies our needs in a personal fashion, yet with loving discipline so that we may gain in maturity. Our God is a loving, nurturing, personable Father.

FATHERCARE is inspirational material for the times when we fall and need help in getting back on our feet.

WORD BOOKS

Available at fine bookstores everywhere

How to BE A NON-DISCIPL

Artist/Writer, LARRY E. NE



Love Him not, or at least obey Him not. Some of the key areas of your life are just too important to hand over to another—especially One who might not do what you want.

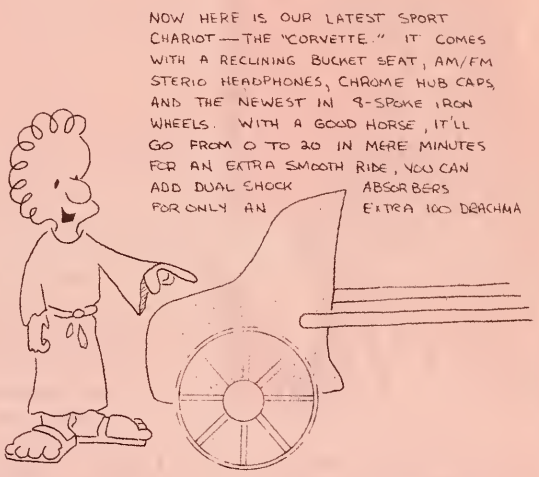


Love not others, or at least not in any tangible way. Hold grudges. Don't pray for them. Deceive them. Be impatient. Tear one another down. Be argumentative, unforgiving, and unresponsive to their needs.

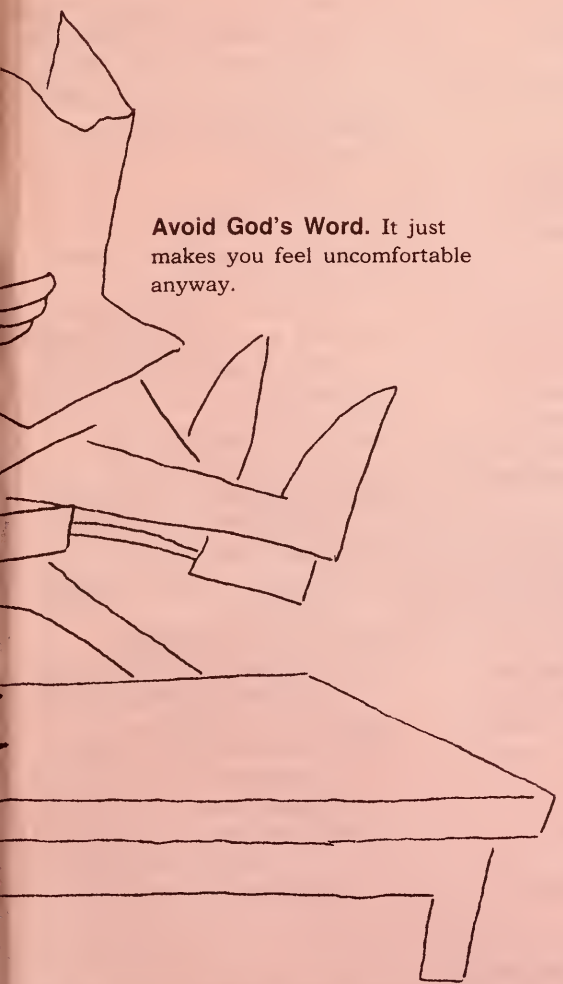




Deny not yourself. Seek after your own interests first. After all, if you don't take care of you, who will?



Play it safe. Stay away from crosses, especially your own. Who needs all that struggle, rejection, and pain? Not you. This life is too short for anything other than a cushy ride.



Avoid God's Word. It just makes you feel uncomfortable anyway.



"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord. "Plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future."
Jeremiah 29:11 (NIV)

©Larry E. Neagle

Trust Him not. After all, all He really wants to do is rip you off.



Freedom From Fear

by Wanda Cato Brett

Freedom.
    Whenever I hear the word
I gather up images in my mind
    And tie them together with
fragile twine:
    The liberty bell
    The flag
    The Declaration.
They all merge together
    A Statue of Liberty
    (standing in all weather)
        saying,
    "Give me your tired,
    Your poor
    Your huddled masses . . ."
The pictures freeze like Polaroids
    spread out on the table.

Freedom. I find myself repeating
    the familiar pledge
    ". . . One nation under God."
May nothing drive a wedge between us
    in the United States of America.
I smell fireworks and see bold splashes
    of color
        hurled against the sky
(spelling freedom in July).

Picnics and hot dogs
    Checkered tablecloths
        and paper plates
Laughing children and lawn chairs
        barking dogs
running in and out . . .
That's what July is all about.
Funny. I don't recall anyone
    ever mentioning freedom
        at a picnic.

I heard a child say,
    The thing about freedom is
When you have it
    You don't think about it—
And when you don't have it
    You think about it all the time.
(The words burned themselves
    in my mind.)

There is nothing so easy
    to take for granted
Unless it's breathing.
I am free.
    I have always had freedom
(abstract and concrete freedom
    Total and complete freedom)
And I don't know how it feels
    not to have it at all.

I wake up every morning
    And do as I please.
I call my friends and express
    an opinion;
I speak my mind openly.
(I am not afraid of spies or secrets)
    I live with ease.

I travel when and where I choose
    Spend money on what I like
Eat at any restaurant in town
    Listen to my favorite music
(When I'm feeling down).
I spend my time
    exactly
the way I want to.

No one tells me when I have
    to go to bed
    Or where I have to work
Or what to say and do and think
    Or if I have to think at all
Or who to elect or who to call.

And on Sunday morning
    I get up and choose
From a multitude of churches.
    I can go to any of them
To all of them
    To some or most or none
        of them
Without illegal searches.
And the God I worship
    I can call by name
Any day of the week.
And I am not afraid to pray
    To linger
    To stay
In His presence.

I am free.
Men have died to say
those words;
They have languished in prison cells
Free in spirit, bound in chains.
And we don't even know their names
to say thank-you.

My fingers fly across
the pages
Typing words and thoughts and lives.
They are not afraid
To type my opinions.
And expressing my viewpoint
Is not something I do with fear.
I do it easily all year.

When I sleep at night
I rest calmly on downy pillows
safe and even sound
While the river of liberty
flows all around.

I do not huddle on a blanket
the other side of
darkness,
Holding children
And covering their ears
against the sound of soldiers.
(I do not watch them grow
old and older.)
I do not cover my eyes against
the sights and sounds
of oppression.

I do not weep and tell them
"Your father is never
coming home."
Hunger is not my daily bread;
Terror is not my lifestyle.
I have a place to lay my head.

I eat fried chicken and
mashed potatoes
Until I'm full.
I know what laughter is
What happy-ever-after is.

We are rich beyond dreams
Wealthier than kings
Blessed and yet we call ourselves
forgotten.

Across wheat fields and cities
Suburbia and plains
We are still vibrant and strong
A new nation growing in liberty
Singing freedom songs.

And when it's all over
When it's all said and done
Freedom is not the tall white
buildings in
Washington
Or waving flags in the breeze.

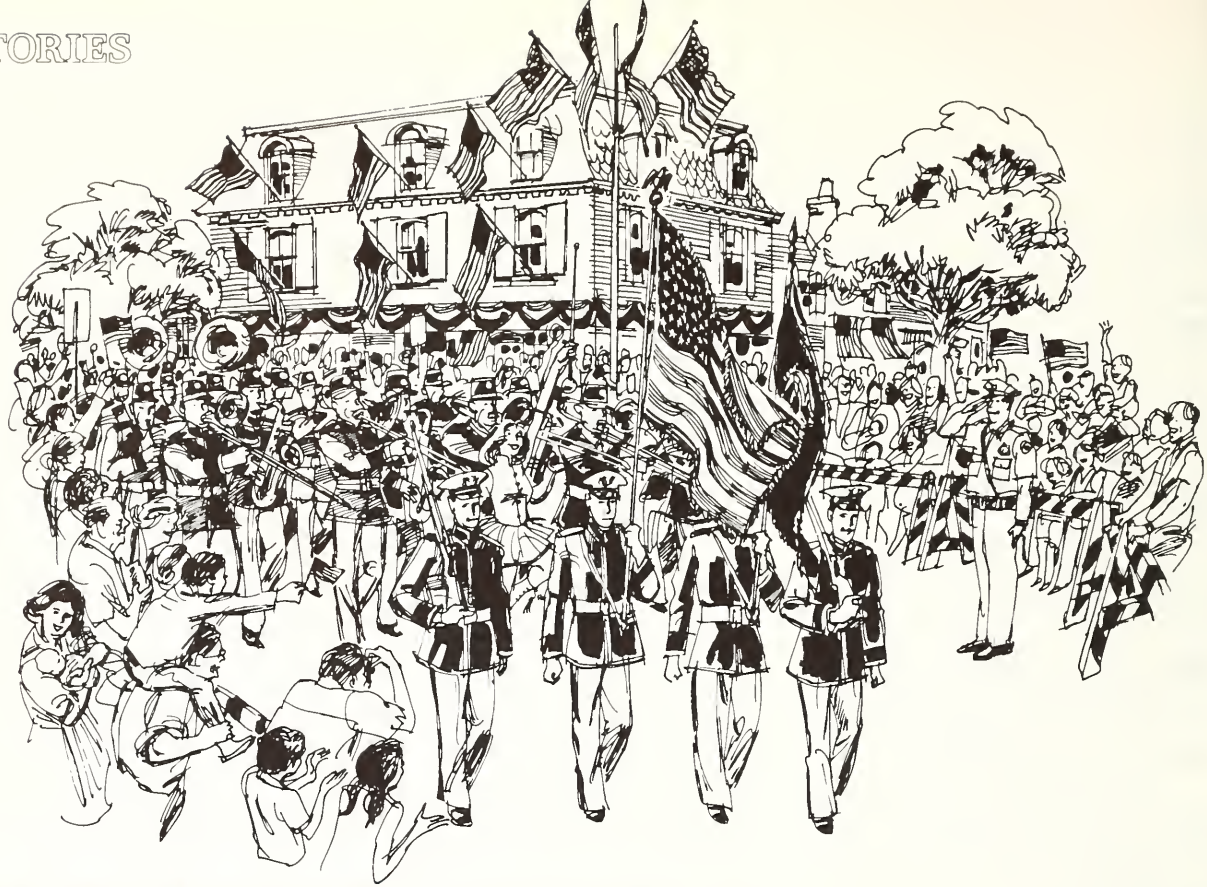
It is a living thing.
It is people,
breathing and building
loving and laughing
working and wishing
walking and talking
praying and planting—
It is a living thing!

All the patchwork pieces
of our lives
Fitted together in a
pattern of peace
Quilted on a frame
Name after name.

Freedom. It is fragile
Like the dandelion dust
A puff of wind
can blow away.
And it is strong—
As strong as a nation
can make it,
As long as a nation
can make it.

I have heard the freedom bell
Ring out liberty
in the evening.
There is nothing quite so easy
To take for granted
—Unless its breathing . . .

Freedom.



GROWING PAINS by Hoyt E. Stone

JEFF BARKER paused at the gate of the white picket fence. He swallowed, glanced back down the street toward the poor section where he and his mother lived, squared his shoulders, and started up the board sidewalk.

No need putting it off any longer, Jeff told himself. Like Cathy said, it was something he had to do. Her father wouldn't have it any other way. Jeff had been talking to himself all morning. He had fortified his resolve by saying Mr. Sawyers was no different from any other man. He might be the town banker but he was still a man.

Jeff tried to swagger a little. Then, looking down at his heavy brown work shoes, the swagger faded. He was once again the Barker boy from the bottoms and there didn't seem anything which could change that fact overnight. He had to face Mr. Sawyers just as he was. In his heart Jeff said a prayer. He sure did like Cathy.

Jeff was eighteen now. So was Cathy. They had a right to see each other, if they both wanted it. Jeff felt Mr. Sawyers was being unfair by refusing.

Jeff lifted the brass door knocker and dropped it. The bang startled him. It was louder than he expected. Within a few moments, old man Ross, the Sawyers' butler and handyman, opened the door. He bowed slightly and gave a sweeping gesture with his right arm.

"Come in, Mr. Barker. You are expected. Follow me, please. Mr. Sawyers is in the study."

The foyer was high-ceilinged. Jeff tried not to stare but he saw the winding staircase leading to the second floor and he saw the giant chandelier immediately overhead. It must have held a hundred candles. There was a soft rug on the floor, something Jeff had seen only in pictures. They passed

through a sitting room and through a large oak door. The study had books around three walls. Mr. Sawyers sat behind a mammoth desk. He wore tiny spectacles down on the end of his nose. His coat was off and he was working over a set of books.

"Hello, Jeff." Mr. Sawyers made a notation with his quill pen and nodded toward a chair just in front of the desk.

Jeff had always believed Mr. Sawyers to be a gentleman and a reasonable man. He couldn't understand why things now seemed so tense. Jeff guessed it was his shoes. He felt all feet. When he sat down, it seemed his weight was too much for the chair, that he somehow might damage it, so he sat awkwardly toward the front of the chair rather than in a natural position. There was a strange ticklish feeling in Jeff's throat.

"Something wrong, Jeff?"

"Oh . . . eh . . . no Sir. Nothing wrong. I . . . I just didn't want to disturb your work, that's all."

Mr. Sawyers put down his quill, pushed back the ledger, and smiled. "No bother, Jeff. Cathy said you were coming. Said you had something to speak with me about."

Jeff nodded. "Yes. Yes Sir. I wanted to talk to you about your daughter, Sir."

"Oh. And what about her?"

"Well . . . eh . . . you see, Sir, Cathy and I . . . eh . . . we've been seeing each other along some, and . . ."

"You and Cathy have been keeping company without my permission?" Mr. Sawyers' voice sounded ominous.

"Well . . . eh . . . no Sir, that's not exactly what I meant to say. We went to school together, you know. She sometimes comes to the store. We have talked some, over business, and . . . eh . . . well, Sir, I think she's a mighty fine girl."

"I'm certainly going to agree with that, Jeff. After all, she's my daughter."

Jeff swallowed. Things weren't going the way he wanted.

"Sir," Jeff's voice rose to a higher pitch, something which often happened when he was nervous, "may I have your permission to come callin' on your daughter? That's all I wanted to ask, Sir."

Silence. Jeff heard the beat of his heart, the tick of the big clock in the corner. He was so near panic that, for a moment, he failed to register Mr. Sawyers' next words.

"Of course, Jeff. Cathy talks of you quite often. She thinks you are an admirable young man. She claims you aren't always going to be the poor little Barker kid from the bottoms. Now, I may or I may not agree with her assessment of you, but as a father with one daughter I'm willing to go along with something she obviously wants."

"You are? Eh, I mean, I can. Eh . . ." Jeff swallowed again and leaned his tall frame back in the chair. "I guess you noticed, Sir, that I'm a little nervous."

"That's all right, Jeff. I understand. I trust there's something you understand as well. You don't seem like the best of suitors for my daughter but that's for Cathy to decide. What did you have in mind specifically? If I remember correctly, Cathy said the two of you wanted to attend the Fourth of July parade together."

"Yes Sir. That's what we planned. With your permission, Sir. And, of course, if Mr. Simmons will let me off work."

"You haven't asked him?"

"Well . . . eh . . . yes, I've asked him. He's promised to give me the day off, too. But Mr. Simmons has consumption, Sir. He sometimes needs me when he hasn't planned. I couldn't walk out on him if an emergency came up."

Mr. Sawyers moved his body closer to the desk. "Jeff, you've asked permission to take

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Update

by DOUGLAS LEROY

YOUTH CONGRESS ON WORLD EVANGELISM

"Hey, John, let's go to the Youth Seminar at the World Congress on Evangelism, August 10-12, in Cleveland, Tennessee."

"Well, I don't know. I'm sure that it would be fun meeting young people from all over the world, but I'm not sure that I'm into missions."

"If you feel that way John, then, you should definitely go. You see, one of the purposes of the congress is to introduce you to the global responsibility of every Christian."

"How do you do that?"

"All the young people will meet in the new Lee gymnasium. We will answer a missions quiz to find out how much we know about our world. Then, we are going to participate in a gigantic World Activity Game. It will be fun and very informative. We will also interact with missionaries and church leaders about how young people can get involved in world missions."

"Bob, you are getting me excited."

"That's not all, John. We will see a new movie that shows our misconceptions of missionaries and sharing our faith. The small-group discussions and the commitment time will zero in on how we can personally respond to the Great Commission."

"You've sold me, Bob. I'll be there."

How about you? Can I expect you to attend the youth activities of the World Congress on Evangelism? Look me up. Okay?



I WANT TO BE A SURGEON

Continued from page 5

next. Other than a quick visit to the lounge for coffee or a snack, there will be no time for breaks. Doctors in scrub clothes can't enter the cafeteria. This will go on all day, right up till 4 p.m.

"My OR day is rough, so rough in fact that I'll not jog or do much of anything else.

"The other days aren't quite so hectic.

"Come home. Eat a meal I prepare for myself. Mother taught me how to prepare meals and freeze them. Watch some TV.

"Bed early." □



GROWING PAINS

Continued from page 19

my daughter to the parade next week and I've given it. Cathy is looking forward to that parade very much. I suggest you not let anything . . . you hear me . . . don't let anything spoil her day."

"Yes Sir. I understand, Sir. And I agree. I really appreciate this, Mr. Sawyers."

Jeff couldn't think of more to say and Mr. Sawyers didn't seem inclined to continue the conversation.

"Well, Sir" . . . Jeff stood . . . "guess I'll be going now." He bowed awkwardly and smiled. "May I say one other thing, Sir? You sure do have a beautiful home. I knew it was nice on the outside but it's even better inside."

"Thank you, Jeff. You have a nice evening."

2

For Jeff, things began to go wrong almost immediately. First, Slim Walker the lumberyard watchman broke his leg. This meant there would be no one to look after things on the Fourth. With all the town drunks and riffraff from the county coming into town, that was a terrible risk for Mr. Simmons to take.

"Jeff, you can't stand me up on the most important day of the summer," Cathy said. She had fire in her eyes.

"I don't intend to, Cathy. Not if something else can be arranged. But I needed to tell you my problem."

Mr. Simmons was understanding.

"Don't worry, Jeff," he said on the night before. "I know tomorrow is a big day for you. Go ahead. You and Cathy have a good time. I'll look after the place myself."

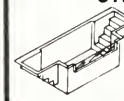
That night Jeff shined his shoes. He carried in water and took a bath in the zinc tub behind the kitchen wood stove. He laid out his finest clothes. *Tomorrow*, he kept thinking, *Fourth of July, 1896. It's going to be the most important day of my life.*

Next morning, while Jeff was at breakfast with his biscuits and gravy, listening for the first notes of merrymaking, a neighbor came and said Mr. Simmons had suffered another attack. The doc was with him.

What was Jeff to do?

He had worked three years for Mr. Simmons. He and his mother depended on his earnings. Besides, Jeff had plans for the future, a future he hoped would include a retail store and maybe a lumberyard

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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Current Happenings with Questions for Christian Reflection

YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by SONJIA LEE HUNT, Leadership Development Coordinator

THE PEACE CORPS—PRACTICAL DIPLOMACY

Do you remember the Peace Corps? It doesn't receive as much attention and not as many young people volunteer to serve with the Peace Corps as once did. Its membership, however, consists of more than 5,000 men and women serving in more than sixty countries.

Rich Abell, the Peace Corps director of programs, says, "Our job is to be a catalyst for positive change within the local culture. For a project to succeed, the biggest change must come with the local villagers saying, 'I can do it! I can make a constructive change in my life and for my descendants.' Then we will have accomplished our task of becoming intentionally obsolete."

"For volunteers today," says Jean Lujan, codirector of the Peace Corps in Costa Rica, "we don't want starry-eyed idealists. But when you're out by yourself, and things have been going wrong for days, and it's been raining for weeks, and you're tired of eating rice, the only thing that keeps you going is idealism." (*Parade* Magazine) ☐

* * * *

1. Do you know the purpose of the Peace Corps? When it was begun?

2. Do you think the Peace Corps is a worthy program? Worthy of its $109 million budget? What is practical diplomacy?

3. Do you think the Peace Corps would be a good area of service for a Christian young person? Do you think idealism is the motivation that Christ will reward when He judges our good deeds? ☐

SOUP LINES

Soup lines. A symbol of economic and personal tragedy. Yet, also a symbol of caring.

Five downtown churches—of various denominations—in Chattanooga, Tennessee, have joined to help meet the needs of those hurting individuals on their doorsteps. Accepting the meals of soup, sandwiches, sweet rolls or doughnuts and something to drink is a new occurrence for many of the more than one hundred jobless who stand in line each day.

"About 80 percent of those who come here have been involved in broken homes," a worker said. "This is not just a line of addicts and drunks. It's a line of victims."

Those who come are not expected to attend a church service either before or after the meal. It is simply that there is a need and this is the best way to minister to it. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) ☐

* * * *

1. What ministry does your church (or would your church) perform for the needy of your community? Are there needs that are going unmet?

2. How would you plan and structure a noonday meal ministry in your community? Would you contact all other churches? Just Church of God churches? Would you require church attendance of those who are fed? Would you hold special "separate" services for them? ☐

MUTED MILITARISM

"War is inevitable and a reasonable way of solving conflicts."

That's one conclusion you'd reach by reading eleven of the history textbooks most widely used in this country, according to Sergio Herscovici of the City University of New York and Sharon Wigutoff, an authority on sexism and racism in children's books.

Their survey—documented in their book *Militarism in Textbooks*—concludes that school texts are "soft on war." (*NEA Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. Do you believe that "war is inevitable and a reasonable way of solving conflicts"?

2. Do you think only the first part of the statement is true? Why or why not?

3. Under what conditions will all nations and people eventually live in peace, according to Scripture? ☐

THE DISCIPLINE DIET

The average American adolescent consumes 836 cans of soda each year. Most survive, at least temporarily, with few side effects more serious than hefty dental bills.

By contrast, a recent study conducted at Germany's University of Mainz found that delinquent and behaviorally disoriented children gulped down between 1,200 and 1,500 cans a year of sugar-soaked and carbohydrate-laden soft drinks.

Is there a connection? Most research suggests a resounding yes. Recent reports by the American Psychological Association show that among the most severe delinquents, dietary modification (mainly less sugar) may result in as much as an 80 percent decline in disciplinary infractions. (*NEA Today*) ☐

* * * *

What does this report suggest to you concerning your diet? Are you average, above average or below average, according to the article, in your consumption of sugared drinks? ☐

GROWING PAINS

Continued from page 21

of his own. He couldn't throw all that overboard, not for one date with Cathy.

Still, as Jeff remembered Mr. Sawyers' stern voice, and as he thought of his promise, he also felt he owed something to Cathy. He wrestled with his problem all morning. Around 10 a.m., when the town was beginning to come alive, Jeff put on his old clothes and went to the lumberyard. He asked his mother to tell Cathy he was sorry.

Jeff walked around the lumberyard, listening to the firecrackers and to the school band just starting up down by the river. He could imagine all the people on the streets and he knew what a grand time the boys were having.

It was past 6 p.m., after much of the noise had quieted down and when most folks were taking time out for the evening meal. Jeff smelled smoke. Turning, he saw flames over in the far corner of the lumberyard. He ran quickly for the water bucket. Not enough! He rushed into the street yelling the one word folks dreaded most.

"Fire! Fire! Over in the lumberyard. Someone call the water brigade."

The men of the town were able to bring the fire under control. Mr. Simmons lost but one stack of lumber.

3

"Mr. Sawyers wants to see you, Jeff." It was his mother speaking, day after the fire. "Said come by the bank."

Oh no, Jeff thought. *Now I'll catch it.*

Jeff went to the bank on his lunch hour. Mr. Sawyers might not understand but Jeff didn't regret his decision.

"I'll get right to the point, Jeff." Mr. Sawyers was stern of face. "Sometimes a man has to speak up for what he knows to be right."

Jeff swallowed. There it was again. He wished he didn't always get that ticklish feeling in his throat.

"Why did you decide to go to work on the Fourth, Jeff? We live in a free country. You didn't have to work."

"Eh, no Sir. I didn't have to. Like you say, it's a free country. I was free not to work. But I was also free to work. Freedom goes both ways, Mr. Sawyers. Mr. Simmons needed me. That seemed the right thing, though it wasn't easy."

"I was very angry with you, Jeff, the day you ruined my daughter's celebration. I told her she ought to forget you. But I was wrong. I was wrong to feel that way about you and you were right to do what you did. Had you not shouldered responsibility and gone to the lumberyard, not only would Mr. Simmons have lost everything he owns, but this town, including my bank, could have gone up in smoke. I just want to say thanks and to tell you Cathy wishes very much for you to come calling."

"She does?"

"Would you like to come tonight?"

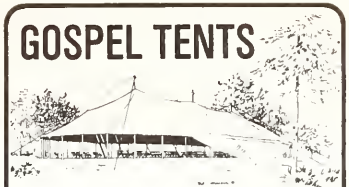
"Oh yes, Sir. Tonight would be great, Sir."

"The parlor will be lighted, Jeff. You are always welcome at my house."

Jeff stood up. He moved

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

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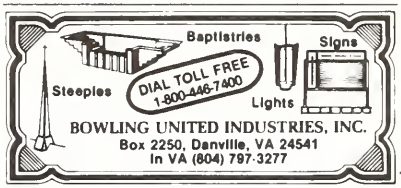
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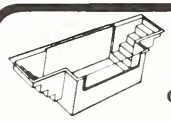
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THE ROOSEVELT MILLER STORY by Roosevelt Miller and Dr. Donald Gibson

For those many friends and Lee College alumni who, over the years, have learned to love Roosevelt Miller, you won't want to miss this book. The book has been written by Roosevelt himself and Dr. Donald Gibson, a longtime friend and colleague. In the book you will have opportunity to understand and laugh with "Rosie" as he traces his early life as a singer in gospel quartets and his military career. You will also learn some fascinating details about his life as the music man at Lee College.

Also, there's a wonderful testimony about a healing in Brother Miller's left lung. To get the book you will need to order it from Roosevelt Miller himself, this address: Roosevelt Miller, 803 23rd Street, NW, Cleveland, TN 37311. Price: $10.00. □

FATHER CARE by Paul Conn

Paul's latest book deals with theology and the Bible in the sense of God's care for His children. It's printed by Word (Waco, Texas) and will be available on the market shortly. See other ad, this magazine. □

MAKING THE MOST OF LIFE by Charles C. Ryrie

Who doesn't want to? But it's not easy! You face so many choices, so many roadblocks, so many ways that look right but turn out wrong.

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In this book you'll see that true worship begins with a right attitude and a right relationship with God. You'll find out how to get more out of worship by learning what true worship really is. (A Victor Books Elective, 13 Sessions) □

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In this book a pastor and his wife share secrets of the happiest marriages.

It takes two to grow a beautiful marriage relationship. If you and your companion are committed to a growing, lasting marriage, you will want to read what Bartlett and Margaret Hess have to say about: dreams versus choices, growing up, no home needing a boss, what children do to a marriage, friendship in marriage, when others attract you, and rebuilding marriage. Written by a pastor who, during almost thirty years of ministry, has married nearly three thousand couples. (Victor Books) □



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GROWING PAINS

Continued from page 23

forward and reached out to shake Mr. Sawyers' hand.

"Thank you, Sir."

The tightness in Jeff's throat was gone. He hummed a little tune as he walked from the bank. □

JONI AND THE BIBLE

Continued from page 12

Bible Memory Courses have been a part of teaching and training ministries at the North Cleveland Church since Geneva Carroll first initiated the program in 1965. Though not all children excel as has Joni, all are benefited through knowing key verses from the Bible.

All the young people who study, and especially those faithful workers such as Christine S. Stewart, are to be congratulated. □



Tortured for Christ!



Milan Haimovici

Lutheran pastor Milan Haimovici spent eight years in Romanian jails passing through indescribable tortures. The Communists placed him barefoot on burning coals. He was savagely beaten in the groin and made to empty barrels filled with the human waste of thousands of prisoners with his own hands. However, his faith withstood all these trials. Even Communist officers as they spoke later about it, were filled with such respect that they took off their hats when speaking about this living saint. Thousands of Christian prisoners died in Romanian Communist jails. A complete account of their courageous faith and stand for the Lord is contained in the book TORTURED FOR CHRIST, by Rev. Richard Wurmbrand, a bestseller in 52 languages.

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I started out in morning light
With pulsing heart to join the fight;
With banners bright against the sky,
I set my heart to do or die.
My cause was right, I knew the way,
And so I'd win without delay.

For God and right I rushed headlong
Into the fight against all wrong;
Impatiently I joined the field
Expecting every foe to yield.
With youthful zest and zeal I fought
As I believed good Christians ought.

But now the day has older grown
And still the battle rages on—
I gained no instant victory,
Was granted no immunity,
I've had to fight with might and main
For every triumph I have gained.

by Charles W. Conn

My head has often felt the blows
Of fierce, determined, unseen foes.
And oft my hand has heavy grown
So I could scarcely hold my own.
I've had my fondest dreams denied—
But I have tried, thank God I've tried.

I've seen my proudest arrows scattered,
And felt my armor creased and battered,
I've seen companions brave as I
Grow faint of heart, retreat and die.
But doggedly I still fight on—
And fight I will till I am gone.

Though many foes were unexpected
And there were conflicts unsuspected,
I've not despaired nor lost my heart,
Which stands as firm as at the start:
I still believe truth will prevail
For those who stand and do not fail.

EDITORIAL, Hoyt E. Stone



WARS and Rumors of WARS

JESUS SPOKE about it. Most of us have heard it mentioned: wars and rumors of wars.

We talk so much of nuclear holocaust, of our fear of World War III, of IBM's and the destruction of whole cities, that we forget what is happening around us every day.

According to James Reston, the Center for Defense Information is a think tank in Washington that keeps score on the wars, rebellions, and other violent uprisings going on in the world. What the CDI reports should make any Christian realize the relevance of Christ's "wars and rumors of wars."

In the last three years alone, six new wars have broken out. Only two have ended. Over four million people are engaged in combat.

Forty-five of the world's 164 nations are involved in these wars, a half million foreign combat troops are involved, and the CDI estimates that from one to five million people have been killed.

There are ten conflicts in the Middle East-Persian Gulf, ten more in Asia and Africa, seven in Latin America, and three in Europe. Five of these are referred to as conventional wars and thirty-five are called internal guerrilla struggles. Such terms, I suppose, sound better and more acceptable than "war."

According to the CDI, and again quoting from James Reston:

. . . between one and four million have died in Cambodia since 1970.

. . . in East Timor, it has been 100,000 to 250,000 since 1975.

. . . in Afghanistan, 100,000 since 1978.

. . . in the conflict between Iran and Iraq, 80,000 to 100,000 since 1980.

. . . in Lebanon, nobody knows for sure but we have seen the horror portrayed on television and in magazines.

One might argue indefinitely about the advantages and disadvantages of modern news coverage, as we witness it today, but one thing seems sure: We have become sedated, so used to seeing death and destruction that we think of it as little more than another Hollywood production, something we watch at 6 p.m., switch channels, then forget within moments.

Jesus said, "Ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars" (Matthew 24:6).

Jesus also said, "These are the beginning of sorrows" (Matthew 24:8).

"The love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved" (Matthew 24:12, 13). □



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Mobile's Azalea Trail Maids

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(Three Examples of Being a Good Example)

LIGHTED PATHWAY
Guiding Youth

August, 1983
Volume 54, Number 8

Larry Clark discusses this generation's penchant for using vulgar language, a takeoff on Mark Twain's Sowberry Hagan. Van Henderson argues for more recognition of the role every Christian fulfills in God's kingdom.

"The Mark" is futuristic, what *could* happen if certain trends continue. Shadow of the Antichrist.

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Hoyt E. Stone







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Mobile's Azalea Trail Maids

Gene Merritt Photos

By GENE MERRITT

(Three Examples of Being a Good Example)

MOBILE'S 1982-83 Court of Azalea Trail Maids consisted of a group of fifty young ladies chosen from more than 2,400 senior high-school girls. Of these, three are active in local Church of God congregations. Donna Tillman, Sherri Elmore and Waverly Williams were honored this past year to be part of this elite group.

What is an Azalea Trail Maid?

She is a high-school senior chosen from among her classmates to become an official hostess for the City of Mobile. Her duties are many and varied. She may be asked to greet visiting dignitaries. She may welcome tour groups and provide them escort through the area. She will also be seen at the Junior Miss Pageant, the Senior Bowl, the Azalea Trail Run, and at many other local tourist attractions.

Mobile's Azalea Trail Maids

Each young lady becomes a "traveling ambassador" for Mobile, visiting such places as the Dothan Peanut Festival in Alabama and Disney World in Florida. The Azalea Trail Maid will also engage in charity work involving religious benevolent organizations, nursing homes, and orphanages. She is expected to have an exceptional knowledge of the Mobile area, its history, its traditions, and current events.

The standards for selection as an Azalea Trail Maid are high and exacting. Girls must be of impeccable moral character, academically outstanding, with a pleasing personality, and a willingness to work.

Poise and appearance are also essential to selection. And creative ability is demonstrated in the requirement that each girl design the antebellum-style dress she wears at official functions.



Donna Tillman, age seventeen, attends high school in her hometown of Theodore, Alabama. She is a member of the Oak Park Church of God where she sings in the group Solid Oak. In addition to being the Sunday school secretary, she is happily involved in children's church and the puppet ministry.

In spite of her busy schedule, Donna is learning to play the piano. Her hobbies include reading, cheerleading, and being an Azalea Trail Maid.

Spring Hill College is also in Donna's future. She plans to major in psychology.

Of the challenge facing Christian youth today, Donna says: "Adhering to the Lord's will is the biggest challenge. Because of unwholesome activities and pressure to take part in them, a Christian young person's strength is tested. To overcome these temptations, you must continue to pray and seek God's Word daily."

Donna is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Tillman. She has a younger sister, Brandi, and a brother, Bill, Jr.

* * *

Sherri Elmore, also age seventeen, is the daughter of



Mr. and Mrs. Elzie Elmore. She attends Baker High School and is very active in the Springhill Church of God.

Musically talented, Sherri sings and plays the piano, the flute and the piccolo. Her hobbies are sports—especially swimming—reading, and playing the piano. Sherri's academic plans call for future enrollment at the University of South Alabama in Mobile where she expects to pursue a career in nursing. One of her long-range goals in life is to be a good example, especially to her younger sister, Kerri.

On being a Christian example Sherri says: "A person doesn't have to follow the crowd to be friendly with the crowd. Being involved in school activities has given me opportunity to share my Christian beliefs with my classmates. In trying to set a Christian example, I often ask myself: 'Would Jesus approve of my doing this?' "

* * *

Waverly Williams, age seventeen, is a member of the Celeste Road Church of God

where she serves as a kindergarten Sunday school teacher. She also sings in the choir and enjoys working in Kids Krusades.

Waverly's hobbies are doll collecting and traveling. She is headed for college at the University of South Alabama where she expects to major in computer science.

Waverly says of today's youth: "Being a young person in today's world offers many exciting and some difficult challenges but the Lord is there to help you overcome the hardships and to enjoy the good times even more."

Waverly is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Williams of Saraland.

The Church of God can be proud of these young ladies. They have brought honor upon themselves, their church, school and community.

We add our congratulations. □

MOBILE'S AZALEA TRAIL AND FESTIVAL—
A Project of the Mobile Jaycees

In 1951, the Mobile Azalea Festival became an annual Jaycee event.

Today the Azalea Festival fills three months of Mobile's spring calendar with outstanding sports, cultural and horticultural events. It's all part of the ever-growing Azalea Festival.

The Azalea Trail is a thirty-seven-mile pleasure path that winds through Mobile's most beautiful and historic neighborhoods. Antebellum homes and ancient oaks provide a stunning background for imaginative plantings of azaleas, pink and white dogwood, wisteria, redbuds, forsythia, tulips and daffodils.

The Historic Homes Tour opens many fascinating doors, public and private, to festival visitors. You can visit Creole cottages, Federal townhouses and Greek Revival mansions. You can look at these architectural classics and see the indelible influence of six nations whose flags have flown over Mobile during the last three centuries.

The thirty-seven-mile Azalea Trail is marked by ample signage and a vivid pink line on the street itself. The Trail is divided into two tour routes, Historic and Springhill. The Historic route will take you into elegant, antebellum sections where centuries-old oaks shade the mansions that made the Old South famous. The Springhill route will carry you from the old Spring Hill College to the new University of South Alabama. In Springhill you will see historic homes as well as their modern counterparts. And, needless to say, you will see azaleas in a profusion that cannot be described or imagined. Take both routes. It's free! □

Gene Merritt Photos



SOWBERRY HAGAN AND HIS



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

MARK TWAIN never introduced us to Sowberry Hagan. Of all the characters that peopled his novels, we never meet the man who could outcuss even old Pap. Huckleberry Finn said Sowberry was the cussin'est man in the whole region.

Remember the cabin scene when Huck's father locked him up for four days? Once when Pap slammed his foot into a tub, he let out a series of oaths and curses.

"The cussing he done then," says Huck, "laid over anything he had ever done previous. He said so his own self afterwards. He had heard old Sowberry Hagan in his better days, and said it laid over him, too; but I reckon that was sort of piling it on, maybe."

Mark Twain winked at irreverent humor. It evoked great admiration if a man had such a raunchy vocabulary that he could carry on a tirade mingled with oaths, curses and obscenities. We are made to think such talk is merely a way of speech that certain men engage in. We are to act amused and laugh it off. Some newswriters even call profanity an art form and regret that obscene speech is replacing it.

Can we dismiss cursing, swearing and profanity as just a way of speech? The Scriptures do not lightly put aside profanity. "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil," says Proverbs 8:13. "I hate pride and arrogance, evil behavior and perverse speech" (*NIV*). Another strong statement appears in Proverbs 11:20: "The Lord detests men of perverse heart" (*NIV*).

Webster makes a difference between "curse" and "swear."

CHILDREN

By Larry Clark

Curse: the general word for the heartfelt invoking or violent or angry calling down of evil on another. *Swear*: to use the name of God or of some holy person or thing as an exclamation to add force or show anger.

Cuss is a U.S. colloquialism for cursing. Sowberry Hagan and his ilk live on in American society. People freely utter blasphemies, they snarl out cusswords, they spice their speech with swearwords and obscenities.

I grew up with parents who were moral people but unchurched. We belonged to that 80 percent of the state population who did not practice any religious faith.

During my early years I heard no obscenities in our household. My father, during fits of anger, invoked the deities, but as a schoolteacher his intellect and training kept him from using disgusting or obscene words. But at public school my playmates voiced the current vulgar language they heard at home.

I remember Dave, a fellow seventh-grade pupil at Emerson School. The teacher put us together on patrol duty. At 3 p.m. we toted out the "iron men" and stood them up on busy Monroe Street to warn motorists to slow down for the children.

Dave, just twelve years old, had a fantastic vocabulary, spiced with swearwords, curses and profanity. Big for his age, Dave had the bravado to punctuate his sentences with oaths and cusswords. As we walked along the street, the iron men over our shoulders, Dave filled the air with profanities, addressed at no one. Just a perverse habit started in so young a man.

Gradually the perverse language that swirled around me lodged in my own brain. I tried to suppress it. My mother never used foul language and I respected her.

Then one day it spilled out. A fellow named Jim had befriended me and often came over to visit. While we were playing in our front yard, something angered me. Suddenly a volley of curses and obscenities poured from my mouth.

I shocked Jim. He was a different sort of a kid—he went to Sunday school. I thought only weird people went to church. But Jim was well mannered and clean-cut. Following my outburst, he took me aside and gave me a gentle rebuke for my bad speech and told me about his faith in Jesus Christ.

Such talk about religion made me feel uncomfortable and I rebelled. But his words nudged me to realize not everyone enjoyed foul talk. I did take Christ as Savior and Lord when I was nineteen and now, many years later, I wonder just why people curse and swear.

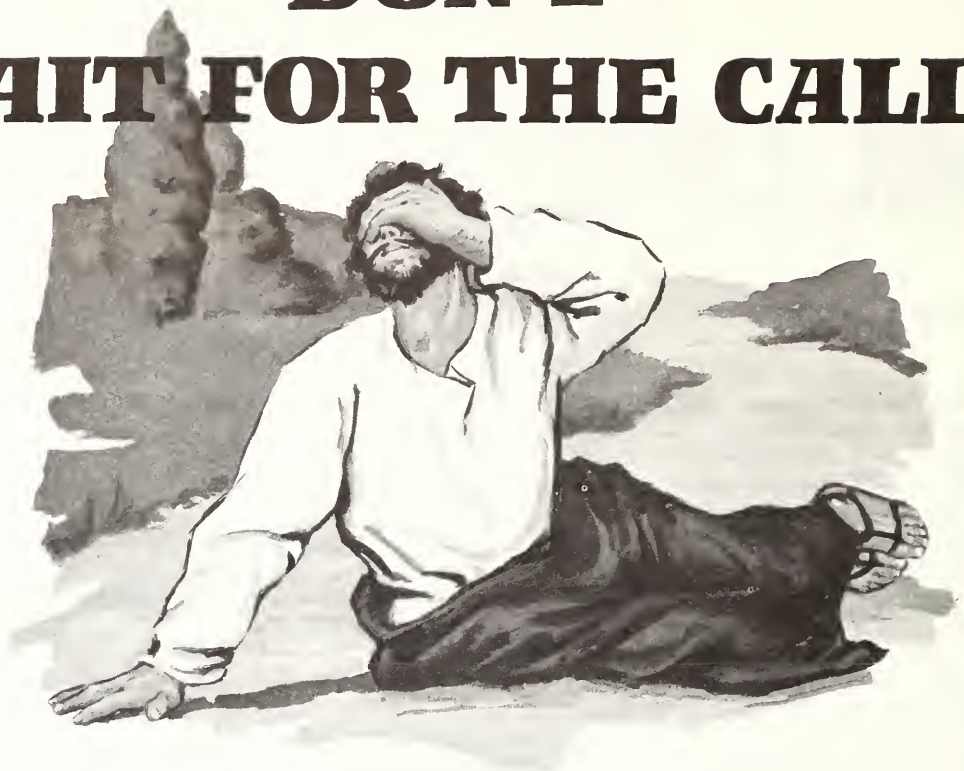
The origin of swearing is lost in antiquity. "Damn" used to mean a request for some divine power to blast someone of the opposition. Tribal customs and taboos involved imprecations and curses on enemies.

Today, cursing still involves using words to club someone else. But the main purpose is to bolster the one doing the swearing. Swearing theorists regard foul language as a valuable safety valve. They even say swearing can help a person salvage his self-esteem and save his ego from extermination. Besides, we are told (in defense of swearing) that when people lose their capacity to swear, their aggression takes on more violent forms.

What about those who get the blunt end of the club? Cursing affects other people. While someone uses foul language and fills the air with a blue haze, those words invade the minds and thoughts of the listener. To make it worse, the shock value of cursing wears off and then the curser needs stronger and cruder statements to express himself.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

DON'T WAIT FOR THE CALL



By Van Henderson

GOD MIRACULOUSLY CALLED PAUL TO HIS WORK

WHEN I was age six we lived in a sleepy little southeast Mississippi town called Lucedale. We four kids and our parents shared a dilapidated four-room parsonage next door to the small but growing church my dad pastored.

We nearly smothered in winter from the weight of quilts it took to keep us from dying of exposure in that drafty old house. We nearly smothered in summer from the heat.

One of those memorable experiences I'll never want to forget. My dad's second pastorate. Dad and my mom were young and idealistic enough to tackle anything then, and we kids were in seventh heaven. We loved going home with the farmers' kids for Sunday dinner and doing real he-man chores around the barnyard. We loved the big catfish suppers under the string of yellow light bulbs on July nights. In fact, we loved just about everything about being preacher's kids.

Brother Robbie asked Mom during devotions one night how Daddy had known he'd been called to preach.

"Well," she started explaining in Daddy's preacher-absence, "he just heard this soft, still voice down inside him."

Robbie propped his chin on his crisscrossed arms and seemed to have resolved this great question.

During the darkness of early morning hours, Robbie's callous little feet hit the floor. He groped his way around furniture over to Mother's and Daddy's bedroom.

"Mama, Mama," he said in what was supposed to be a whisper, "I've been called to preach! My tummy just said, 'ooie, ooie.' "

There are still lots of people around with Robbie's notion—that we must have a dramatic call, a still, soft voice nudging us through the silence of night, for our work to be used of God. There are some missionaries who can tell us about how their call to foreign countries came almost like the pillar of light that fell on Paul as he hiked his way to Damascus. A lot of ministers relish telling about their call to the ministry.

But what about us laymen?

Where's our calling?

I don't think I've ever heard a Christian layman tell of being called by God to work at the job he's on.

What this does is cause a lot of people to assume that all those in gospel work have specifically been called, while those who have secular jobs have not.

We ought to guard against this idea because it separates the Christian life into two parts—sacred and secular. Such thinking encourages the notion that people who have been called are of great importance to the Lord, anyone else is only occasionally used in the Kingdom.

One of the most interesting autobiographies in the Bible is found in the Book of Daniel. Daniel was used greatly by the Lord, but we aren't told he was ever called. It was circumstance, not calling, which allowed Daniel to contribute so much to the Kingdom. All Christians know God controls the circumstances of our lives. He establishes the boundaries. God miraculously called Paul to His work: the same God created circumstances favorable for Daniel to do Kingdom work.

God places us where He wants us, or calls us to do different things, through many different means. Most of us have our present jobs, not because God called us to them, but because He arranged our circumstances in such a way that we got the opportunity to land our jobs. God causes all "circumstances" to work together for good in the lives of those who love Him.

Though we may not have experienced a dramatic calling from God, we ought not feel like second-class Christians. Whether or not we realize it, we have been called. It's clearly stated in the Bible: called to be saints (1 Corinthians 1:2); called to follow Christ's example (1 Peter 2:21); called to live holy lives (Titus 2:11-14). We are to live holy lives wherever we live, work, or play.

For those of us who may feel at times that our jobs are not really all that important in God's work, a good reading of Daniel will pick us up. Through God-controlled circumstances, Daniel wound up in a responsible position of government service (where there was corruption just as there is today). Daniel didn't try to elevate his spiritual stature by getting more involved in spiritual work. He faithfully fulfilled his calling by continuing to live a life of holiness right where he was.

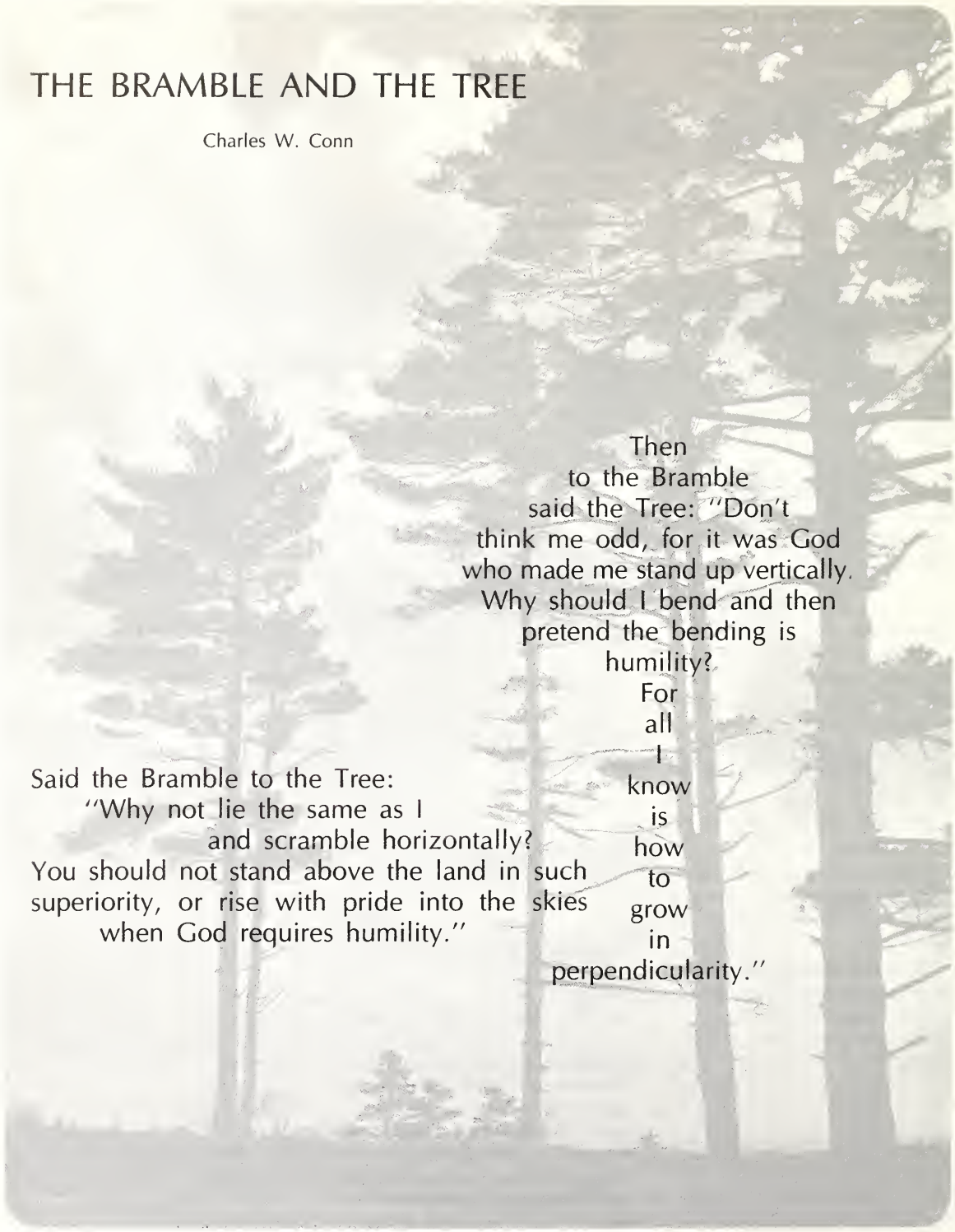
Don't feel guilty or spiritually weak if you've never sensed God is calling you. He doesn't always call us through stomach tremors . . . or blinding light . . . or thundering voices from heaven.

God does always call us to serve Him with lives of holiness in whatever the circumstance of our lives.

Go ahead. Get rid of your guilt. Stop waiting for the call. Just serve Him! □

THE BRAMBLE AND THE TREE

Charles W. Conn



Said the Bramble to the Tree:
"Why not lie the same as I
and scramble horizontally?
You should not stand above the land in such
superiority, or rise with pride into the skies
when God requires humility."

Then
to the Bramble
said the Tree: "Don't
think me odd, for it was God
who made me stand up vertically.
Why should I bend and then
pretend the bending is
humility?
For
all
I
know
is
how
to
grow
in
perpendicularity."

THE IDEALIST

Charles W. Conn

Perhaps someday my anxious heart will learn
to stop its throbbing beat,
And take things as they are,
and not to yearn for things
that ought to be.
And it may be that I will cease
someday to beat
my head against each stubborn,
willful wall,
Because the hateful barrier
has no right to stand at all.

Perhaps someday I'll learn to hold myself
from joining the uneven fray,
And stand aside while ruthless wrong
enjoys its bounden day.
Perhaps someday I'll learn
to let things be, to let them lie,
to be at peace and never try.
Perhaps someday.
But by that time I fear I'll be
too old to care,
or feel, or see.

Bruce Humphrey

Split Ends

ONCE UPON a time there were some tiny, tiny people (although they thought they were pretty big) whose entire universe was a hair. They lived, loved, played, worked and died on a hair. Quite naturally they called their world Hairsey and themselves Hairetics.

The sun rose and set on their small planet. Clouds danced overhead while birds sang in the trees. On summer nights they contemplated the stars.

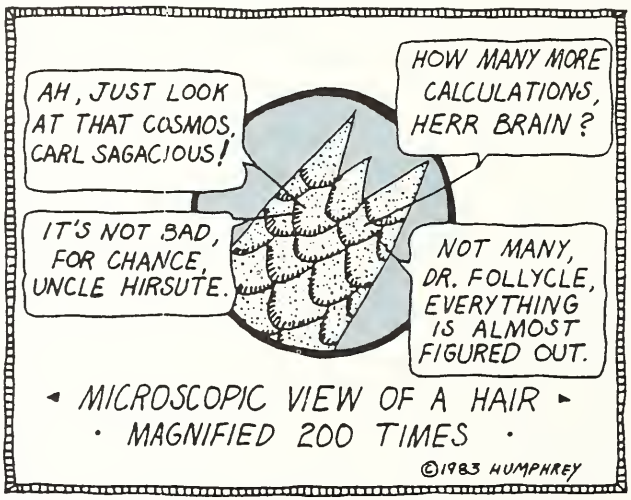
It was a pleasant little world.

As time passed, the way time has a habit of doing, these people devised theories as to who they were, why they were there, and just what really made things tick.

It was after one of their numerous wars, one of the few times they all pulled together, although in opposite directions, that they really made progress—atom smashers, computers, lasers, the whole bit.

Everyone who was anyone came up with a theory. And, as evolution had so clearly shown them, one theory—one granddaddy theory—pushed and shoved until it stood on top of all the rest.

They never suspected that basing one theory on another was like putting a stool on a box on a chair on a table in order to change a light bulb. Common sense was so uncommon that no one would have seen this flaw anyway.



◄ MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF A HAIR ►
• MAGNIFIED 200 TIMES •

This master theory of theirs, which explained everything they wanted to know about anything they cared to ask, (I rather suspect that was their problem) made some startling assertions.

Through atom-smashing, hair-splitting experiments (it sounds funny to us, but, please, be serious, these people had a pension on the line) they established beyond doubt that the great and only Hair, the Universe, the All-in-All had evolved from a primordial, terrifically hot, stupendously dense . . . nothing.

It was a brilliant tour de force of mind-boggling gravity. Even they could scarcely believe their dumb luck at arriving at the answer so soon.

In fact, one of their scientists computed on his Apple that a barrel of monkeys working night and day would have taken 50 percent longer to reach the same conclusions than a barrel of scientists working nine to five. His findings were quickly published, by the way, under the title, "Monkeys Made Us But We Made Monkeys Out of Them."

The theory became the talk of the town.

"Just imagine," they said with a touch of awe, "the ability of a Hairetic to take the raw facts of the known universe, sift them and distill them until those facts were compressed into one succinct, juicy, meaningful nothing. Surely this was the beauty of intellectual purity."

Those Hairetics were a happy bunch then, let me tell you. It was their crowning glory. They had come full circle: out of nothing . . . a long pause they called progress . . . into the ability to actually understand that they had come from nothing.

Well . . . the proof was in the pudding so to speak. Knowledge sure can be an eye-opener.

But what they failed to take

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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Magnify their faults. Count their many foul-ups, name them one by one.

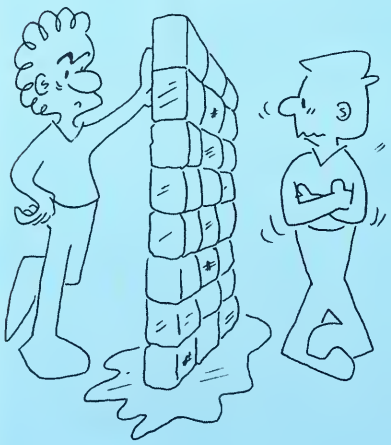
Failure of Friends Accounting Sheet

Copyright Hateful, Snooty, and Snort, Inc.

INSTRUCTIONS: Write a friend's name in the left ha column. Each time that friend lets you down place check in the appropriate box on the right. After s ven checks, strike that name from your list. Space has been provided for 15 names. You probably won't need more than that.

#	NAME	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
1								
2								
3								
4								
5								
6								
7								
8								
9								
10								
11								
12								
13								
14								
15								

Forget to forgive. This isn't the first time they've done something like this.



Freeze them out. Give them the old silent treatment. Let them know just how little you think of them.

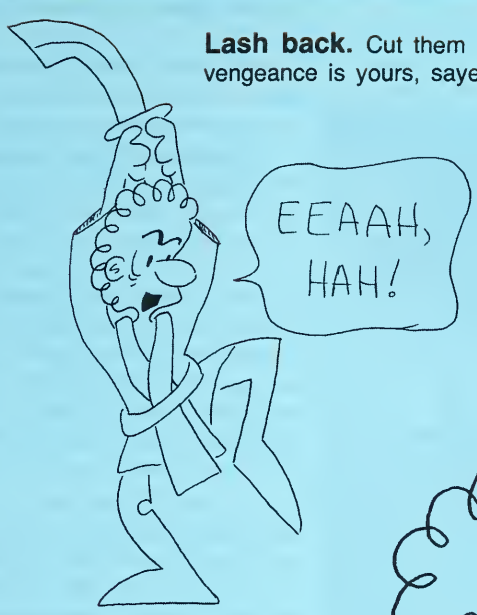


Never go to them. They're the ones in the wrong; they should come to you!

KE

Artis

Lash back. Cut them down to size. After all, vengeance is yours, sayeth somebody.





HOW TO
P A BROKEN
RIENDSHIP
BROKEN

Writer, LARRY E. NEAGLE

Don't talk to God about it. After all, you don't want to wake up one day and find your friendship abruptly mended, do you?

The Mark



By Hoyt E. Stone

BUT WHY NOT? Other kids are going to college. All my friends. Eric. John. Even Jessica. You keep telling me you have explained but I don't understand what you're saying."

Parents can be so frustrating, seventeen-year-old Stacy Fox was thinking on this beautiful August afternoon.

Mr. Fox wiped a white napkin down across his mouth before speaking. He chose his words with care.

"Stacy, things aren't like they once were, back when your mother and I were young. Your place is here in the valley. We have a good life here. We have worked hard to make you happy and we will do anything to keep it that way. Some things we just can't tell you. For your own good. You will just have to accept it. I'm sorry."

Stacy opened his mouth to speak but his mother's hand on his shoulder stopped him.

"Your father's right, Stacy. Don't press the matter. It's not the money, for our business has prospered. And it's certainly not that we don't love you. Someday you will understand. This is the best. Our only alternative. You can't go to college. That could destroy everything we value and appreciate. That's the truth, Son. Please believe us."

"I should have known," Stacy said, brushing his mother's hand from his shoulder. "You always agree with him. We're the only family in the valley who never goes anywhere. Who never have relatives in to visit. Never have parties. Sometimes I get so tired of the same old thing."

Long into the night Stacy lay sleepless, thinking of what his parents had said and of how terrible it was going to be to tell his friends goodbye.

No, Stacy thought, *I won't do it.* That thought was at first frightening. He had never openly defied his father. To do so now wasn't a pleasing prospect. Stacy knew how much it would hurt his parents to have him disobey.

Still . . . a guy had to grow up sometime. He couldn't always remain under his father's roof. Protected. Shielded. Kept away from the world. Stacy hadn't mentioned this to his parents but, during recent months, he felt more and more as if there was something they were hiding from him. Some sort of secret.

Stacy guessed this was the time. He ought to see the real world, not just the world of television, computers, and videotapes.

Stacy ate breakfast next morning as if nothing unusual were up. Then the three of them went to work in what once was the den—it was now the factory—of the farmhouse. It was 8 a.m. They didn't have to go to work that early, of course, but old habits die hard. Mr. Fox always reminded Stacy it was good to get a jump on the day. Then they could take it easy.

Theirs was a family business, referred to by the state as cottage industry, clothes for the fashion set.

Stacy booted up the computer and programmed in the first order. His was a simple task. Orders came on screen, with all specifications. It took Stacy but a moment to code an order for the robot cutting and sewing machine. Then he moved to the next order. Tuxedos. Evening gowns. Men's dress suits. Wedding dresses. Each cut and tailored to a perfect fit.

Stacy's mother supervised the robot, made sure orders were packaged properly, and coordinated mailing labels.

Mr. Fox did most of his work either at the computer where he designed clothes or on the telephone where he solicited and processed orders. He was also the accountant, though that was a relatively simple task in the now cashless economy.

The day's work was complete by 10 a.m. The computer and the robot would continue to run a full eight hours, after which they would shut down automatically by order of the state. This was mandatory to distribute work.

Stacy read his new *Sports Illustrated.* Walked his Doberman down across the south pasture and back. Then lunched on soup and sandwich.

He felt his identification card tucked safely in his shirt pocket, all he really needed for the trip, and then casually explained he was going over to John's for the evening.

"Don't let it be too sad a farewell, Son," Mr. Fox said. "After all, he'll be back for a visit Christmas."

Once Stacy convinced John he was serious, getting away was relatively simple. He hid in the car trunk. By 9 p.m. they were in Knoxville. Next morning John showed Stacy where to register.

"Just tell them you decided at the last moment." John was sure it would be no problem. "And remember, ask to be assigned to Dormitory 23, Room 480."

The long registration line moved rapidly. Stacy noticed the kids all had their I.D. cards in hand. He got out his own. The girl in front of him only took two minutes. She had her dorm room assignment, her class schedule, and her business office receipt. Very efficient, the state.

"Name?" The lady didn't look up but she reached out for Stacy's I.D. card.

"Stacy Fox, Jr."

"You haven't preregistered?"

"No Ma'am. A last-minute decision."

"Sickness?"

"No Ma'am."

The woman now looked at him. She removed her glasses and appeared ready to say something but, seeing Stacy's smiling, handsome face, set off with blue eyes and blond hair, she shrugged her shoulders, smiled back, and stuck Stacy's card into the computer terminal.

Stacy noticed she really wasn't much older than he. Quite a nice-looking lady too.

The computer terminal beeped. The lady turned for a quick look. She straightened up in her chair, pushed a buzzer which Stacy heard ringing in the next office, and said with no trace of former friendliness, "We've run into a minor complication, Mr. Fox. Would you please step into the next office? My boss will have to process your registration."

"Thank you," Stacy said. She did not return his smile.

The room was small, with only two chairs in front of a big desk. The man behind the desk wasn't smiling.

"Your name is Stacy Fox, Jr.?"

"Yes, Sir. Is something wrong?"

"Probably not. These computers still give us all kinds of trouble you know. Just routine. Come with me."

They walked back into yet another office. Computers buzzed and uniformed guards stood at each door. One of these men came forward. He saluted and said, "Yes Sir."

"Give the boy an FP, Jim. Run it through D.C. Just sit over here, Mr. Fox."

Stacy took the assigned seat. The guard returned with a pad. Only then did Stacy realize he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

Some Things Are Forever

by Wanda Cato Brett

I WALK ALONG the craggy coastline that winds around the Cape and back again. Early morning grayness covers the water because the sun is not up yet. A grayness that belongs to August. Cool morning air mingles with dampness of dew and makes me glad I brought my sweater. Autumn will not be long in coming. The subtle chill lurking behind the Cape is a reminder that summer is not forever.

I wonder if anything is.

I had once thought Reidtown was forever. I never considered leaving the comfortable southern town of my birth. Sloping hills and wide open spaces had always filled my mind. Gentle breezes in summer, warm fires and chimney smoke during winter. It had been a good life. Placid and familiar.

Then it was over. Dad's accident brought hospital bills. Mom had to work two jobs. I had to take the job promotion my company offered. We had needed the money.

So I had packed up my V.W. to the last square inch of space and had driven away—new promotion, new job, and a rented cottage on the Cape. I had left Reidtown and everything familiar far behind.

Homesickness is now a sleeping shadow in my mind. It dogs my steps and points out the harshness of the uninviting coastline. Everything stands in sharp contrast to the rolling hills I remembered so well.

I turn from the craggy shore and stroll up the hill to Lighthouse Point. I always come here when I need to think. I find a secluded spot and sink down on the damp sand.

I wonder what I would have done—what life would have been like—if the package had never come. What would I have done if Mom had not shipped my paints, brushes, and canvases. Where she got the money to send them, I'll never know. Probably went without lunch for a week or put off buying something for herself.

Anyway, I had been ecstatic when the package came. All my art supplies I hadn't had room to pack in my overloaded V.W. My familiar canvas. I had missed painting, but I didn't know how much until the smell of oil and paint filled the cottage. Mom—she even mailed my easel. She must have read my loneliness between the lines of all those cheery letters I had sent home.

That first day I set up my "studio" between the washer and dryer on the patio of my rented cottage. I finished unpacking the supplies and that's when I found her note, taped to the back of my palette. It read: "Psalm 24—Paint it for me! Love, Mom."

Psalm 24? I knew Psalm 23, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." And something about green pastures. But I had no idea what Psalm 24 said.

After looking for an hour I found my Bible still packed in a box of miscellaneous things in the trunk of my V.W. I was glad Mom wasn't there to see it wasn't exactly on the coffee table in my living room. The nearly transparent pages rustled as I turned to Psalms. Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, PSALMS.

Finally! Psalm 22, 23, 24, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas."

The Lord's earth. I suddenly felt ashamed. I had seen no beauty in this barren, desolate shoreline. But it too was God's earth. Created by Him, and not to be scorned. It wasn't the rolling hills of home, but surely some beauty existed in the uneven shoreline.

Early next morning, before the sun was up, I gathered my brushes, paints, and canvas and squeezed them into my V.W. bug. I drove to Lighthouse Point, a tall craggy hill overlooking the crashing waves, and I began to paint the muted colors of the ocean and the jagged rocks of the coast. I caught early morning sun spilling light over the waves. I painted the world as I wanted it to be. Filled with motion and color and sparkle.

Time ceased to exist. When light faded and the sun dipped behind the horizon I gathered up my things, knowing I'd be back.

I spent many early morning hours painting the Cape. An elderly couple jogged by, out for their daily run. I waved. They then stopped to chat and to check on the progress of my painting. That's how I met Laddie and Leigh. Both were impressed with my work. I learned that Laddie enjoyed painting too. We swapped ideas and he gave me excellent pointers.

Laddie and Leigh jogged by my portable "studio" more and more often. I thought they might be lonely and eventually I invited them home for spaghetti and salad. We talked late into the night and they left with a reluctance that comes from not having time enough to share ideas. We became fast friends, eating meals together several times a week. I suppose one might say they sort of adopted me. A lovely couple.

I settled in to my new routine. Became fascinated with the Cape because it was never the same. Light was hidden against the starkness of the land. Your eyes had to search it out. Shadows were not black: they were subtle shades of gray and brown. I tried to put it all on canvas.

Slowly, my "ramble-shackle" little cottage filled up with oils of the Cape. Picture after picture of places I had come to know well. My cottage became a mirror of the outside world. The Cape took on new dimension for me. God's Cape—part of His earth. I painted with a new power in my strokes: with something of a fury, echoing the motion I saw around me.

Sometimes my brush moved effortlessly across the canvas. At other times I sat for hours trying to capture one small ray of light against a knobby tree or craggy rock. I mixed oils, experimenting, trying to capture deep hues of the ocean long after the sun bedded down.

Laddie was especially interested in my work. He gave me valuable suggestions. Showed me how to capture brilliant shades of morning sky. Pointed out contrasts of shadow and light which I had missed. Eventually, when he thought I was ready, he arranged for a private showing of my work. He called businessmen and influential friends, along with artists and critics. To my surprise, the showing was overwhelmingly successful.

It was like a dream unfolding and finally coming true. They called me "very good," "a new and rising talent," "a sure genius with oil." They chided Laddie for keeping me a secret. I stood in the middle of my paintings, slightly bewildered by it all. Overwhelmed by so much praise crammed into one evening.

Talk circulated around me: numbered prints, New York exhibits, magazine articles. After a while, it was all a blur.

I gathered I was going to be whisked away to New York but I would come back by autumn. The call of color and light in October was too strong. The Cape would draw me back, like a magnet I could not escape.

I heard Laddie telling the guests I painted the coves and the Cape the way they really were. I wanted to stop him. To say, "No, Laddie, I only painted what I wanted it to be."

But I knew that wasn't exactly true either. I painted God's earth. The beauty I hadn't at first seen simply crept through to my brush . . . the motion of the waves, the sternness of the rocks, the solid feeling of security and refuge that prevailed in the Cape.

When that long night ended, and guests left, promising their help and support, I knew my world was changing.

I leave for New York next week. Laddie and Leigh will go with me. Introduce me to all the people I'll need to know. They tell me I'll have enough money to pay Dad's hospital bills after I sell a few paintings. I'll have enough to travel on and to go home anytime I wish.

Still, right now, I find myself reluctant to leave. There is so much I have not painted. Scenes from Psalm 24 spread out before me and I literally ache to put them on canvas.

So I will come back. I promise I'll come back. New York is a long way from Reidtown . . . sure . . . but some things are forever. I know that now. The color, the light, the sound of the Cape—the Lord's earth—that will always be mine. □





Update

W.A. Davis
Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

SUMMER IS PASSED . . . TEEN TALENT IS COMING

Where has the summer gone?

If you like to write, maybe you've captured some of summer's moments in a poem or short story. Maybe you've used some of your spare hours to sketch or paint some summer scenes. If music is your thing, maybe you've taken yourself and your instrument in hand, foregoing summer's pleasures for a while to add interpretation and flare to your skill.

Hopefully, you've taken the time, from your busy—or not-so-busy—summer schedule to develop your relationship with God through daily Bible study and prayer. If you've participated in Teen Talent in the past, probably the thought has crossed your mind more than once this summer that competition—regional, state and national—is upcoming in the next few months. If you haven't thought about it, don't wait too long. Look how quickly summer passed.

The divisions of Teen Talent have been expanded this year to include an all new Drama Division. The categories in the Drama Division are as follows:

1. Monologue
2. Skit—small group
3. Skit—large group
4. Play—small group
5. Play—large group

A Drama Division manual has been produced which details the requirements for participation and the elements of performance and judging.

Also, the Creative Writing Division has encompassed a new category—News Writing. The skills of the teen journalistic writer may now be developed, expressed and recognized through Teen Talent. News reporting and news feature writing are two areas included in the News Writing Category.

For more information concerning any division of Teen Talent and the dates of competition, write your state director of youth and Christian education. Yes, summer has passed. Don't let fall slip by without taking positive steps to prepare for Teen Talent and to develop, dedicate, and use your talents for the glory of God. □

TEEN TALENT DIVISIONS:
Bible, Music, Art,
Creative Writing, and Drama





SOWBERRY HAGAN AND HIS CHILDREN

Continued from page 7

The cursing I heard in my youth came during a period of national stress. World War II has been called the great watershed of American cursing. Profanity lost its shock value and obscenities replaced it until we reached the dirty speech era of the sixties.

Sowberry Hagan and his children would find satisfaction in today's movies, TV programs, and novels. The media uses exaggerated foul language to sell movies and books. They capitalize on the depraved tastes of people who enjoy language from the sewer. The result is a society fast becoming immune to foul speech. Many people accept it as normal.

The Christian must bypass the viewpoint of philologists who examine speech only in terms of behavior. Final verdict comes from Jesus Christ: "The good man brings good things out of the good stored up in his heart, and the evil man brings evil things out of the evil stored up in his heart. For out of the overflow of his heart his mouth speaks" (Luke 6:45, *NIV*).

The Apostle Paul adds, "Among you there must not be even a hint of sexual immorality, or of any kind of impurity, or of greed, because these are improper for God's holy people. Nor should there be obscenity, foolish talk or coarse joking, which are out of place, but rather thanksgiving" (Ephesians 5:3, 4; *NIV*).

The greatest use of human speech is to glorify God. Whether in singing hymns, or prayer and praise, the born-again Christian rejoices as he exalts the name of Jesus.

Words either build up or destroy. Through speech Hitler stirred up the German people to destroy those who disagreed with him. At the same time Winston Churchill inspired the British to withstand the German advance.

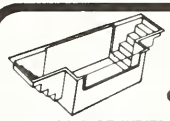
A wise man once said, "The lips of the righteous know what is fitting, but the mouth of the wicked only what is perverse" (Proverbs 10:32, *NIV*). Ugly speech pollutes those who hear it: it also defiles the heart of the speaker until he can no longer appreciate anything pure.

Today I grieve for Sowberry Hagan and his children. We can't wink at foul speech. God says it is the overflow of an evil heart.

The child of God has the advantage of a heart cleansed by the Spirit of God. A cleansed heart results in clean speech that glorifies God. □



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Current Happenings with Questions for Christian Reflection

YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by SONJIA LEE HUNT, Leadership Development Coordinator

MAKE YOUR OWN COFFEE, PLEASE

The shortage is critical. Job vacancies remain unfilled for months. And average annual openings are expected to jump from the current 295,000 to 600,000 by 1990. A national task force is studying the problem.

Math teachers? Scientists? Engineers? No—secretaries. The U.S. Department of Labor reports more job openings for secretaries than for any other single occupation.

Unfilled vacancies may in part be the result of the extent to which secretaries continue to be treated as "gofers" and second-class employees. But there are signs of progress. The national Task Force on the Image of the Secretary reports businesses and industries are at least beginning to recognize the role of secretaries in enhancing productivity.

The task force is also urging educators to help inform students—both male and female—of the new opportunities in the secretarial field. And they're pressing management to begin adequately compensating secretaries. About time. (*NEA Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. Why is the secretary's position so important? (If you don't know for sure, ask any executive who has one—or who doesn't.)

2. Do you agree with the reasons given for so many unfilled vacancies in the secretarial field? What factors would you list that would enhance job satisfaction for a secretary? ☐

THE BUCKS START HERE

The almighty dollar has become a bit mightier: this year's college freshmen list financial comfort as their main reason for wandering through the groves of academe, according to a new survey—The American Freshman: National Norms for Fall 1982.

The survey, conducted annually for the past seventeen years by UCLA researchers, shows 25 percent more freshmen listing financial success as a "very important" career goal than did in 1967. And the study reveals a "continuing pattern of increasing materialism and declining altruism."

Consistent with this pattern, an alarmingly low percentage of freshmen—4.7 percent—list teaching as a career choice (down from 21.7 percent in 1966).

Evidently, today's frosh know what they want—and know where it isn't. (*NEA Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. What is/was your priority in choosing a profession?

2. What happens to a society when a "continuing pattern of increasing materialism and declining altruism" occurs? Is there any analogy to ancient Rome in the time of the gladiators? ☐

EQUAL HEIGHTS AMENDMENT?

Short? Overweight? Both? If so, drop those plans for becoming a high school principal. Either that, or be prepared to fight against the results of a recent "Height Report."

Carl A. Bonuso used his doctoral dissertation research at Hofstra University to verify his hunch that, other factors being equal, school superintendents would rate tall, slim would-be administrators much higher than their shorter, not-so-slim peers. In his tightly controlled study, Bonuso found solid and disturbing evidence of "body type bias."

Bonuso attributes this bias to society's "ideal image of a leader"—an image that's threatening to reach the height of absurdity. (*NEA Today*) ☐

* * * *

1. What images come to your mind at the mention of the words executive director, teacher, superintendent, pastor, general overseer*?*

2. What happened in 1 Samuel 16:5-7 when Samuel went to Jesse's house to anoint a new king as God had said? How do you judge the people you meet? ☐

NO PRAYER THERE

Recently the courts proved once again that religious free speech is at best tenuous; and drove home the hard lesson that expression of faith can easily be given a second-row seat to other forms of speech. Specifically in question—and explored throughout this issue—are current attacks on the religious rights of high-school students.

In Lubbock, Texas, for instance, students were allowed to meet voluntarily for Bible discussions, much like others would form debate teams or chess clubs. The Fifth Circuit Court—prodded by the ACLU—ruled the meetings unconstitutional. The Supreme Court denied appeals from the Lubbock School District and several others, including the National Association of Evangelicals, for a review of the lower court's decision.

The widespread ramifications of such a decision, of course, stretch beyond the city limits of a community like Lubbock, and set an alarming precedent. The decision, argued attorneys for the Lubbock School District, "will affect the interest of more than forty million public school students and will furnish almost ninety thousand public schools with definitive guidance . . . for noncurricular, student-initiated religious speech and association."

The friend-of-the-court brief filed by the National Association of Evangelicals stated, in part, that by denying student-initiated religious meetings, the court was reducing free speech to a second-class status. (*Action*) ☐

* * * *

What is the situation in your school or community? What do you think the Christians of Lubbock, Texas, (and elsewhere) should do about this court decision? ☐

SPLIT ENDS

Continued from page 12

into their calculations was this:

WHEN YOU LIVE ON A HAIR, A BRUSH WITH DEATH CAN LEAVE YOU WITH MORE THAN SPLIT ENDS. □

THE MARK

Continued from page 17

was being fingerprinted. He broke into a cold sweat.

"What's wrong, Mr. Fox?"

"Oh . . . eh . . . nothing, Sir. Nothing that I know of."

"You seemed frightened for a moment. As if you were seeing a ghost."

"No, Sir. I . . . eh . . . just didn't expect the fingerprinting. Can't see any reason for it."

"The state always has its reasons, Mr. Fox. Always. In this case the computer indicates a 99 percent likelihood that your number is false. You wouldn't know about that, would you?"

"Oh no, Sir. I can assure you it is a correct number."

"Then you've nothing to worry about. Just relax."

Stacy couldn't relax. He didn't know why or precisely what it was but there was something . . . something vague and hazy . . . back in the far recesses of his mind . . . as if he had dreamed it . . . or been told it when very small. There was danger to being fingerprinted. Fear erupted in Stacy's throat and he wished he had stayed home.

The guard returned with stern face. He saluted. "Sir, it's my duty to report that this young man is persona non grata."

"Verified?"

"Yes Sir. The number does indeed belong to Stacy Fox, Jr. but this isn't he. Blood type matches, however. Lab technicians suspect a second, unreported pregnancy by the same mother. Probably a brother, born a year later. Records forged."

"Thank you, Jim. See that the boy is confined. Prepare him for sleep. We'll send for the parents."

"Oh no, Sir! You can't do that, Sir!" Stacy jumped to his feet, glancing round like a startled deer. "Surely there's some mistake. There has to be a mistake."

The man in charge nodded at two guards. They took Stacy by each arm and led him from the building out to a waiting police van.

2.

A week later Stacy saw his parents. They came together into his hospital bedroom. Mr. Fox was white of face. Mrs. Fox had been crying so much her eyes were swollen almost shut. But both smiled bravely.

"The judge said we could see the boy alone." Mr. Fox turned to the guards.

"Yes, but only for fifteen minutes." The guards abruptly left the room.

"Oh Mom . . . Dad . . . I'm so sorry. You tried to warn me, tried to tell me. What will happen to you?"

Mr. Fox bent over and hugged Stacy's neck. He then stepped back for his wife to do the same.

"There's little time, Son.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

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Books

NEW CHILDREN'S NOVEL CAPTURES APPEAL OF LIFE ON AN AMISH FARM by Barbara Smucker

Barbara Smucker's latest children's novel, *Amish Adventure*, will be a hit with young readers and with anyone interested in the Amish.

An unappealing stay with a forbidding aunt in Toronto turns, instead, to an unusual adventure when twelve-year-old Ian McDonald from Chicago is involved in a car accident with a member of the Amish community near Waterloo, Ontario.

His first encounter with the plain people bewilders Ian. "As a result of the accident he finds himself living with an Amish family," *Provident Book Finder* notes. "The days that follow are filled with work, play, and wonder as Ian and his Amish friend Reuben live with the tragic results of the accident, and the uncertainty of Ian's immediate future. Currying the horse, plowing, coping with the personalities of the pigs, eating the fresh, delicious farm food, sleeping together in a big bed, pranks and praying—all are part of the activities that fill the busy days.

"The story is set in Canada, so the ways are the ways of the Amish of Canada. Generally their customs are similar to those of Amish in other parts of North America, but there may be slight differences, for instance in the way they relate to their own children who elect to leave the Amish faith." (Herald Press, Scottdale, PA 15683)

* * * *

MEET YOURSELF IN THE PSALMS by Warren W. Wiersbe

The Psalms were written by and for people who . . .

* Ask why good things happen to bad people
* Look for God when the bottom drops out
* Face midlife crises with expectations of God's best
* Receive forgiveness and begin again after failure.

The author asserts that "the people who wrote the Psalms knew how to turn tragedy into triumph." So can we as we meet not only ourselves in the Psalms but our Lord who waits to give us new vision and strength for life and service. (A Victor Adult Elective, 13 Sessions) □

* * * *

RICHER RELATIONSHIPS by Myron D. Rush

A book to help you make your relationships work.

Nothing else has so much power to enrich our lives—or to injure us—as our relationships. We need good ones. But untroubled relationships are a myth; no such thing as a perpetual honeymoon exists in real life—in marriage or any other relationship. So if you have problems, take hope. Your situation is not unique, and there is help.

In this book Myron Rush traces the deterioration that is characteristic of all types of relationships (including his own marriage). He explains the basic reason we seek relationships in the first place, why they begin well but then deteriorate, and, most important, how they can be restored at any point in the four-stage cycle of deterioration.

Drawing from Scripture, from his own personal family life, and from his experience as a management consultant for business, Rush offers a balanced, down-to-earth treatment of themes that concern us all—resolving conflict, improving communication, making our relationships work. (A Victor Adult Elective, 13 Sessions) □

* * * *

A GENERATION UNDER SIEGE by Brian Stiller

The youth of the 1980s. Adults who are fatigued by adolescent problems prefer to think about their personal pursuit of identity, success, and pleasure.

While this book is about children and teenagers, it is also about their parents and other adults in our society who allow our youth to be forgotten, rejected, abused, depressed, ghettoized and degraded.

What has gone wrong? And who speaks for the millions of young people who are so besieged?

This book may shock you, stir you, scare you. We hope it will move you to action. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

THE MARK

Continued from page 23

And much to tell you. The state is right. You have lived these seventeen years under your brother's number. He died shortly after birth, from a strange disease. Mother and I kept it quiet. We never even told our closest friend, knowing how strict the state had become and what it would mean if she became pregnant a second time. The single-child-only law had just been passed back then, with abortion mandatory."

Stacy now understood. He was a nonperson so far as the state cared. He had no real identity, no name, no claim to life. Had his parents not disobeyed the law, he wouldn't have been born in the first place. On that basis, the state would now terminate his life. They would do it mercifully, with an injection; but there was no appeal. His time was already set—5 p.m. Just before dinner.

"You will be next, Mom," Stacy said, reaching for his mother and drawing her to his breast. "My God, what a terrible thing I've done."

Mrs. Fox pushed away from her son, wiped her eyes, and smiled. "No, Stacy, you must not

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say that, or even think it. Your Dad and I don't regret what we've done. We believe the law is wrong. We feel good about having brought you into the world, and about the wonderful seventeen years we've enjoyed. Besides, we have our faith. God will sustain us."

"Mother, they're going to put you to sleep too. That's the law. How can you take it so casually?"

"Well . . . isn't that what the Apostle Paul said death really is? A sleep. To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. Dad and I have clung to that promise all these years. We're not about to give up on it now."

"Time's up, Dear," Mr. Fox said. "We'd better pray."

They were still praying when the guards entered. One last brave smile over their shoulders and they were gone.

Stacy stared out the window and waited. He thought of Grandpa Fox. Grandpa had also defied the state, refusing to give up his freedom. He too had died. And Grandpa had lived way back when Ronald Reagan was President. Before the holocaust. Before the Beast.

A nurse in white stood over Stacy. He saw the needle.

"Just lie still, young man," the nurse said. "This will only take a few moments." □

BOOKS, Continued

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR MIND by Stephen B. Douglass and Lee Roddy

Josh McDowell says, "*Making the Most of Your Mind* shows you how to use your mind to tap into the infinite wisdom and power of God."

You can increase your brain power! Do you ever forget important things? Does pressure often distract you? Do you have trouble thinking of creative solutions to problems you face? Do you sometimes listen or read with less understanding than you would like? Do you desire your conversation to be clearer and more persuasive?

If you said "yes" to any of these questions and want some practical, proven help, this book is for you. You will learn the why, the what and the how of making the most of your mind. You will see what the Bible has to say about the mind. You will see how to take specific, simple steps to improve your mental skills. This unique, comprehensive book is written to help you—whether you work in the office, on the road, in the store or in the shop—whether you are a student, a business person, a homemaker—or whatever your vocation. (Here's Life Publishers, San Bernardino, CA 92402) □

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EDITORIAL, Hoyt E. Stone



PACIFISM

Religious News Service Photo

NEW YORK—Kitty Hart, who survived nearly two years of horror at Auschwitz, revisits the location, waiking through the now empty facility.

THERE IS A new wave spreading across our land and many Christians are either being caught up in it or else they are not sure where they ought to stand on the issue.

Pacifism, appeasement, nuclear freeze, disarmament—it is an attitude of mind which can be found in a number of disguises; but, call it what you wish, it expresses something of the same idea, compromise; and it is an issue well deserving of attention from every serious-minded young person.

It is not an issue to be dealt with easily. Those who argue in its favor have so much on their side. They paint a beautiful, almost heavenly picture, and then they establish the false premise that any who disagree have become obstructionists and are therefore the enemies rather than the protectors of society.

Quite obviously this is a difficult argument to refute or to resist. Who among us would not like to be classified as being on the side of peace? Who among us would not wish to rid our earth of nuclear arms?

If one is to take that argument, then why not vote for doing away with all arms, conventional as well as nuclear? Why not do away with knives, spears, clubs, even lying and stealing? Most of us would gladly vote for that. You can't be Christian, really, without having such an attitude.

Problem is—and I'm sure it is obvious to you even now—to so vote is a useless exercise. Man's nature would remain as it presently is. Man's instincts would not change because of the vote. And man's carnal tendency to prey upon his neighbor and to fulfill his own selfish desires would continue just as it has from the Garden of Eden.

Thus, in a sense, the argument becomes so absurd you sometimes wonder how sensible men and women can take it seriously.

Yet it is serious, as witness the recent debate in the House of Representatives and all the political rhetoric going on across the country.

Most likely you confront the issue as a young person in school or college, certainly among your own peers. Where are you to stand? What is to be your answer?

No matter our dreams, or high ideals, God's Word clearly indicates there will be no true peace on this earth until Jesus Christ the Prince of peace sets up His earthly kingdom. Then shall swords be turned into plows and then shall natural enemies lie down beside each other. Not until then.

This does not mean we have no obligation to work for peace. God's people are to follow peace with all men. God's people are to love even their enemies. We are not, however, to be blind or naive; but rather, wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

Our world is presently controlled by evil powers. These evil powers war against that which is good and righteous. We cannot ignore this fact, cannot hide our faces and wait for it to go away. We must face reality and reality dictates, as history proves, that appeasement with evil men only leads to further payments on that compromise debt that knows no end.

Compromise with the devil is impossible because the devil is determined to have it all. One retains freedom, spiritual if not physical, only when the human will, shored up by God's Holy Spirit, gives a resounding no to the devil's proposition, as did the Hebrew children when confronted with the fiery furnace.

Early Christians were offered their opportunity to make peace with this world's rulers. Peter and John were told to go free but to speak no more in the name of this Jesus. They refused. They refused because the price was too high. They refused for the glory of God and the principles of freedom which Christ came to reveal.

If Christianity teaches any one thing, it teaches that there are some things more valuable than life itself. It teaches that death is not a horror one should pay any price to avoid.

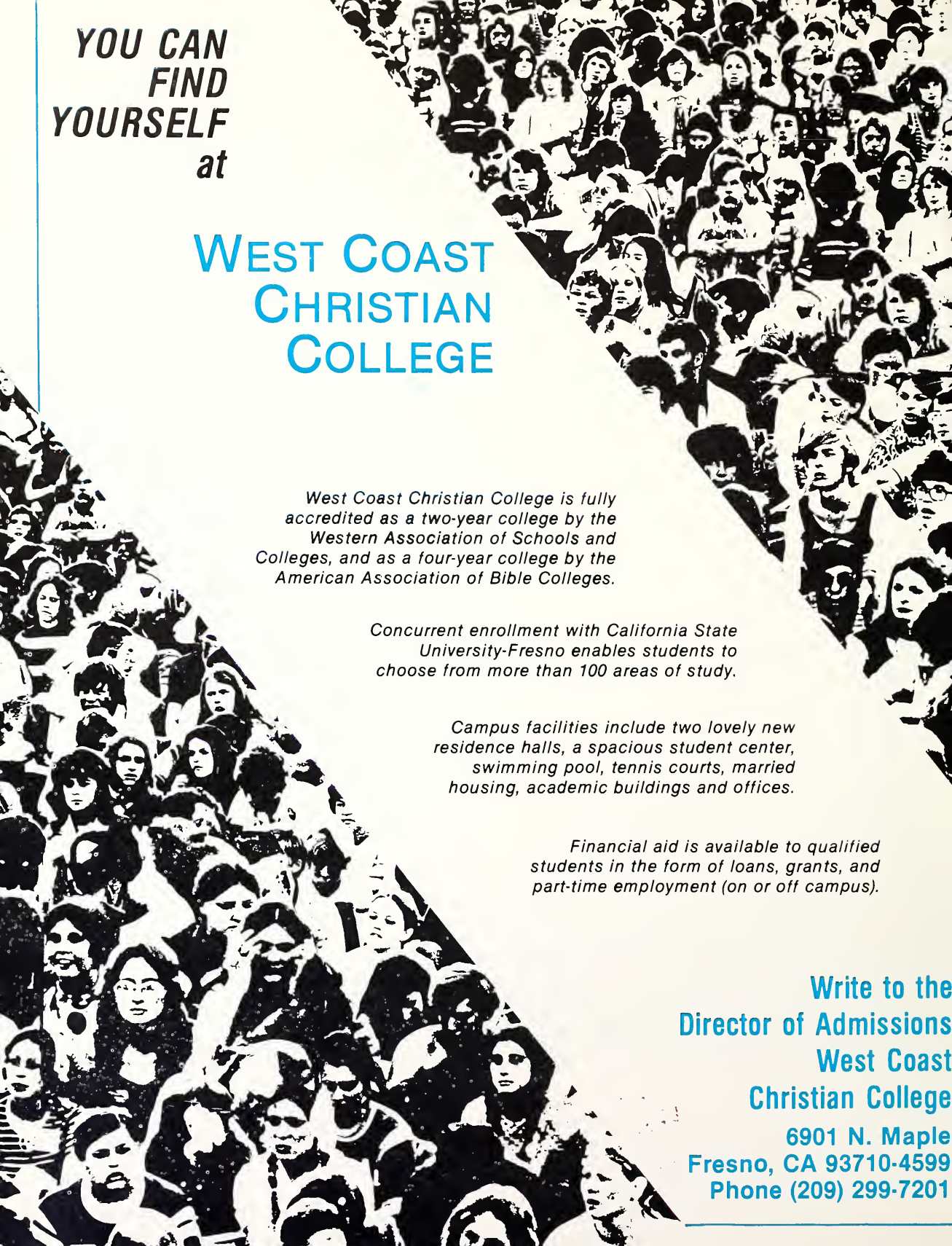
So, next time the issue comes up, think about your values. Ask yourself what are the priorities?

Jesus flinched not from the bitter cup. Jesus refused to compromise with either the devil or those religious and world leaders who eventually hanged Him on a cross.

Can we be called His followers, truly, without maintaining the same attitude? □

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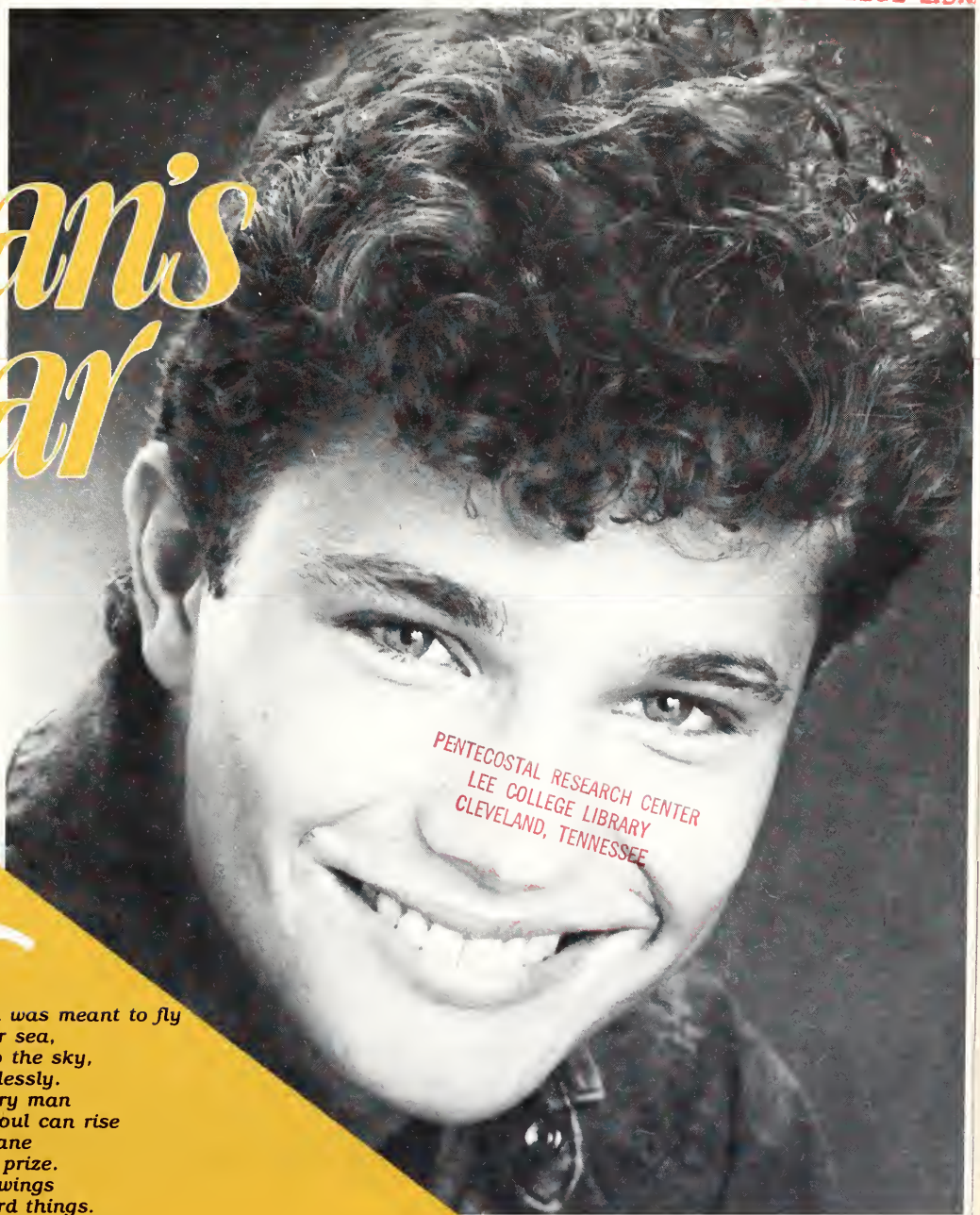
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Brian's Star



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Of Wings and Men

by Charles W. Conn

Each winged bird was meant to fly
Over land and over sea,
Reaching upward to the sky,
Toiling upward ceaselessly.
Within the heart of every man
Are wings by which his soul can rise
To higher peaks of rarer plane
Where excellence is still the prize.
O Sincere Soul, unfold your wings
And heed the call of upward things.
Those with wings are meant to fly
Along the regions of the sky
Sunward through the burning sky.

LIGHTED PATHWAY
Guiding Youth
September 1983
Volume 54, Number 9

THIS MONTH

Youth is a time for dreaming, for searching, for testing the waters of life: a concept clearly set forth in our feature of a preacher's son. But youth can also be thought-provoking, inquisitive, and contributive: as set forth in our other articles this month.

Best wishes as you return to school.

Hoyt E. Stone



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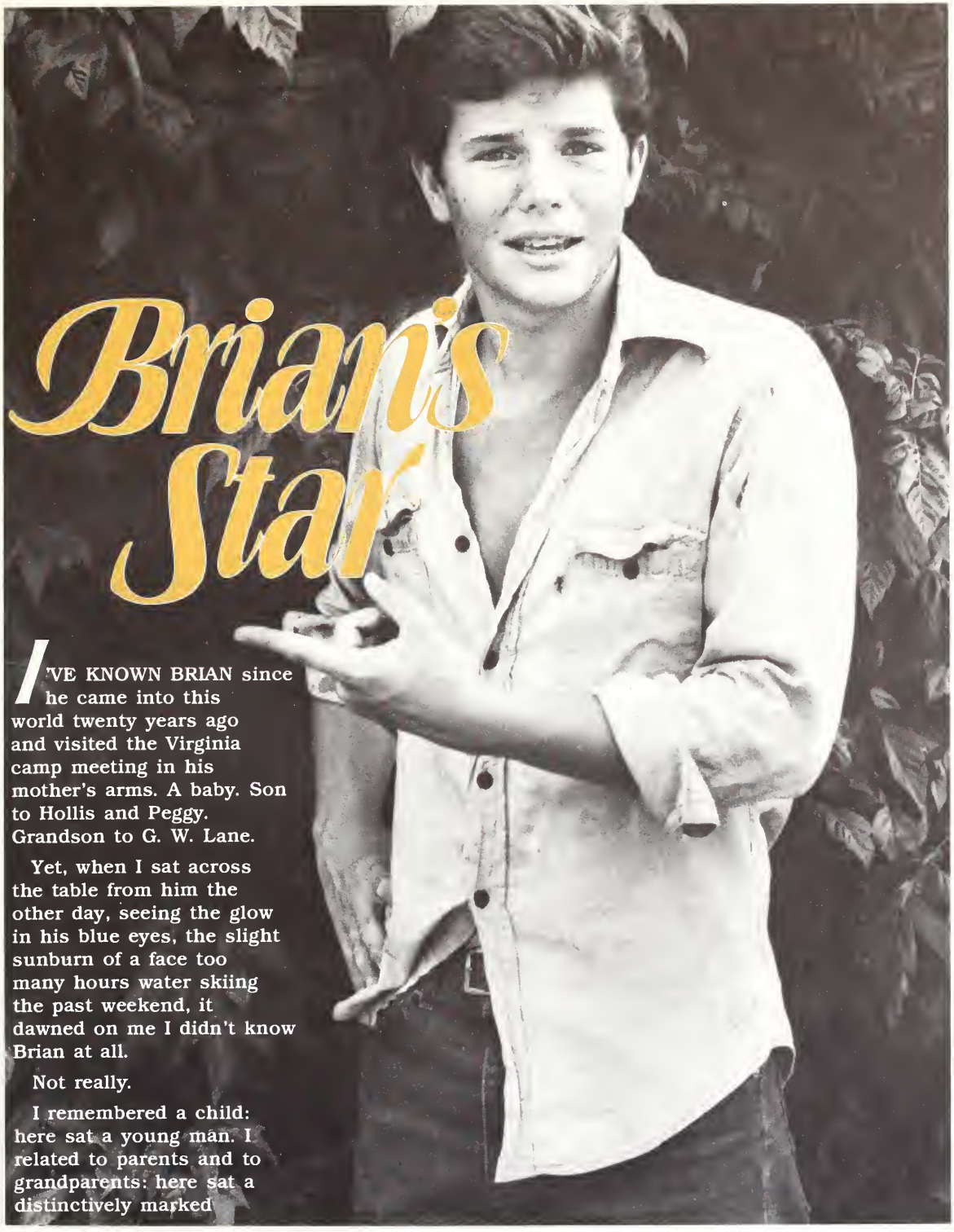
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Brian's Star



I'VE KNOWN BRIAN since he came into this world twenty years ago and visited the Virginia camp meeting in his mother's arms. A baby. Son to Hollis and Peggy. Grandson to G. W. Lane.

Yet, when I sat across the table from him the other day, seeing the glow in his blue eyes, the slight sunburn of a face too many hours water skiing the past weekend, it dawned on me I didn't know Brian at all.

Not really.

I remembered a child: here sat a young man. I related to parents and to grandparents: here sat a distinctively marked











individual. Unique. One of a kind.

In my heart at least I apologized then and there—to Brian and to all young people trying to make their way through this world of ours—for having fallen into such a trap. As Brian's personality unfolded, I experienced once again the thrill of looking into a young heart. Full of dreams. Aspirations. Longings for success.

Brian feels within himself the stirrings of an artist. He yearns to express himself, to be himself, to unfold and to release himself in a manner he intuitively senses but has difficulty describing.

Years ago Brian's dad wrote a little booklet which circulated around youth camps, "Hitch Your Wagon to a Star."

One gets the feeling Brian is doing just that.

He would like to be an actor. Some readers of this magazine aren't going to buy that as a legitimate or worthy goal but Brian sees no problem, no conflict between such ambition and his Christian testimony.

The world is changing. Before any of us can condemn Brian, I suppose it would be wise (following our Lord's own advice) if we first took a close look at how many hours we sit passively and happily while some actor entertains us.

It seems significant to me, at the moment at least, that the leader of this nation was known and is yet known primarily as an actor.

Christian radio drama is coming into focus. Christian soaps are now being aired over CBN and other cable networks. Donald Wildman deploys the way commercial, prime-time TV distorts Christian values, Christian ideals. He's right. Maybe it's time for some Brians.

Jesus was a master storyteller. The gospel can be, and often is, conveyed through media other than sermon and song.

Maybe Brian will be an actor.

Already he's appeared in one ABC television production, *Breaking Away*. The role of Jerry Hill. He also played the role of F. J. Lee in the North Cleveland Church docudrama, *Cradle of Pentecost*, written by Charles W. Conn. He's done an industrial film for Long John Silver's. And commercials for Red Food Stores, the Krystal Company, Southern Companies, McDonald's, and Hardee's. Not to mention print work for Olan Mills, Sears, and Six Flags Over Georgia.

Within a few weeks Brian will be going to California. He has an appointment with a prominent talent agency. Hopes it will develop into something. Doesn't know for sure.

Yes, maybe Brian will be an actor.

Meanwhile, the very practical Brian is keeping his feet on the ground. He's studying real estate. Continuing his college work. Learning to cope with the fact stars aren't always easy to hitch.

Maybe he will. Maybe he won't. Yet he dreams. Who can fault him for that?

I know one thing.

Brian can sing.

I heard him at Cleveland High School, in the role of Tevye, from *Fiddler on the Roof*. Small auditorium. Perhaps a hundred and fifty people. Amateur night, as with most high school productions.

No matter.

Brian was in another world. He metamorphosed into a new dimension, became a fictional human being right there before our eyes. A singing, jolly, laughing, struggling, winning Tevye from out of the past. He did this so completely that we in the audience were carried away with him, lost as well upon a stage of imaginary characters.

Brian's magic.

On stage at Lee College, in the *Wizard of Oz*, he made a scarecrow lovable.

Yes, Brian can sing.

He was a national Teen Talent winner a few years back. Last year he was guest soloist at the Tennessee State Junior Miss Pageant. He's been guest soloist for the Chattanooga Boys' Association.

None of which was necessary to convince me. All it took was one Sunday morning service at North Cleveland. Brian on stage. Poised. Mike held as if an extension of his hand. Voice lilting upward. Higher. Giving and pulling right out of my soul one joyous praise to Almighty God.

I can't do it anymore, for Brother Lane has moved on to his heavenly reward; but I used to sit across the aisle from G. W. as his grandson winged his way upward in song, watching the only thing more thrilling than Brian's performance—a grandfather's joy.

Go Brian.

Sing on.

Grandpa Lane may still be watching . . . and urging you on . . . and smiling with pride. He too was a singer, you know, and from him you surely received some of that talent and you probably ought to remember he could put you through your voice paces with:

"I was lost . . . and undone . . . without God . . . or His Son . . . when He reached . . . down His hand . . . for me."

A star, Brian. A real star.

Don't be fooled by a meteor. □



The Pentecostal Research Center

GROUND BREAKING is now under way for the new building which will house the Lee College/School of Theology Library and the Pentecostal Research Center.

There have been unexpected delays, hindrances, and some slight changes of plans; but it now looks as if the building will become reality. The accompanying sketch gives some idea as to what the facility will look like. It will sit on a choice lot between the Conn Center, the School of Theology, and the North Cleveland Church.

Of all segments of our church population, young people would seem to have best reason for interest in this project. The day will come when you are more conscious of your Pentecostal heritage, when you will have keener insight into your religious background, and when you may personally wish to convey these truths to your own children. The Pentecostal Research Center could then serve you well.

As we know it Pentecost has developed since the turn of the century but it has become theologically accepted within the past two decades. There seems little reason to think interest in this biblical doctrine will abate.

Two recent examples bear this out. Campus Crusades for Christ, headed by Bill Bright, recently lifted a ban on speaking in tongues, something which the organization had insisted upon back in the sixties. Some have speculated that the organization's director, Bill Bright, has been influenced by his son who attended Life Bible College, a Pentecostal school in California.

Evangelist James Robison is presently embroiled in something of a controversy with the Southern Baptist Convention, of which he is a member, over what many consider an emphasis on divine healing and demon possession rather than traditional soul-winning evangelism. It would seem that Robison has been influenced by Milton Green, who testifies of having been miraculously healed and brought back from the jaws of death on two separate occasions.

This isn't to imply Robison is becoming a Pentecostal but it notes that traditional teachings of the Pentecostals seem more and more a force to be reckoned with among Evangelicals of all stripes.

"The purpose of the Research Center," in Conn's own words "is to gather in one comprehensive collection, located in one place, all available materials by or about the Pentecostal movement.

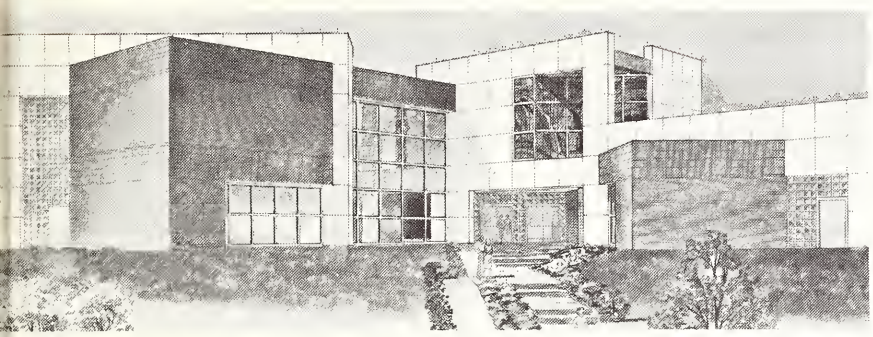
"It is for the use of scholars, researchers and writers interested in all aspects of Pentecost. It is for the preservation of those truths and materials that are a part of the history of the movement. It is for the inspiration and edification of those who seek knowledge or understanding of the Pentecostal record and beliefs."

It may interest you, and even surprise you, to know the Research Center exists already, though in embryonic form. The Center was actually begun at Lee College on a modest scale in November of 1970. President Charles W. Conn requested Hoyt Stone, director of Alumni Affairs, to solicit funds for the beginning of such a collection. The materials were secured from existing duplications in the general library of Lee. Additions were made in the spring of 1971 as the alumni contributed the funds.

The collection was first housed in a room on the third floor of the Lee Library, now the Memorial Room. As the collection grew a room on the main floor of the library was converted to

house the expansion. This space was soon outgrown and in 1976 the entire fourth floor of Lee's library was renovated as the Pentecostal Research Center. In 1976 and 1977, the state councils of South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and other states contributed funds for the renovation of the quarters and the purchase of necessary facilities and materials.

Since 1973 a librarian has had the responsibility of supervising the collection.



In 1980 plans were made to expand the facility with a possible addition to the existing library. Because of structural difficulties with the old building, it became necessary to consider an entirely new facility. At about the same time the School of Theology, which shares the library with Lee College, entered an expansion program. The two presidents, Charles Conn and Cecil B. Knight, discussed the possibility of building a totally new facility sufficient for the needs of both institutions. The Pentecostal Research Center would be a prominent feature of the new facility. Design Steward Architects was employed to draw tentative plans for the library and Research Center.

The general overseer at that time, Ray H. Hughes, gave enthusiastic support to the idea and appointed a committee to work with the two schools in drawing the necessary plans.

When the subject was presented to the Assembly in 1980, it was greeted with such enthusiasm that a spontaneous offering was given by the thousands of delegates. Approximately $200,000 was committed to the center. Since that Assembly the two institutions have purchased and cleared property in preparation for construction.

"When completed," once again, using the words of Dr. Conn, "the Pentecostal Research Center will serve all areas of the Pentecostal revival in general, and the Church of God in particular. Already a much-needed facility for numerous researchers, we expect it to become in time the most useful such facility in the world. It is proposed to become a center for Pentecostal study, enrichment, and advancement—a new dimension in preserving Pentecostal truths and propagating Pentecostal faith."

Either now or in the future, should you as a student desire to examine more closely those artifacts and historical documents which helped shape the Church of God and her Pentecostal neighbors, here are some of the things you may expect to find in the Pentecostal Research Center:

1. All (or as many as possible) existing printed materials relating to the subject of Pentecost.
2. Selected or representative audio materials, including those from local churches, denominational conferences, interdenominational conferences and individual recordings.
3. Selected video tape materials, such as interviews, church services, and business conferences.
4. Musical collections—scores, lyrics, and recordings.
5. All available dissertations and theses by Pentecostal scholars.
6. Selected unpublished manuscripts, memoirs, diaries, records and papers.
7. Both favorable and unfavorable materials regarding the Pentecostal movement, including newspaper articles, magazines, and bound volumes.

Of course, the new facility will make possible the addition of many other items.

Next time you are in Cleveland, perhaps you will want to include in your visit a tour of the Pentecostal Research Center. The day may even come when something of your own creation will find a permanent home among other items significant to the greatest revival to sweep the religious world in centuries. □

For further information on the center, you may contact:

Dr. Ray H. Hughes, President
LEE COLLEGE
Cleveland, TN 37311

OR

Dr. Lewis J. Willis, President
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
Cleveland, TN 37311

Family Happiness:

What Children Can Do



A RECENT CARTOON depicted one child saying to another, "Brothers and sisters ought not be born into the same family."

From all the turmoil, the anger, the frustration, and the bickering going on in many homes today, one might see ironic truth in this sentiment.

Home ought to be the happiest and coziest place on earth. It should be the proverbial haven of rest, the secure place of refuge, the oasis of comfort in our parched desert of hectic living.

It ought to be!

But is it?

It has become popular of late to blame parents for family problems. First blame probably ought to be placed on parents.

But not all the blame.

There are some situations where parents are loving, where parents are faithful, where parents are what God's Word says they ought to be; and where, in spite of this, evil seeds are sown and the family disintegrates.

Children also have a role to play in family happiness. Children can make a positive and a definite contribution to harmony and peace in the home.

Let us assume you wish your home to be happy. Or, let us assume you would like your home to be even happier. What can you do? What are some positive steps you can take toward making it come to pass?

STEP ONE

Evaluate your home.

Take a hard look at what family life is really like: not in terms of the glamour or the perfection you imagine exists elsewhere but in terms of reality. Many young people get their eyes on minor items—on material things, for example, or on the externals of family living—and fail to see and appreciate life's greatest blessings.

Concentrate on the positives. Dad may be busy and Mother may seem to work all the time but there are some benefits even to such sacrifice. Look closely.

Brothers and sisters may be irritating. There may be problems adjusting to study time, bathroom schedules, and the assignment of chores. But wouldn't it be lonely without them around? Think about your home from a mature perspective.

The more honest your evaluation, the more likely that others will listen to your suggestions for improvement.

STEP TWO

Express your willingness to negotiate.

True, there are some things in the family which are simply not negotiable. You can't





negotiate roles. Parents are parents and they are going to remain parents. They aren't going to negotiate away that role: you will waste your time trying to force them.

However, there are many things which contribute to, or detract from, family happiness: many of these fall into the negotiable camp. Draw up your private list. Request a time for discussion, a period when all family members can sit down and talk matters over.

Family happiness flowers naturally within the soil of harmony. Negotiation can itself be a step toward improving harmony in the home. Note those places where you are willing to make concessions. Speak out for what you want in return and be convincing with your commitment to the proposition.

It's not likely everything will be accomplished in one session but you can make a start. Your doing so may encourage your brothers and sisters to draw up their own lists. It may interest your parents in a similar approach. From this initial step, a second and probably more successful family get-together can be scheduled.

STEP THREE

Prove your sincerity with actions.

Depending on the credibility rating you presently have with other members of the family, it may take some doing for you to convince them you mean what you say. Most assuredly, they are going to want proof in terms of action. Prepare yourself. Be willing to show them, even your most skeptical brother and/or sister.

In the beginning it may be necessary for you to go the route alone. What if it is? After all, you are looking at ways you can contribute to family happiness. No one says such a goal will be easy. Happiness should, however, be worth the price.

Here are a few suggestions which may fall into the action category:

1. Do your chores with a smile. At least do them without grumbling or complaining. Show others you realize such things have to be done and you are willing to get on with the task.

2. If you have a job, or even if you have no money other than your regular allowance, contribute something to the family income. This is especially meaningful when you are asking for favors, when you are trying to suggest vacation ideas or family activities. Even if your offer is turned down, your attitude will be appreciated.

Offer to give something rather than always asking: assistance to your mother with the house cleaning . . . help for your dad on the lawn . . . attention to other members of the family.

Such little things can transform your image. They can move you from childhood to adulthood. They can make you a positive rather than a negative factor in the home.

STEP FOUR

Pray about your home.

This may be most important of all, depending on the circumstances. Some homes have little if any hope of happiness until God first begins His miracle of grace. The previous steps may be items which make your parents see you as a spiritual leader in the home.

One need not be the oldest member of a family to lead in spiritual matters. Be cautious, however, and recognize the necessary proprieties. Don't move ahead of God's Spirit. See that your timing is correct. Obey the Spirit of the Lord and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

Honest

I SAT IN MY USUAL red, padded church pew that cold January morning and debated whether I should speak to my pastor concerning the feelings troubling me. No. For fear of offending others. Surely no one else shared my feelings about this matter. They had taken the pastor's challenge, and accomplished the task with pride. So I assumed.

And what was the challenge?

Read the Bible through.

At the start, I decided to take on the challenge because I felt when it was completed I would have a vast knowledge of the Bible. I'd be able to answer most any question anyone asked me.

But as the days and months wore on, I found I was reading in order to be a contestant. That bothered me. I understood very little about thousands being killed at one time, or of God telling someone to destroy an entire army. I couldn't take time to search the Scriptures to find out why. Research? That would waste valuable time. I had to race on to the next chapter. Couldn't let others get ahead of me.

In my own mind, I knew reading the Bible through was not really helping me. It was actually hindering me. But I was too headstrong to give up. I was in a contest—that's what it had become—at least to me. I had to keep going. When I went to church, one of the other readers and I would compare notes to see who had read most that week. We never asked who had gained a better understanding of God's Word.

Shame . . . Shame . . .

I seriously considered giving up the whole idea. I would put my Bible aside for a few days and go to my daily devotions which did not require a certain number of chapters; but, somehow, I just couldn't leave it there. I'd race right back to the required reading, and read faster than ever, just to catch up. I even asked my pastor's wife why some of the chapters in Numbers and Chronicles were even recorded. "I guess God wanted us to know those things," she told me.

Well, I read them, but I still didn't know why. They were just words printed on paper. Why didn't I admit such reading was not for me and go back to what I knew was best?

Stubbornness, I guess. If others could do it, I could too.

When finally I got to the New Testament, I felt I had won



the battle. I still had a far piece to go, but I could understand a lot better what I was reading. Oh, I had enjoyed the Psalms and Proverbs, and several other books in the Old Testament, but I like to read about Jesus and His many miracles, His love for others, His promises.

A year later I, along with perhaps twenty others, sat in the morning service and waited for the pastor to call my name. I had to walk to the front of the church and receive my certificate but I wanted to sneak out the back door and stay until the service was over. Where was the joy and exhilaration I should have felt?

My best friend, who was sitting with me, took the certificate from my hand. "My, how nice," she said. "You can frame this and hang it on your wall."

Little did she know.

I would tuck it in some obscure place and feel a twinge of guilt every time I looked at it. She commented something about it sure was a shame that out of a church this size, only twenty-one people had managed to accomplish such a feat. I wanted to tell her those who chose not to do this were probably better off than the ones who had. They well may have stayed closer to God.

Today, I wouldn't discourage anyone from reading the Bible through but I would say, "be sure you do it for the right reason." If reading the Bible becomes a task or contest, have sense enough to drop out and go back to your daily devotions. You will be far better off.

Don't be so headstrong, like I was, that you can't do what is right for you.

Read your Bible daily, but not for the purpose of getting a certificate. Read to become better acquainted with the Author. □

Confessions of a Daily Bible Reader

by Mary Lawrence

FAMILY HAPPINESS: WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO

Continued from page 9

He will give you success you never dreamed possible.

Children can contribute to family happiness.

So powerful can be a child's influence that Jesus honored childhood as the most perfect example of how to enter the kingdom of God (Matthew 18:2-6).

Make your home a happy one. □

THE FAMILY LIFE COMMISSION:
Robert Fisher, Chairman
Lucille Walker, Secretary
Lamar Vest
Jim Humbertson
Dorothy Jennings

LEE COLLEGE



LEE COLLEGE
1918
A CHURCH OF GOD INSTITUTION

Is a Special Place for Special People









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THURSDAY ONLY STUDENTS

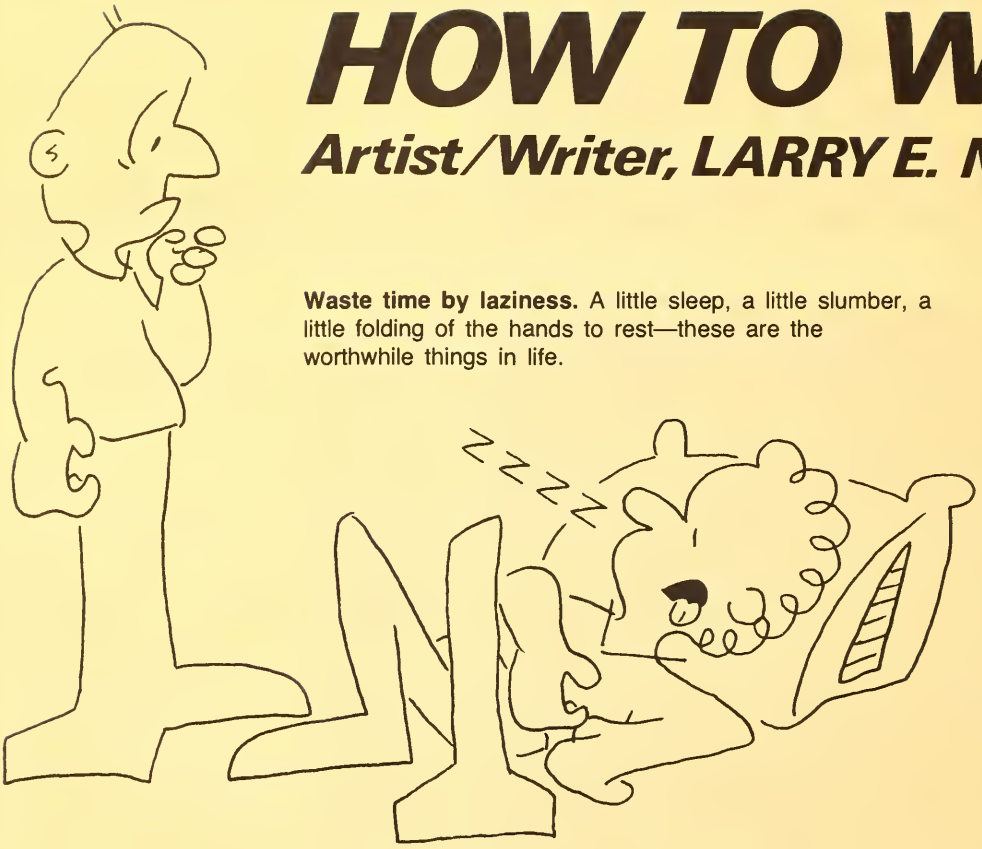
Persons within driving distance will now have opportunity of doing residence work in a "Thursday only" package. This is a spendid opportunity to further your education at the baccalaureate level.

A grant of forty-five dollars per semester hour will be available for the fall semester for pastors, full-time evangelists, Christian education directors and other full-time ministers of the church.

OUR INQUIRY SHOULD BE SENT TO DEAN OF ADMISSIONS, LEE COLLEGE, CLEVELAND, TN 37311 OR

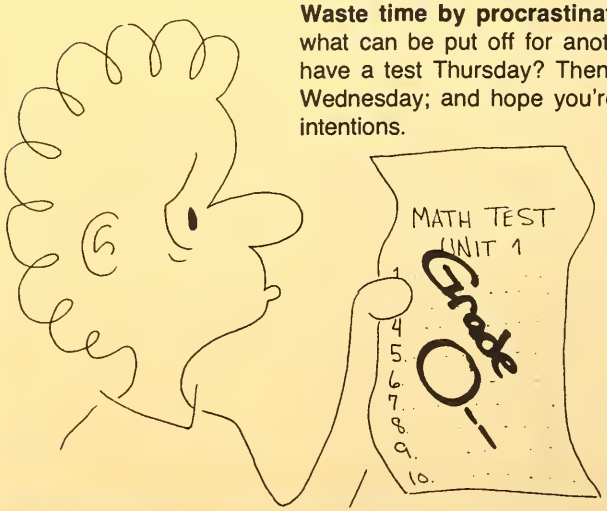
HOW TO WAS

Artist/Writer, LARRY E. NEAGLE



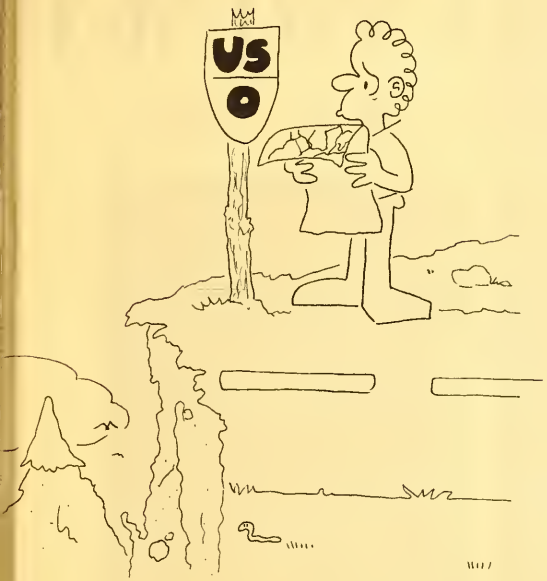
Waste time by laziness. A little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to rest—these are the worthwhile things in life.

Waste time by procrastination. Never do today what can be put off for another day. Do you have a test Thursday? Then study late Wednesday; and hope you're graded on good intentions.





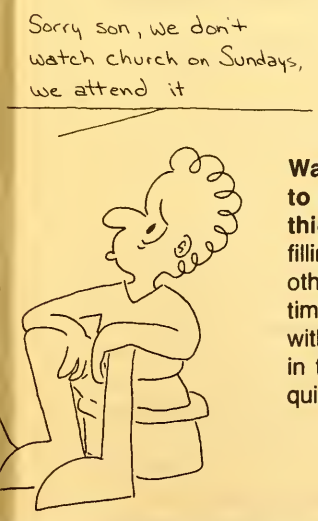
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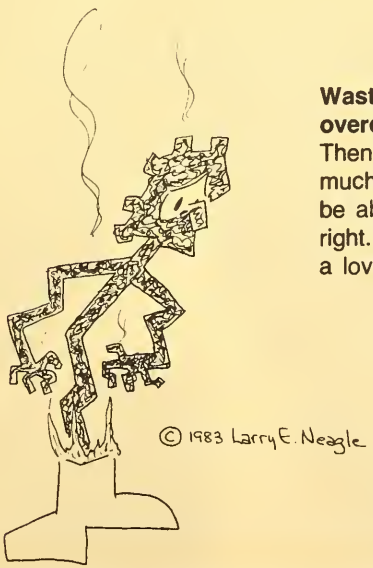


Waste time by seeking the wrong things—success, money, popularity, good looks. After all, greatness with men is infinitely more valuable than greatness with God.

Waste time by never really determining what God wants for your life. If you don't know where you're going, you're not responsible if you don't get there.



Waste time by failing to seek the right things—salvation, filling, power, service to others. Leave your time unredeemed, filled with things not wrong in themselves, but not quite right either.



Waste time by overcommitment. Then when you have too much to do, you won't be able to do any of it right. And you'll make a lovely case of burnout.



Religious News Service Photo

HUMAN INSTINCT

by Hoyt E. Stone



Stone Photo

BARTHOLOMEW McINTOSH, known as Big Bart by everyone in the little West Virginia coal camp where he had spent his thirty-four years, was surprised when the pain cut into his belly. It came without warning as he walked down the railroad track from the Seven-Eleven to his clapboard shack nestled into the hillside above the railroad and "Possum" crick. Land McIntoshes had lived on since before the Civil War.

The pain doubled Bart over like he'd been kicked by a mule. He sat on the iron rail, in a

cold sweat, and he thought about dying. Like as if the judgment of God had fallen on him for all the misery he'd been causing and all that moonshine he'd been drinkin'.

After ten minutes Bart got up and went on home with the bread and milk he'd got for Maggie and the baby. He told himself it was the pinto beans, onions, and cornbread he'd had for dinner but Bart never was much at lying.

Later, he sat in the squeaky old porch swing listening to the crick and watching an occasional truck or car pass on the road and he knew there was a demon in his belly waiting to bite down again. Actually, the pain was in Bart's abdomen but he wasn't one to make that distinction.

Maggie came to the door, shading her eyes and squinting into the dark. She cradled four-month-old Jenny in her left arm, letting her nurse contentedly.

"Some'un wrong with you, Bart?"

"Naw."

"Ain't like ye to be home on a Friday night. Stead of down Ben's."

"Just thinkin'." Bart shoved the swing with a booted foot. "Leave me 'lone."

After 11 p.m., when all the regular television programs had gone off, Maggie came to the door and peeped out again. Bart was still in the swing. She went to bed without saying anything further. Weren't no need talkin' to Bart when he wasn't in a talkin' mood. Still, she reckoned he was actin' a little more peculiar than usual.

It was round 3 a.m., after he had moved down on the porch steps where he could see all the stars out, and when the night was itself asleep, that Bart made up his mind. He'd do whatever was necessary. He sure weren't goin' to take the coward's way out like Paw had done.

The pain bowed him over again as he went through the living room of the house on his way to bed. He stretched out on the sagging maroon couch and tossed around till morning.

Then slept.

* * *

Doc Pritchett listened to Bart's heart and lungs. Looked in his throat. Punched a thumb into his gut until Bart winced.

"Pro'bly nothin' more'en indigestion," Doc said. He reached up into a little cabinet and, after some deliberation, picked up two little bottles of sample medicine. "This'll pro'bly give you some relief. One 'fore each meal and 'nother at night."

"Doc, I ain't much educated and all that but I don't believe this is somethin' I ate. This thing hurts, Doc. Worst hurtin' I ever knowed. You think it's cancer? Like Paw's? You think maybe I caught it from him?"

"No, Bart, it ain't cancer. Least wise I don't think it is. And I know you didn't catch it from your Paw. Cancer ain't catchin'."

"How you know, Doc? How come all these people all over gettin' cancer now'days? And if'n it ain't catchin', then how does it spread?"

"I don't know, Bart . . ."

"See there, you said it yourself. You don't know. Best I can tell, don't nobody know. So maybe I did catch it from Paw."

"Listen to me, Bart. There's lots we don't know 'bout cancer but we do know it's not contagious. It's not something you catch from someone else. It's something just happens. It happens inside folks and we don't yet know why. But there's all kinds of things could have caused your pain. Ain't no need your thinkin' it's cancer."

"Paw told me how cancer feels in the belly, Doc. Told me late one evenin' when I visited up at the old farm place. Bout a week 'fore he shot hisself. Paw said ain't nothin' on earth worse, Doc. Nothin'!"

"Now you listen to me, Bart. You listen good. Don't you go doin' nothin' foolish. You hear? Lots of people get sick now'days and get over it. Even cancer. You're a young man. Strong. Lots of years left. You just go on home and take that medicine. You'll be all right in a few days. Okay?"

Just before dark that night Doc Pritchett drove slowly down the road past Bart's house to see if Bart were on the porch. He checked at Ben's beer joint. He then drove his old Studebaker over the wooden bridge and across the railroad track and up as near to the house as a car could get and walked the rest of the way.

Maggie answered his call.

"Said he's goin' fer a walk, all I know." Maggie was putting her long black hair up on curlers.

"He been actin' kind'a strange?"

"Well . . . guess you could say that. Sure strange fer Bart. Said fer me to get myself and the baby all cleaned up. We'uns

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

The Essay

by Wanda Cato Brett

I DIDN'T EXACTLY hate Melanie Hays, but the fact I didn't exactly like her wasn't the best kept secret on campus.

Things were never the same between us after she borrowed my new $50 silk blouse and told everyone it was hers and she only let me wear it because my family was poor. She was the kind of person who could smile at you in English Lit and, by the time you got to World History, start a rumor that would take you a year to live down.

I found out the hard way that Melanie Hays was my new college roommate. I had just finished unpacking my suitcase when Melanie knocked on the door. She came in without waiting for an answer and said, "I guess this is where I put my stuff for the fall semester."

I stared at her, anxiety rising in my throat. "Melanie," I said in what I hoped was a patient voice, "you must have the wrong room. I didn't have a roommate assigned this year."

"Well now you do," she said pertly. "Since they're remodeling the old dorms they ran out of space. They sent me here."

I saw my blissful hours of solitude slipping away like the proverbial sand in an hourglass. Melanie was right: she was my new roommate.

From the start, from the very beginning, I knew it would never work. Our personalities and lifestyles clashed. She hung posters of strange singing groups all over the room. My poster of the kitten in a basket saying, "HAVE A NICE DAY" seemed ludicrous and totally out of place. I took it down after the first day.

It was hard to understand Melanie. She was pretty, petite, popular—everything you're supposed to be (according to all the commercials on TV). But Melanie never quite fit into any group. She seldom went to class and often said the only reason she was in college was to make her family happy. I couldn't imagine anyone not appreciating a chance for education. I thought it was the key to a better life. But not Melanie.

I suppose things would have rocked along in some sort of hectic but acceptable fashion if it hadn't been for the essay contest.

Every year at the beginning of school, the English Department sponsored a journalism contest. Each who entered harbored hopes of winning first place, which carried a partial scholarship for the following semester and an interview with some publisher. I needed that scholarship in order to return to school.

I became obsessed with winning the contest, with writing the first-place essay. I spent every free moment researching the topic: Education and What It Means to Me. I wrote and rewrote every single page. I sat at my small brown desk until the lighted dial of my clock said two or three in the morning. I wrote until my hands ached—wrote until my mind could no longer form sentences. When it was finally finished, I knew it was good. I thought it could win.

On the morning of the contest, I hand delivered my carefully prepared essay to the English Department and waited all day for their decision. It came at 5 p.m. The names of winners were posted on the bulletin board in the hall. My eyes glued to the white sheet of paper in the center of the board, held nonchalantly in place with a red thumbtack.

First place . . . second place . . . third place . . . honorable mention. . . . My eyes scanned the sheet again. No mistake! My name was not on the list.

Mrs. Davis, head of the English Department, saw me standing by the board.

"I read your essay," she said quietly. "It was excellent. In fact, you would have won first place if you had followed the rules."

I gave her a very blank look.

"The rules," she said impatiently. "Like the ones on the rule sheet I handed out in class. Each essay had to be typed. Double-spaced. Each judge had to have a personal copy."

I stood there stunned but she didn't seem to notice.

"I gave all the contestants a rule sheet," she continued. "I believe it was on the day you had to leave early for the dorm meeting. I sent it to you by your roommate, Melanie."

Melanie!

Mrs. Davis patted my shoulder and gave me a "maybe next time" speech. I hardly heard it. My whole body shook as I took a deep breath. Melanie knew how important the essay had been to me. She knew how much winning the contest would have meant.

How could she have been so irresponsible? So inconsiderate?

I cried all the way back to the dorm. My breath came in short gulps and I didn't care who saw me or what they might think. I only wanted to find Melanie and tell her what her irresponsible actions had cost me.

When I reached the room, Melanie was gone. So were her posters, and suitcases. She left a note on the dresser:

"Hi-Bye—College not for me. Dear old Dad tired of spending money on party-time daughter. No matter. You can have your room back.—Mel."

September wasn't even over. Melanie was already a statistic—a college dropout.

The room seemed strangely silent. The stereo quiet for a change. So Melanie was gone. Well . . . I was glad. I didn't care where or why she was gone! My only regret was realizing I wouldn't have a chance to tell her what her inconsiderate actions had cost me.

Melanie had cost me the scholarship. That thought ate away at me. All night. All day. I imagined conversations with Melanie. I practiced telling her what I thought of her senseless mistakes. It seemed to help cool the anger inside me, but only for a while.

I consoled myself at night by crying into my pillow and wishing fervently that Melanie Hays had never been born. Sometimes I dreamed restless and fitful dreams about accepting the scholarship and finishing school with honors. And suddenly I'd wake up in a stuffy room with only one window. I'd clench my hands against my face and try to erase the pictures from my mind. But I could still see Melanie carelessly tossing the rule sheet "somewhere."

I think that's when I actually began to hate Melanie. Funny how it doesn't take long for an injustice—real or imagined—to fester into a full-blown wound.

I felt remote. Removed from the mainstream of school around me. I had wanted to win the contest so much. And since I now knew I wouldn't be back without the scholarship money, I lost my initiative. Homework became a chore. So did cleaning my room. Of course, neither could be totally ignored . . . especially my room.

I chose a rainy day to clean it up. Under the bed I found my cat poster. I thought of throwing it away since I wasn't having a nice day, but changed my mind.

Then I found a first-draft copy of my essay, lying in a tight, crumpled ball beneath the bed. I had tossed it there in anger.

I smoothed out the pages and began to read words sprawled across the pages.

"Education. Educated people are our most valuable resource. Without them we'd have no doctors, or teachers. No chemists or engineers . . ." The familiar words wound around my mind . . . "Education, if you want one bad enough, it can be yours! Nothing, no one can keep you from achieving your goal and earning that hard-earned diploma if you really desire it."

The paper words pointed an accusing finger at me. "Nothing can stop you." Not Melanie. Not a mistake. Nothing. Except myself. I was stopping myself from reaching a long-desired goal, by my attitude.

My own attitude was destroying me and I hadn't even known it. I was suddenly ashamed to realize I had never even prayed about the essay. I had certainly never asked God for a change in my attitude. Wrapping a jacket around my shoulders to keep out the September rain, I walked outside to the old oak trees nearby. The light drizzle seemed to put out the fire in my heart.

I felt God close. Like an old friend. I had been away from Him too long. I remembered that His own Son had been betrayed and it had cost Him His life. Yet He lived again to forgive my shortcomings and mistakes.

I knew then it was over. It was time to go on to other things. To forget Melanie. Time to find another way for completing my education.

There would be a way. God would help me find it.

Black, charred ashes of resentment fell at my feet. I felt reborn. □



Update

W. A. Davis
Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

THE GOSPEL FOR ALL OF LIFE

A new school year has come upon me! Watch out, teacher, here I come. And you had better be careful, I am feeling great after summer vacation.

Wow! It will be exciting seeing all of my friends again! The only problem I have as a Christian young person is can I take Jesus Christ to school with me? Will friends laugh if I witness to His goodness in my life? Will I be shunned and rejected if I express Christ's presence in my life?

These are the big questions young people face when the doors of school open every fall. What is the answer?

I suppose we could refer to our Lord's words, "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven" (Matthew 10:32, 33). And then come down hard and say, "You owe it to Jesus to witness to your friends." At least I could carry a Bible to school.

But let's be realistic—Jesus does not expect you to stand upon a bandstand and scream out, "I am a Christian!" Neither does He want you to hide your light under a bushel. Jesus wants Christian young people to be happy, excited, and to exemplify a spirit of peace and contentment. And if anyone asks, "Why are you so happy?" be willing to let them know Jesus lives in your soul.

Jesus lived His life openly before the people of His world. Every day Christ risked His image.

Christ's day was not a lot different from ours, for men were as prejudiced then as now. It was an age when men skirted Samaria to avoid tainting their image by being seen with half-breed Samaritans.

The world of Jesus of Nazareth was one in which men vied for the best seats at banquets so they might be seen near the right people. Jesus opened Himself up for criticism by all the good things He said and did.

There was no way for Jesus to hide in the crowd since his peculiar ministry and attitude stood out. The people who were prejudiced would be sure to say something. However, He did not change His lifestyle. Jesus lived a constant, dedicated life. If Jesus so lived, then every young person must do the same.

What does it mean to young people to be "in Christ"? We are to be one with Christ and involved in Jesus' life and witness. To be "in Christ" means to trust Him while at school, to believe in Him while at school and to look for an opportunity to serve Him at school.

There may be someone walking down the hall, sitting beside you in history, math or English class that needs a friend who knows Christ. Look around for your ministry to someone who is hurting. It may cause you to risk your image. But you will be happy you did it. The gospel is for all of your life, even at school. □

HUMAN INSTINCT

Continued from page 16

goin' to meetin' in the mornin'."

"Bart said that?"

Maggie laughed. "Shore did, Doc. It's hard fer you to believe too, ain't it? Well now, what you s'pose I felt. Last fellow in this town I s'pected to go to church was Bart. But that's what he said and I'm a doin' it. Jenny's all bathed and I got her best things laid out. Even ironed Bart a white shirt, though he said he still weren't wearin' no fancy clothes. Just his clean overalls."

"Keep an eye on him, Maggie." Doc acted like he wanted to say something else but didn't.

"What'cha mean by that, Doc?"

"Oh, nothin' really. Just keep an eye out fer any strange behavior. You know, things like that."

"Whatever you say, Doc. But I don't see how anything could be stranger than Bart 'cidin' to go to church."

* * *

On Monday Bart hitched a ride into Charleston and, after asking directions three or four times, finally found his way to the main offices of Appalachian Coal Company.

"There isn't a Jim Smith working here," the skinny blond receptionist told Bart. "Sorry."

"Well, Ma'am, he said he worked here. Said this here company wanted to buy mineral rights to my Paw's land. Who's the boss? The big boss?"

The blond giggled. "Well, Mister, we have lots of bosses but I'm afraid you won't be able to see any of them today. Not without an appointment."

"I got an appointment, Ma'am. With death. That's why I'm here."

Bart looked past the girl at the big door. He recognized the word "President" and walked right through the door. The girl was yelling at him. Inside, a little fat man looked up from his big desk, startled. His phone started ringing before he spoke.

"Mister, this is most unusual. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to leave."

Into the phone, "Yes, Betty . . . I know you tried to stop him . . . That's all right . . . If he's not out in three minutes, call the police."

"That shore ain't nice." Bart walked over to the desk and leaned forward on his hands. "I'm Bartholomew McIntosh and I been told you fellows want'a buy Paw's coal."

The man squinted, adjusted his glasses, and licked his lips. "You're old man McIntosh's son? Bart?"

Bart nodded. "Young fellow named Smith told me a few weeks ago you fellows were thinkin' of opening up the other ridge and you'd like Paw's property."

"Oh yeah. Jim's our sales rep for Kenawah County." The man picked up the phone and told the secretary to cancel that call to the police. Everything was all right. He was suddenly very excited. Reminded Bart of a nervous peddler. "I'm Obediah Johnson, vice-president in charge of development. Jim said you weren't interested in selling. Said you didn't want McIntosh land

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23



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Current Happenings with Questions for Christian Reflection

YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by SONJIA LEE HUNT, Leadership Development Coordinator

AMERICAN FAMILIES

Some 201,320 readers responded to a survey concerning the American family, conducted and reported by *Better Homes and Gardens* Magazine. Here are a few responses:

1. Which of the following have the greatest influence on the general development of children under age 12?

Parents 81 percent
Television 33 percent
Friends 24 percent
Church 12 percent
Organized activities 10 percent
Other relatives 5 percent
Books 4 percent

2. Parents responding to the survey listed the following as the problems that cause serious conflicts between themselves and their teenagers:

Attitude and behavior toward family members 36 percent
Helping around the house 32 percent
Performance in school 22 percent
Respect for authority 15 percent

3. Have you or any members of your family had a "born again" experience that has renewed and/or increased your (their) religious devotion?

You: Yes - 32 percent No - 64 percent
Family member(s): Yes - 31 percent No - 60 percent
(*Better Homes and Gardens*) ☐

MORE COUNSELORS—YOUNGER COUNSELEES

In 1963 the number of elementary school counselors nationwide stood at just five hundred. By 1973 the total topped seven thousand, and since then it's doubled.

Experts argue that this increase is justified by research findings in child development suggesting that behavioral problems are more easily identified, treated, and remedied in young children than in adolescents.

Statisticians also estimate that half the children born this year will—before age 18—live with only one parent. Such social upheavals may explain the increasing emphasis on elementary school guidance programs. ☐

* * * *

1. What advantages do you think elementary school counselors may offer to this nation's children?

2. What solutions to children's behavioral and social problems in school can you think of? ☐

CHINA'S HIDDEN CHURCH

Note the following findings of a recent *U.S. News and World Report* article concerning religion in China:

1. At the Flower Lane Church in Fuzhou, forty-two young Chinese are studying to become Protestant ministers. Twice as many were turned away for lack of classroom space.

2. Authorities say more than 4 million Chinese regularly attend Christian worship services—only about one third of 1 percent of the total population but more than the number of active Christians in 1949 when the Communists took power.

3. One third of Christian worshipers are youthful, and one third are "new believers"—older people not active religiously before churches were closed during the 1966-76 "cultural revolution."

4. Religious instruction for children is still banned.

5. The government has approved printing of 1 million Bibles in the past year. Cost: $5.60, a high price for a country where a factory worker earns only $45 per month. Demand, however, outruns supply.

6. Buddhism, Taoism and Islam were repressed just as harshly as Christianity—and are reviving just as spectacularly.

7. The greatest threat to the revival is its own highly evident growth and appeal to young people.

8. Catholics make up more than three fourths of China's Christian population. (*U.S. News & World Report*) ☐

PETS AND PEOPLE

An average family spends about $225 to $350 a year on food and preventive veterinary care for a dog kept as a pet, $125 to $215 for a cat. Considering the return on your investment, your pet probably pays some of the biggest dividends your family ever will collect.

Paving the way in a field that explores pet-people relationships —dubbed the human/companion animal bond—are studies that document the effectiveness of pets in therapy and rehabilitation programs.

According to Dr. Michael McCulloch, an authority on people and companion animal relationships, and a professor and practicing psychiatrist at Oregon State University, "The idea may sound a bit silly at first, but when someone continues to live independently at home because of a pet, you realize how important it is to feel needed."

Pets help treat the emotionally disturbed; motivate the physically ill, the handicapped, and the disabled; and revitalize the lonely and elderly. Interaction with pets has prompted terminally ill cancer victims to stay active longer and increased the life expectancy of heart patients. (*Better Homes and Gardens*) ☐

* * * *

1. In your opinion, how do pets affect the personality of humans?

2. Do they change personalities or do they "reveal" personalities or types of dispositions? ☐

HUMAN INSTINCT

Continued from page 21

polluted. Fact is, said you ran him off with a shotgun."

"Things change. What's done is done. Fur as I'm concerned that's all past. If'n you're ready to buy, then I'm ready to sell."

Obediah Johnson smiled. "Sure, Mr. McIntosh. Sure. We are definitely interested. We'll pay a good price too. I'll have our lawyers draw up the papers and we'll be down to your place for a signing in a day or so. How's that sound?"

"Sounds crooked." Bart looked the man in the eyes without a blink. "Your lawyers. Paw told me that's what you folks would say. He got hisself a lawyer a long time ago, Mr. Alexander Frazier from over Bluefield. Frazier's been lookin' after us McIntoshes fur twenty years. Reckon I can trust him with this little chore. You get in touch with him."

Turning to leave, Bart paused at the door. "One thing I can tell ye though. I wouldn't be sellin' if'n I weren't a dying man. I got to make sure there's money for Maggie and the kid. Another thing. The price doubled the moment you said you was goin' to call the law. That weren't very neighborly, Mr. Johnson. Hill folks don't call the law."

* * *

Big Bart didn't die right off.

Alexander Frazier turned out to be one of the sharpest lawyers in the state. He arranged for a half million dollar advance on the McIntosh property. Bart built himself and Maggie a fifteen-room brick house further up on the mountain next to the old homeplace. Though he still thought it was lots more fun swimming in the crick, he put in a swimming pool for Jenny.

Bart contributed tithe to the local church, enough money some said to pay off all the debts and take care of the church's budget for the next five years. He was elected to the Pastor's Council even though he kept telling everyone he wouldn't be around for long.

Even Alexander Frazier told Bart he was crazy when he built the preacher a new parsonage. Bart explained he didn't feel exactly right living in so nice a home while the man of God lived in what was once a company house.

When Appalachian started producing coal, Bart decided to invest money in a fleet of trucks.

"Might as well haul some of my own coal. No need lettin' the company make all the money," Bart explained. He named his trucks Jenny 1, Jenny 2, Jenny 3, right on up to a hundred, though heaven knows, he never planned on buying so many when he first began.

Big Bart never did have anymore pain in his belly. Every year he thanked God for a few more days and he tried to make life easier for as many people as he could.

Finally, though, Big Bart did get around to dying. After Jenny was married and had given him six grandkids. After he laid Maggie to rest in the little cemetery out behind the white frame church. And after he celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

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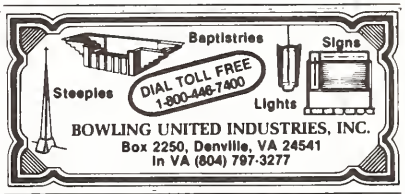
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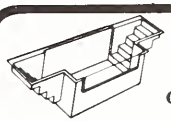
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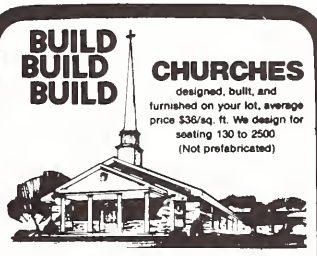
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The main preparation for life for a child comes from one's parents. This book has been developed to offer basic principles that parents may follow. In a practical format, it blends Scripture and time-tested data from the behavioral sciences. The thirteen chapters of the book can be adapted for use in the home, in small study groups of parents, or in classroom situations. Also, workbook material is included to help parents improve in understanding and practice. From parental roles to letting go, the wide range of subjects will be most instructional to parents. (Tyndale House Publishers, Wheaton, IL) □

AN EVANGELISM PRIMER: PRACTICAL PRINCIPLES FOR CONGREGATIONS by Ben Johnson

Christ requires evangelism of all believers. Some misconceptions about evangelistic outreach have hindered some congregations. Johnson offers some fresh, enlightening, practical, and logical strategies for overcoming these problems. *An Evangelism Primer* is simple and readable. It challenges the church to use the entire body of Christ in reaching out to others. Its emphasis on Christian love, encouragement, and acceptance is worth the price of the book. This thoughtfully written volume will make a useful tool for the church. (John Knox Press, Atlanta, GA) □

HOW TO GROW AN EFFECTIVE SUNDAY SCHOOL by Elmer L. Towns

Elmer Towns has done it again—written an excellent "how to" book. As a confirmed believer in the potential of the Sunday school for combining evangelism and Christian education, I can highly recommend this book. Dr. Towns touches on the basics of a successful Sunday school. The reason Southern Baptists have become the largest Protestant denomination in the United States is because they kept emphasizing Sunday school basics: outreach for the lost, training teachers, good organization and administration, sound biblical teaching. Every Sunday school superintendent would profit from reading this book. (Accent Books, Denver, CO) □

MORE CHILDREN'S CHURCH TIME by Mary Rose Pearson

A complete guide and manual for children's church, Grades 1 to 6 which I can highly recommend. This is the most complete one-year book of children's programs I have ever seen. It has Bible lessons, puppet shows, games, quizzes, activities, and songs and would be an excellent resource for the Family Training Hour children's class if it is not used on Sunday morning. You must see this book and its excellent material to really appreciate it. The price is very economical for the quality and quantity of materials contained in this excellent book. (Accent Press, Denver, CO) □

HOW TO TREAT YOUR FAMILY AS WELL AS YOU TREAT YOUR FRIENDS by Judson J. Swilhart

An excellent treatment of Matthew 5 through 7, the Sermon on the Mount, with primary consideration for one's family. It is often easier to treat friends at work or school better than members of our family. Holiness at home is just as important as holiness on the street or in the church. Highly recommended. (Regal Books, Ventura, CA) □

DRUG ABUSE: WHAT CAN WE DO? by Loyd V. Allen, Jr.

A brief book which will help parents, pastors, and youth leaders to become knowledgable quickly about drugs. The author begins with alcohol and tobacco and moves on to other drugs, such as: marijuana, angel dust, and narcotics. The last chapters offer suggestions about what we can do to help with the drug problem in our society. The book concludes with a glossary of commonly used terms in the drug culture. Recommended. (Regal Books, Ventura, CA) □

HUMAN INSTINCT

Continued from page 23

He just laid down one night, listening to "Possum" crick and a few cars passing on the highway and never woke up.

The preacher who did the funeral was a young man, not aware of Big Bart's wild days. He said, "One thing we can all say about Brother McIntosh: he was ready to go." □

A MODERN QUESTION

A modern question
Troubles me—
More dust on the Bible
Than on TV?

Quicker than fingers
Can count to three,
Conscience argues
It must not be.

—William Walter De Bolt

ATHEIST

A dog picked up the scent of a fox
and thought he was headed for heaven.
The fox eluded him, like a coward in battle,
and the dog became an atheist.

—William Walter De Bolt

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Church and State

EDITORIAL, Hoyt E. Stone



THERE THEY STOOD—Pope John Paul II, representing the largest segment of Christianity on earth today, and Polish Premier General Wojciech Jaruzelski, representing all Communists as well as the totalitarian rulers of his own country.

The church . . .

And the state.

For most of us, of course, John Paul is not "the Holy Father," nor is Jaruzelski the embodiment of earthly rulers, but there is a certain paradox to their juxtaposition. Seeing them thus and realizing what each man represents gives one a sense of awe and tends to make Christian believers of all persuasion more conscious of the continuing struggle between light and darkness.

It takes us back to our Lord's discussion with the disciples and to His question, "Whom do men say that I am?"

It causes Peter's affirmation to echo in our hearts, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (Matthew 16:16).

It calls up a panorama of human history, two thousand years of conflict and struggle, of pain and sorrow, of persecution and defeat, of sacrifice and suffering . . .

And of something which would not, and will not, die.

It makes us remember, and remember in a new and different way, the Master's words, "I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matthew 16:18).

The continuing conflict between church and state is not always so clearly marked but we all are aware of it just the same. Even in free America.

Presently there's the struggle between private and religious schools, as represented in the court's decision that Bob Jones University should lose its tax exemption (a defeat) and by the court's more recent decision that it is not unconstitutional for states to grant tax benefits to parents who send their children to private schools (a victory).

The conflict is more pronounced when we think in terms of things spiritual and things material: our daily physical needs such as food, clothing, shelter and entertainment, as opposed to spiritual needs such as moral choices, ethics, and inner peace.

We are confronted by the state—society, job, law, rules, regulations, codes of conduct—and by the church—worship, joy, happiness, family, love, and inner aspirations: and we realize the two are not always clearly separated or neatly marked off. All too easily the boundaries merge.

We may even find ourselves giving homage first to one and then to the other. After all, we get very excited about the Fourth of July.

Nevertheless, there are reminders that eternal things are more important: death, sickness, disappointment, sorrow. These all tell us why what Jesus had to say still remains the most important message of the ages.

John Paul and Jaruzelski.

Jesus and the world.

Church and state.

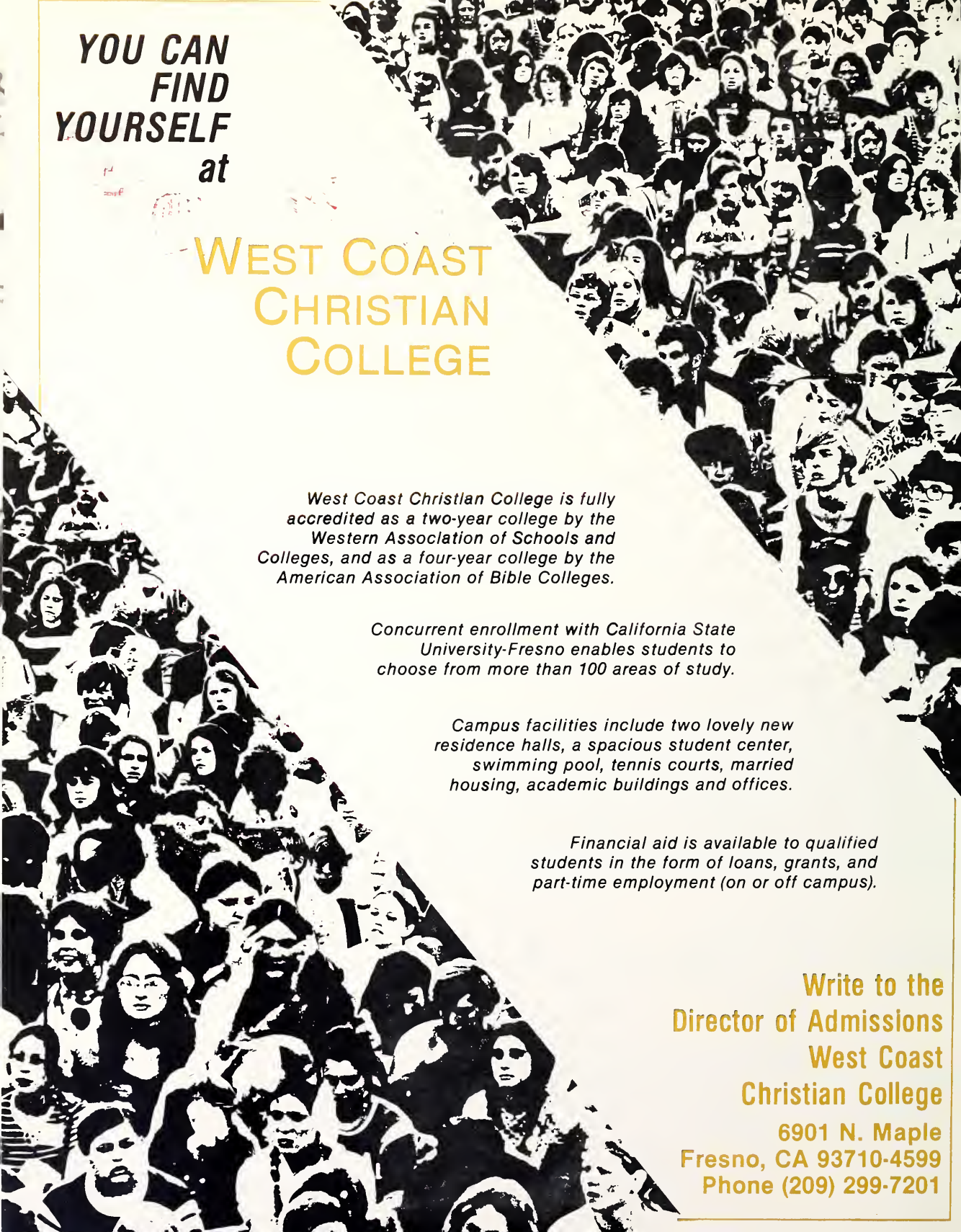
Long after we are gone and forgotten, men will still view the two.

I know of none who thinks Jaruzelski will be around.

But the church will. □

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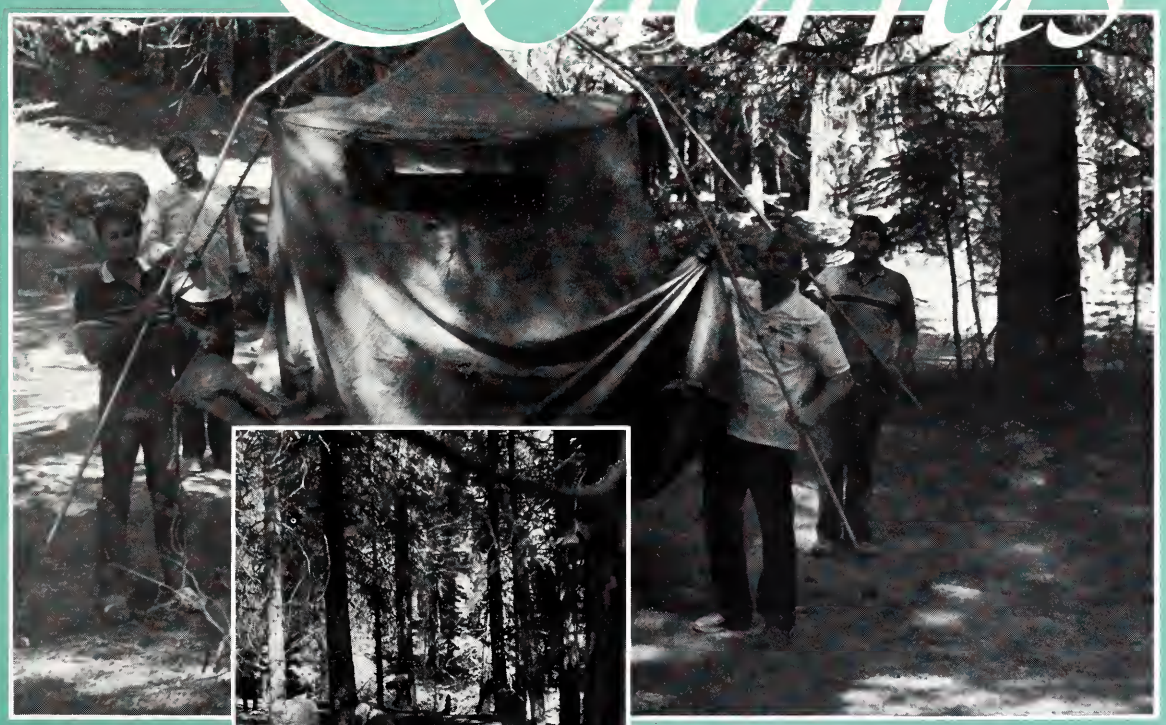
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INTO THE Sierras



Northern California's First Wilderness Camp

LIGHTED PATHWAY
Guiding Youth

October 1983
Volume 54, Number 10



THIS MONTH

Our work goes on, as always it must, but we are saddened at the loss of a friend and colleague, Harold Cato, who slipped away to be with the Lord Sunday, August 21, 1983. Age 60. A brain tumor. Editor of Adult Literature for the past ten years.

Known for wit, courage, and pungent quotes, one of Harold's last was: "The garment you weave in life is what you wear in eternity."

Hoyt E. Stone



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

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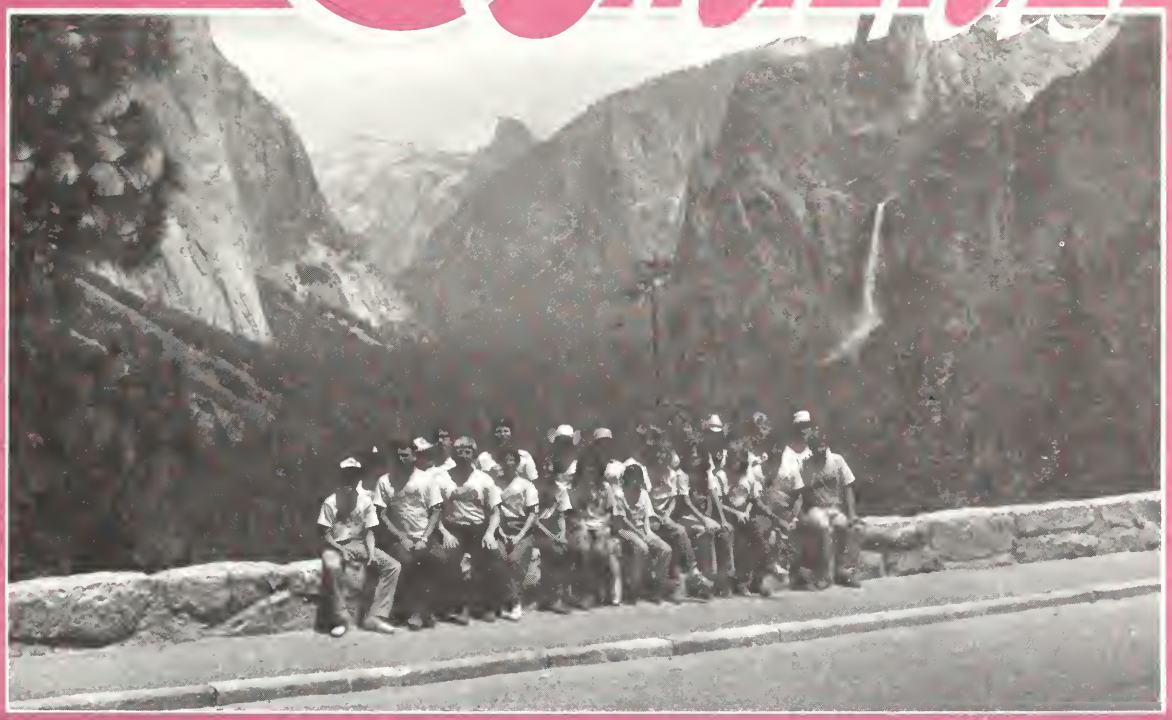
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INTO THE Sierras



FOR MOST OF THE seventeen young people of Northern California, the trip was an adventure, payoff for work done in terms of the '83 YWEA project.

We got under way shortly after noon on a blistering Tuesday in July, leaving West Coast Christian College and heading north on Route 41. Three vans loaded with people and luggage. A big camper carrying the week's supply of food carefully packed in dry ice. A pickup loaded with a camp stove, tent poles, and all those extras which wouldn't fit elsewhere. The pickup reminded me of Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*.

Hot! Was it ever hot! We left the flats and entered rolling hill country, mile upon mile covered with golden grain. "That's why California is called the golden state," someone said.

We stopped in Oakhurst for lunch, best of which was chilled glasses of root beer. The mountains were then visible, rising stark and barren in spots where outcroppings of rock thrust their faces through the conifers. Talk was light. Some mentioned that a camper had been mauled to death by a bear over in Yosemite last week.

"There are no bears where we're going. The rangers have assured us of that." Roger Daniel, the state youth director, was most emphatic.

A work crew was resurfacing the road. We waited, heat rising in shimmering waves from the newly poured tar. A turn right, then up a twisting dirt road, over a few ridges, and

Stone Photo

INTO THE *Sierras*

eventually down to the Texas Flat campsite number 4.

Nice. We pitched five tents in a grove of ponderosa and sugar pines which reached two hundred feet into the sky. There were large tables constructed of rough logs, campfire pits, and a mountain stream that splashed and gurgled. The water was right off the snow, higher up, at first refreshing to the feet but soon sending an ache right to the bone.

Some of the boys headed downstream with fishing poles, others cut firewood. It seemed odd to be cutting wood in temperatures of 90 degrees but I discovered why not long afterwards. Come sunset, there was a sting to the air. We all dug out sweaters and jackets.

Grilled hamburgers, all one could eat, with mustard, onions, pickles and tomatoes. Coke and chips. We had our first Bible study. Later a big campfire. Roger strummed his guitar, accompanied by the rushing stream, and we all sang choruses. God seemed close and we were subdued by the miracle of His great big beautiful world.

Lightness returned with the marshmallows: gooey, black and disappearing at an unbelievable rate.

Night chill crowded in around the fire. We kept turning in an effort to keep warm on four sides. An Easterner, I thought of rain. There was nothing overhead but blue sky and a million stars. Someone casually commented it wouldn't rain until November.

Tent, sleeping bag, and ground that was harder than when I was young. Goodnight, Rusty. Ken. Earl. Roger. And Allen.

Goodnight, Hoyt.

Craig Green and his dad were in the camper. It was comforting to know he had a gun. Benita, the youth director's wife, and Naomi—they were with the girls, already settled in for the night.

I imagined a slight breeze in the tops of the pines. Couldn't be sure, though, for there was the ever-rushing water of the creek not ten feet back of the tent.

It soothed me to sleep.

* * *

Day two started with a chill that brought everyone to the fire. Bacon fried on an open grill, with scrambled eggs, hot coffee, buttered bread and jelly—that soon had spirits soaring. A rising sun warmed the entire clearing and some of the boys were already returning with fish. Pastor Allen Humphries proved especially adept at enticing trout from beneath the rocks.

We shaved and washed in the tingling mountain stream. Then had private devotions, each to his own. Some of the kids stayed at the tables. Others found quiet places across the stream. Yet others wandered up or down the road to a place of privacy. Who could doubt the whispering voice of God? Or the impact of His message so graphically written?

We were a mixed group, the youngest thirteen and







perhaps a little awed at the wilderness itself. Six girls and eleven boys, along with ten adults. The youth director Roger Daniel had informed me that some of the kids had problems. Not that I wouldn't have known that. Young people always have problems, decisions with which to wrestle, choices to make. This group was no exception. Early that first morning, though, as I watched them scatter to private places for Bible reading and quiet prayer, I knew they were learning something important about how to cope with life's problems.

I would be watching them all week, occasionally speaking to them privately, emphasizing a message from God's Word around the fireside evenings; and I would see changes take place. The very same young people who began the week somewhat haughty and undisciplined became key leaders of the group before camp ended.

Our planned activity for the second day involved a hike around to an old logging camp where stumps of some of the largest redwoods ever seen reminded us these trees were stirring in the wind when Jesus walked on earth. We lunched there and also had our Bible study. Roger did the study: four sessions on, KNOW THAT I AM GOD.

The hot afternoon we spent at the creek, boys downstream and girls at the camp. Some would have called it swimming but it was more like dipping . . . quick . . . with a run to shore in order to get one's breath back.

Our fearless leader Roger tried floating downstream on an inner tube. The water was rather shallow, thus causing a certain part of his anatomy to drag over the rocks, and he finally gave up on the idea. The men were kind enough not to say anything but I was the only one who chickened out when it came to being totally immersed in the icy water. Just too cold! I did manage a shampoo and bath. Something to get rid of the dust.

Aw, but dinner! Hunger had caught up with all of us by afternoon of that second day. One minute there was food everywhere: next minute it was gone. Ham. Green beans. Corn on the cob. All the trimmings.

We were a closer group by the second evening. Like family. I could feel it when we had our devotions around the campfire. Entertainment by the young people themselves. More marshmallows. Tall tales. A time for sharing.

* * *

Day three. Our planned activity was a visit to Yosemite National Park.

We headed out in two vans, leaving Allen Humphries and Roy Green to watch the camp, and fully expecting to arrive in Yosemite within one and a half hours. Those expectations failed to take into account our youth director's penchant for shortcuts.

"Do a left here," Roger instructed the driver, his big map spread across his legs. "Road shows we'll save quite a bit of time, though it's not paved."

It was, however, dusty, winding up and up and becoming more narrow as we climbed. We sang choruses. There were lots of jokes and much laughter. Some fantastic scenery as we moved more into the high country. Finally we crested the ridge and started down the other side.

Stop! Before us, across the road, one of the largest ponderosa pines imaginable. Road blocked. We'd have to return. Valuable time lost. But really . . . what difference did it make? This too was wilderness.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

e Photos









J.G. HOUCK

Once Young

by Joyce Thomas

"To the Reverend and Mrs. J. C. Houck, a couple who have been pioneers for God and an integral part of our church history, we give due honor and recognition this third day of July 1983."



SO SAID THE Radford Church of God pastor Glen Thomas, as witnessed by a packed house.

Now retired and eighty-two years of age, J. G. Houck and his wife of sixty-three years sat on the platform of the last church they pastored, smiled, and took it all in. Things had sure changed since he entered the ministry . . .

Many years ago . . .

Back in '29 . . .

J. G. wasn't the type fellow you expected to get religion and change, though he was a man most everyone knew could do with some changing. His early life was one of sin, of carelessness, and neglect of responsibility—those were facts of life. Folks knew about them. Folks felt sorry for Houck's wife and the children. Folks doubted the rough and scrappy J. G. Houck would ever be any different.

But one night, thinking he was entering a carnival tent, J. G. Houck walked into a revival service, heard the gospel, became convicted of his sin, accepted the Lord Jesus into his life, and shortly thereafter announced God had called him to preach.

Sister Houck liked the change in J. G. but she didn't like his religion, and especially his association with that "holiness bunch." Her response to his call was, "I'm not going to be associated with holiness. I'll commit suicide and kill the two kids first."

Talk, of course.

God had so touched J. G. Houck's life, however, that he simply told her to go back home with the kids, if she wished. He was going to obey God. He had to preach the gospel. In his first revival at Valdese, North Carolina, nineteen souls were saved.

The church itself—at least to J. G.'s way of thinking—was a little slow to give him a license and make him a true minister. He preached without a license—something he would later refer to as "bootlegging the gospel"—and actually organized six churches before the license arrived in the mail.

Brother Houck admits there were some disappointments. Some discouragements and hard times. At one point he was offered a management position with the Singer Sewing Machine Company. He mentioned it to Sister Houck. Her response, "You can quit if you want to but me and the kids are staying. If you

will not preach the gospel, then I'll do it."

She too had changed.

There were times during those years when, for the Houcks, life was little more than a matter of survival. They made it by faith alone. One low point Sister Houck tells about came on a cold, snowy winter day when she stood in the doorway of the parsonage, thinking of the hard times and telling God if it didn't stop snowing she wouldn't be able to walk two miles to church. Not without a head scarf.



Even while she prayed, she saw a dog running in an open field across the road. The dog came nearer, with something in its mouth. Though she'd never seen it before, she wasn't afraid of the dog. It came right to the porch and dropped what it had been dragging in its mouth. Sister Houck picked up a beautiful head scarf.

God's gift, special delivery!

Brother Houck remembers an eventful night when some men came to the parsonage, yelling through the door for him to come go with them to pray for someone. He got his coat on, went to open the door, and found it jammed. Try as he would, he couldn't get the door open. He had never known the door to stick like that before. He then went to a window, planning to climb out, but found the window locked as well. It was then that someone from out of the darkness yelled for him to stay in the house, the men were planning to kill him.

God had sent an angel to bar the door and keep it from opening.

Yes, things were different back then.□

(Clockwise from left)

(a) J. G. Houck speaks to congregation at Radford, of how things once were. (b) J. G. Houck and wife. E. C. Thomas in background. (c) State Overseer Charles W. Conn (VA), J. G. Houck, and General Overseer E. C. Thomas.

The Family Tree

General Overseer E. C. Thomas, longtime friend of the Houck family, noted the family tree:

NAME	CHURCH	CHILDREN
Catherine Houck Adkins	Radford, VA	3
Levada Houck Garber	Radford, VA	1
Margie Houck Collins	Radford, VA	2
Levola Houck Hart, wife of Robert Hart, general secretary-treasurer of the Church of God	Cleveland, TN	1
Ted Houck	Flint, MI	3
Howard Houck	Martinsville, VA	3
Kenneth Houck, state overseer of the Church of God, Minnesota		2
Terry R. Hart, grandson, youth and Christian education director of Arkansas		
Patsy Hall, granddaughter, whose husband is Kenneth E. Hall, youth and Christian education director of Alabama.		



Ministerial Statistics

Sermons preached	5,036
Souls saved	1,721
Sanctified	982
Baptized in the Holy Ghost	639
Baptized in water	594
Added to the church	851
New churches organized	17

Joyce Thomas Photos

BEWARE



A FEW YEARS prior to the Civil War, Nelse Spalding, a Negro slave, had saved enough money to buy his freedom. To gain one's freedom in that manner in that part of northern Kentucky was not an uncommon event. With his master's permission, Nelse had earned the money peddling his own homegrown garden produce.

Even while a slave, Ol' Nelse had been a beloved personality of the Greenupsburg area and his charisma in no wise diminished after he became a free citizen.

It was one day after acquiring his freedom, but while he was still selling garden vegetables, that some of the local boys observed that ol' Nelse was not his cool and collected self. By chatting with him, they learned somebody had entered his fields during the night and had stolen many of his best watermelons.

"Got any suspects?" inquired the boys.

"Yes suh," Nelse replied angrily. "I is sho' dat dem white trash across da rivah done it." He was referring to the boys from the French Grant on the Ohio side of the river. "And I'se mad 'nuff to wring deah necks."

The boys were chagrined to learn that the

OF VENGEANCE

descendants of the French immigrants were suspected. They too, on their mother's side, were of French descent.

Later, after having discussed the accusation among themselves, the boys returned to see Mr. Spalding and offered to take him to the French Grant area so he could avenge himself on those "wicked thieves."

Ol' Nelse accepted the offer enthusiastically.

The boys put their plan into action. That night, they assisted Mr. Spalding aboard their big boat and rowed out on the Ohio River toward the French Grant area. But on their way they deliberately made so many alterations in their course that Ol' Nelse became thoroughly disoriented. The boat finally reached shore and they disembarked.

What Nelse Spalding did not know was that he had not actually crossed the river. His pilot and oarsmen had taken him back to the Kentucky side. They were now entering his own fields.

When Ol' Nelse came to the watermelon patch, he concluded he was indeed on the Ohio side, in the French boys' field. He went into a frenzy.

"I'll larn dem thieves to respec' dis cul'ud man what nevah harmed nobody" he growled. He began stomping melons right and left. The sweet fragrance from the crushed watermelons filled the night air. Not content with just stomping melons, Ol' Nelse also yanked the larger ones from the vines and sent them smashing to the ground.

By this time the boys began to feel sorry for him. Perhaps this was too mean a trick to play on such a nice man. They pulled him away from the field and returned to the boat.

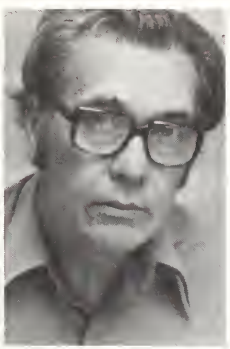
The boys reenacted the circuitous navigational technique until they figured their passenger was again mixed up in his directions. They then landed at the exact place from which their trip originated and let Nelse out.

* * *

It was months after this before Nelse Spalding resumed his cordiality with the boys.

I'm not too sure just what lessons are to be learned from this anecdote, but it at least has convinced me that one should never attempt to usurp God's prerogative (Romans 12:19). I conclude with this word of caution: "Beware! The melons you stomp may be your own."

This true anecdote was extracted from *The Story of Matthew Stewart.* The mischievous boys in the story were my great uncles. □



Chloe S. Stewart

A Church of God Youth Publication

International Congress on World Evangelism Report, by CALVIN EASTHAM

"All right, everybody stand up and take out all your change."

The speaker was lecturing to a group of youth ministers. There was little danger of a robbery. Besides, he had just been talking about ways we could involve our young people in evangelism.

"Now, you have two minutes to give away all you can. Start!"

Giggles mingled with the metallic scrape of folding chairs in the rush to give everything away before time was up. The next moments were fun-filled. People gave to others as soon as more change was pressed into their hands.

"Stop!" the speaker shouted above the laughter. "Now, for the next two minutes, receive all you can."

Nervous laughter . . . awkward discomfort . . . near silence.

"Aha," he exclaimed, "you just proved what Jesus meant when He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' "

Indeed, delegates to the International Congress on World Evangelism (August 10-12, 1983) were confronted often with the need to share of themselves. As specific ways to get involved in Christ's mission were presented, session after session, excitement rose.



Canadian participants listen as Wade Coggins leads a discussion on how changes in the work affect our approaches to ministry.

The ICWE was sponsored by the Church of God Executive Committee and ten general departments to emphasize the international responsibility of the Church of God. It also demonstrated the varied nature of the church, with approximately 1,000 participants representing 37 states and 15 countries.

The 1981 Youth Congress on World Evangelism showed there was a great deal of interest in the subject, so the 1983 congress was expanded to include sessions especially for pastors, youth ministers, women, and laity as well as youth.

Many delegates attended as missions representatives from local churches. Others came on a personal quest for help in carrying out the Great Commission.

They were not disappointed.

Special features of the general sessions, such as the "Windows on the World," and messages by ministers from Europe, Latin America, Asia, Africa and North America clearly outlined the need for immediate involvement. Twenty-nine seminars and workshops provided opportunities to discover biblical models for effective ministry.

Example. Guatemalan Overseer Jose Minay forcefully called for individual and denominational involvement in giving to the world: first, the gospel of Christ; and, second, direct aid to the poor through physical and social means.

He stated that one fifth of the world's people exist without basic food, clothing or shelter, often because of governments or

Calvin Eastham Photos

social systems that exploit, oppress and manipulate people for the benefit of the greedy.

"The prophetic voice of the church must be raised against this social injustice wherever it is found," he said, "because it is sin just as stealing or adultery is sin."

"The Word of God must be preached first of all," he proclaimed. "It addresses the ills of the heart and it is the greatest tool for change. But we must also accept social responsibility and plan for those works of mercy that will relieve misery and prove our faith. We must preach a righteous life and work for social and economic justice in our world!"

The Chilean native then supported his position with references to the Trinity, including Old Testament passages that describe the Father as the source of all justice and New Testament references to Christ's acts of assisting the poor. He pointed out that the gifts of the Holy Spirit result in acts of mercy and love, and that the early church formed an economic community among themselves in which there was openness and sharing, not injustice and suffering.



The New York Bible quiz team members pose before joining the other ICWE delegates filling the Conn Center.

Although Minay warned against turning to social action without a spiritual emphasis, he called for a reevaluation of the attitude that speaks of the number of souls saved without recognizing that souls have mortal bodies with real needs.

Specific programs to help Christians give of themselves for world evangelization were discussed in small workshops.

Special pastoral, youth ministry, lay and youth sections opened and described possibilities for effective ministry.

As the congress closed, participants joined in a covenant that expressed thanksgiving for God's work in the world and concern for over 16,750 ethnic groups containing three billion people who have not heard the gospel message. The covenant concluded with a commitment to a world Christian lifestyle of crossing cultural barriers and dedicating personal resources to evangelism and social needs.

As ICWE participants prepared to leave, one sensed their excitement. They seemed to feel good about being world Christians: their hearts full of good things to give away. □

Evangelism and discipleship materials were displayed by the sponsors of the Congress. The Crusader Choir from the North Cleveland Church of God leads in worship.







THE DOORKEEPER

by Charles W. Conn

I know that as I walk on down
The passageway of life
I'll reach a dark, uncertain ground,
A place of fear and strife,

Where stands a dark and brooding form
Above the ghostly vale;
The sight of which may bring me storm
Or cause my heart to fail.

This form is Death, whom all must face
And pass his visage grim—
For somewhere in this human race
We all must come to him.

But this I know, when I draw near
I need not feel alarm,
For Death may frightfully appear,
But he can do no harm.

For Death is not my enemy—
He's but a friend of fearsome face
To open heaven's door for me
And guide me from this place.

Without him I could never gain
The portal of eternity;
But he will help attain that plain
That God prepares for me.

Since Jesus conquered Death one day
By rising from the grave,
His children have safe passageway,
And Death is now their slave.

(Now I must keep this truth in mind,
This truth I hold today,
So I will not think Death unkind
When I shall pass his way.)

Harold M. Lambert Photo

TEEN TALENT



Calvin Eastham Photo

NATIONAL BIBLE QUIZZING COMPETITION

EIGHTEEN TEAMS of Church of God young people recently competed in the national finals of the Bible Quizzing Division of Teen Talent.

During fast-paced rounds of elimination, team members were responsible for 757 questions covering five areas: Gospel of John, Bible Doctrine, Church of God Distinctives, Practical Christian Living, and World Evangelism. After hours of intense pressure and much battling of quiz buzzers, a national winner and runner-up were declared: Runner-up was the West Virginia team, represented by the Elkins Church of God; and national winner was Virginia, represented by the Westover Drive (Danville) Church of God.

Team members attributed their success to making Jesus Lord over their Bible quiz team. The first Virginia team ever to win national competition, Coach Bivens commented that the core of the team had been preparing and competing seven years. The team adopted the philosophy, "If we win, we win; if we lose, we lose." Such an attitude enabled them to function under pressure. Some youth sacrificed two and three nights per week for at least six months prior to the first level of competition. To prepare for state competition, several members of the winning team even gave up three days of school for extra study.

The team's pastor, the Reverend Richard E. Davis, believes that the Bible Division of Teen Talent is the "most important arm of competition, because it is Word-based." □



Look for the great loud voice. Surely when God speaks He does so in a tremendous wind, or in a shattering earthquake, or in a roaring fire.



Respect the advice of ungodly others. Learn how to make a mess of your life from the experts.

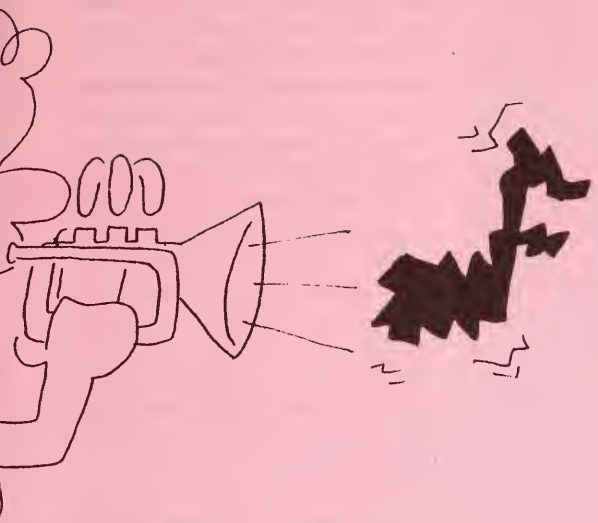




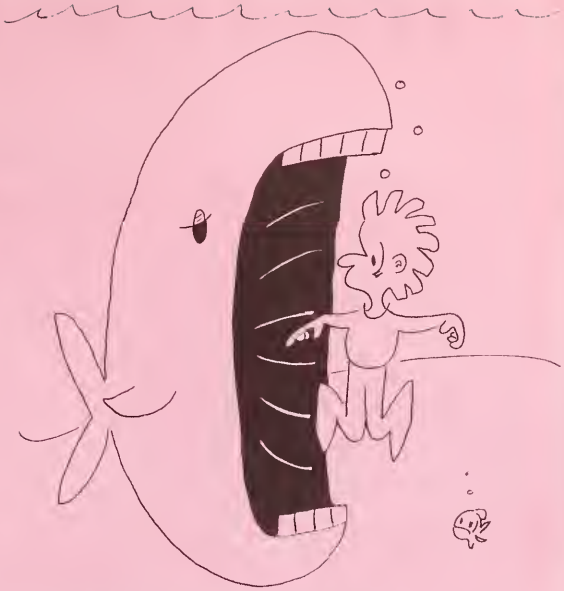
Heed the suggestions of unsanctified reasoning. After all, no one can get you into more trouble than you can.

How not
Hear Go

Artist/Writer, LARRY E. NE



Fill yourself with a cacophonic symphony of your own desires and emotions. And drown out any outside noises with your own inner hubbub.



Accept circumstances without question. A ship was ready to sail with room available. The captain was more than willing to sell passage. Surely that was an open door for Jonah to go to Tarshish.

o
's Voice



"And the man called his wife's name Eve, because she was 300 cubits long, 50 cubits wide, and 30 cubits tall. . . ALL RIGHT! WHO GLUED THE PAGES OF MY BIBLE TO-GETHER?

Use Scripture out of context. Look for verses telling you exactly who to marry, what vocation to follow, and where to live. If you don't find anything specific, it must be all right to do as you please.

LOOKING

by Wanda Cato Brett



Pathway Press Photo

I HAVE BEEN in rooms like this before, with hardwood floors and green vinyl chairs that have plastic handles. I have seen the all too familiar row on row of faces that come and go here. I feel like I blend in with the furniture or the crowd because my face is starting to feel plastic.

In a few minutes, they will call my name. Or is it my number here? I seem to lose track after so many places. I will walk into a slightly cluttered office where a harried man sits filling out reports and taking down information.

After all the months—maybe years—it must all sound the same to him. I have heard his voice before. Dozens of times last week and maybe the week that marched in front of it.

"And why are you here?" he will say. My throat will feel dry and I will look at him without emotion. "I'm looking for a job."

And my voice will sound far away and unfamiliar. And that's when I'll look at the green tile floor with brown throw rugs and feel like I'm seeing an old friend.

I'll hear him ask about my skills and my experience and anything else he thinks relevant. I'll tell him everything I know and wish I knew more. In my mind the scene will play itself over when I leave and I will think of witty answers and bits of philosophy I could have used.

The line in this room with the hardwood floors grows longer. Even though it is October cold outside, it is still stifling and hot in here. A small gas heater burns in the corner by my feet. If I stand up and move to a cooler place, someone will take my seat. It could be hours before I would sit down again.

How many times have I done this? How many times have I

dressed up in this same outfit and stood in line to apply for a job? One job: two hundred people applying for it.

Afterwards, the letters come. Always so polite. So proper and to the point.

"Regret we could not use you. Excellent applicant. Please apply again. Thank you."

The receptionist comes into the room and calls out a name. The lady next to me goes inside the office. I will be next.

I close my eyes and try to relax. The muscles in my neck are tense and I wonder how many times I'll have to do this before it finally happens. Before the dream comes true.

I am particular. I don't want just any job—I want one I'm qualified for, one where I can use my talents, and my education. Over and over again I practice my speech, although I know it by heart.

My xeroxed resume looks professional and businesslike. I look crumpled and wrinkled. Like I've been sitting in this room too long.

Suddenly it is my turn. The people around me look up with polite interest. Some of them smile. I manage to make it into the tiled office. Their eyes follow me and I know they wish they were in my shoes. Going in and getting it over with.

It is like I expected it to be. The man filling out reports answers the phone twice before he actually pronounces my name right. I wonder how he can possibly keep the names all straight.

A secretary comes into the room with an important message. He smiles apologetically and leaves. It's all right with me. I'm in no hurry. I have no place to go.

I wait a long time for the man to come back and pick up the pencils he left. I look at my watch. Lunchtime. I know then that it will be another hour before anyone comes back and that my wait will be a long one. I'm afraid to leave and go get a sandwich. Might lose my place in line.

Instead, I borrow one of the pencils from the man's desk and settle down on the navy couch with overstuffed pillows. I face the window and watch October play against the gray sky. My hand writes quickly on borrowed paper. Sometimes I write down my feelings to keep from shouting them at all the people in the proper rooms.

My words sprawl across the page:

"I am like October leaves . . .
I have lived and I have died and
I will spring to life again with new determination . . .
When summer comes.
I am like October leaves . . .
I have burned with the brilliance of color and light . . .
And I have been covered up with the grayness of winter's despair.
And I have glowed brightly against a turquoise sky . . .
Knowing all the happiness my heart can hold.
I am like October leaves . . .
Like the young white ash tree outside the window.
I am vulnerable and afraid . . .
I am like October leaves."

I read the words and I wonder what I'm really trying to tell myself. What messages am I sending with the letters scrawled across the page?

I give up trying to figure things out and help myself to open the window. October rushes in with a suddenness that startles me. The smell of crisp air and the look of color reminds me of the summer I was ten and discovered October for the first time. It is my favorite season now. It wraps around me comfortably, like my favorite sweater I always drag out too early in September.

Cool air fills the room too quickly and I shut the window. A small plaque on the bookshelf catches my attention and my eyes read it curiously. "PLEASE BE PATIENT. GOD ISN'T FINISHED WITH ME YET."

The words sound odd to me. "GOD ISN'T FINISHED." I read and reread it. God isn't finished with me? God isn't finished? God, who seems so far away? Lost in the shuffle of paperwork and applications? Lost in some distant fog letting me wander around on my own and find the way myself?

Perhaps He is not so distant after all. I've just been reminded. He isn't finished with me. With my life.

The man comes back, catching me staring out the window with his borrowed paper and pencils. I worry that I look too much like a guilty child instead of a serious

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23



Paul M. Schrock Photo

TIM DOWNING WAS sixteen, a ninth grader, an oversized underachiever, the ogre of his fellow students at his junior high school. He picked fights. He finished fights, usually very quickly. His clenched fists would bring smiles of admiration from journeymen boxers.

Tim was the big fish in his own school's respectable pond. In spite of standardized test scores which indicated he could work very well in a higher grade, his own ninth grade performance the past two years had been pathetic. Numerous suspensions kept him out of school for extended periods of time, and it seemed certain he would lack the required grades for the second successive year to pass ninth grade and enter senior high school. His parents, both of them teachers, seemed unable to curtail his rude behavior toward teachers and other students.

At the end of the term Tim swaggered down the hall of the school. He nodded to a few students and walked into his homeroom class. He knew he had failed the ninth grade once again. That didn't matter to Tim: to the contrary, it rather pleased him.

Mrs. Cory, his homeroom and English teacher, was talking to another student as Tim advanced toward her desk. He didn't speak just yet, but looked at her and the student, a slight smile toying at the corners of his mouth. Perhaps it was uneasiness, perhaps it was something else, but Mrs. Cory stopped talking with the student and turned to Tim, picking out his report card from the middle of the stack on her desk. She managed a forced smile and handed the card to Tim.

Tim spoke first.

"I like this room," he said. "Save me my seat for next year. But tell the janitor to get all the wads of gum from under the desk arm before I come back this fall. My knees stick to the gum when I prop my feet on the desk in front of me."

Mrs. Cory looked at Tim, amused. She was used to such "orders" from him.

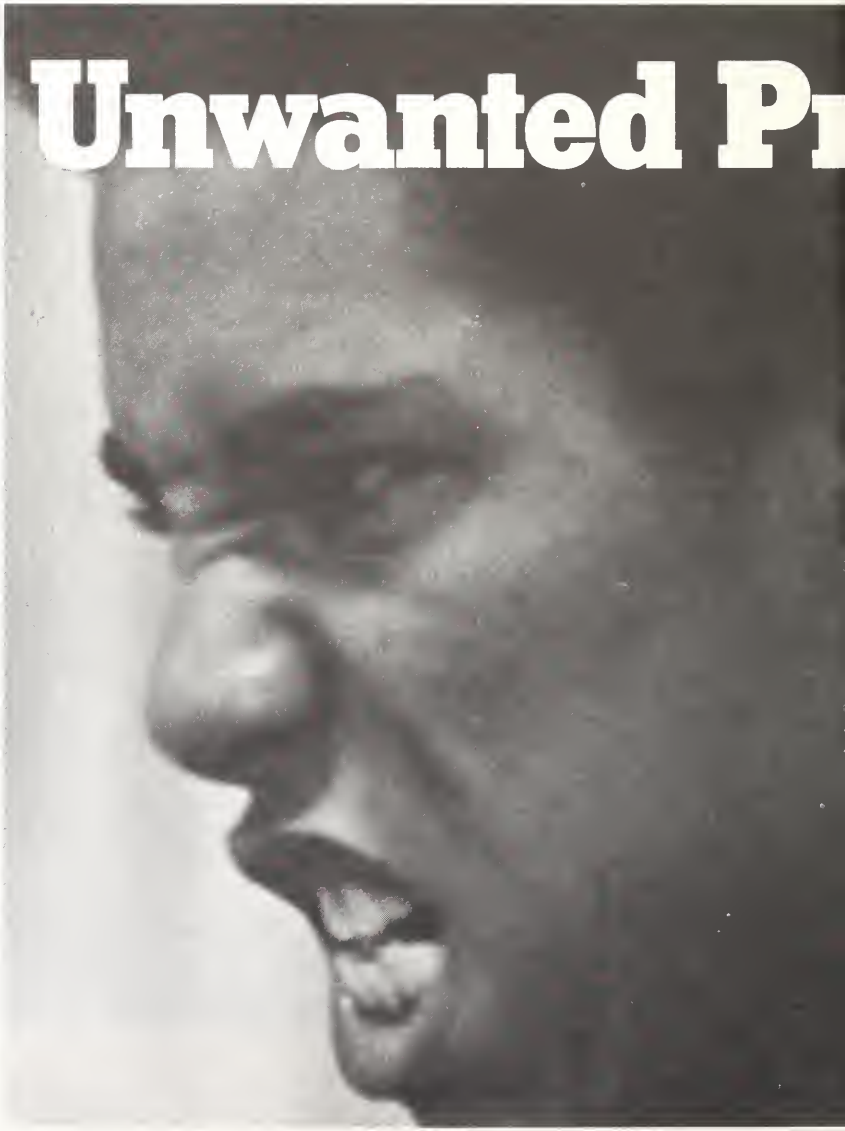
"I don't think so, Tim." She paused and winked at the girl standing nearby. "But I'll see to it that the gum is removed."

Tim tapped his fingers lightly with the card and looked quickly around the room. He turned and walked toward the door, turned around before reaching it. "By the way, I let Kathy Starr copy from me on the semester."

Tim grinned broadly, expecting Mrs. Cory to think about that statement for a time. She retorted quickly.

"Then how do you account for the fact she did so well and you so poorly?"

Unwanted Pr



omotion

by Hal Denton



He shrugged and walked out. Don Wilhite, one of Tim's few bosom pals, met him a few steps outside the room.

"Made it. Tenth grade for me. How'd you do?" asked Don.

"I failed," said Tim.

"Going to summer school and pick up the credits?" asked Don.

"Are you crazy? I'm spending my summer at the lake." Tim looked down the hall at a few straggling students heading into other rooms. He took his own report card out of the sealed envelope. "I'm going to own this school next year, own every student, every teacher, own that old man in the principal's office," said Tim.

Tim opened his card and looked at it. His eyes glanced quickly down the grades beside the listing of subjects. Then started back at the top of the card and dropped slowly. A frown crossed his face, developing into a sneer of rage when he saw written across the bottom in the Teacher's Comments line—Promoted to Tenth Grade.

Tim smiled nervously. "Somebody is playing a mean joke, Donny Boy." He flicked open the door to Mrs. Cory's room and shouted to her, "I believe you've made a mistake! It says on this card that I passed."

She looked at him with a wry smile. "No mistake, Tim. Have a good career over at the high school."

Tim stared at her in disbelief. Slowly he backed out, not bothering to close the door.

"Hey, man," said Don. "That's a good joke."

Tim glanced at him.

"Out of my way. The old man's going to get a visitor right now. His summer vacation's just been put on hold a few minutes."

Tim marched resolutely down the hall, around a corner and down a flight of stairs and ended outside a door with the plain letters "Office" etched on it in faded black paint. He looked inside and saw Principal Carroll talking with another man. *They are looking at folders, probably mine,* Tim thought. Tim touched the doorknob, squeezed it and walked in, suppressing the rage which had engulfed him when he first read his report card outside Mrs. Cory's classroom. Mr. Carroll looked up and took off his glasses.

"Well, Tim, congratulations. I hope your stay at the high school is more pleasant than what you had here."

"I didn't pass, man! It was fixed! It was rigged! I'm supposed to be here next year." Tim's eyes glared at the principal.

"Your card says you've been promoted. You are promoted. There is no mistake." Mr. Carroll glanced at the man next to him who leaned back in his chair and tapped the ends of his fingers together. He stared at Tim.

"Mr. Waiters, this is Tim Downing. You saw his folder earlier." Mr. Carroll shifted back to Tim. "Mr. Waiters is the man you'll see in high school if you get into trouble."

Mr. Waiters continued looking at Tim, fingertips still touching. Tim broke the silence.

"I don't like it. I'll take this to the school board. To the superintendent. I'll have my parents sue you for doing this to me. This is my school. I belong here. You had me promoted without due cause."

Tim glanced from one to the other, waiting for a response.

"I wonder that you don't run for public office. With a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

Rohn Engh Photo

Update

by Marcus V. Hand

YWEA— YOUTH WORLD EVANGELISM ACTION

One million dollars in a single year, raised by enthusiastic youth with a growing world vision—that's quite an accomplishment!

It represents a lot of bike-a-thons, rock-a-thons, bake sales, slave auctions, hot dog happenings, and a host of other fund-raising activities.

It also represents a lot of care and a lot of concern. It represents a lot of love for a world that desperately needs the gospel of Jesus Christ.

On behalf of the millions who will hear the gospel as a result of this project, I heartily thank you. Many will find eternal peace and life in Christ because of what you have done.



On August 12, 1983, Lamar Vest and I were privileged to present a symbolic check for one million dollars to World Missions for the project.

Jim O. McClain, director of World Missions, and Lovell R. Cary, superintendent of the Far East, accepted the check for *THE ASIAN CHALLENGE*. Brother Cary responded, "When the center is in operation, we will be able to reach more effectively the three largest unreached people groups in the world—the Moslems, the Hindus, and the Chinese."

The 1983-84 project has already begun. The theme for this year is *YWEA—YOUR DOORWAY TO SERVICE*. The project will fund "Action Training Centers" in various areas of the world.

These centers are designed specifically for you who would like to spend a summer or a year, overseas, working for the Lord. Appointments to the centers will not be restricted to clergy. They will be open to all persons interested in cross-cultural witness and work.

A center in Seoul will be available for those who want to go to the Orient. A center in Honduras will interest you if your burden is village evangelism. Urban evangelism will be stressed in Sao Paulo, Brazil and Manila, Philippines. A center in England will train for European missions.

So get involved. Plan this year's involvement with your pastor. Order a filmstrip (also available in Spanish) and numerous other resources from your state director.

Church of God young people raised a million dollars through YWEA last year.

Praise the Lord!

LET'S DO IT AGAIN! □



INTO THE SIERRAS

Continued from page 5

We climbed on the giant tree for pictures and kidded our leader with his map.

As we headed back over the mountain, we blew a tire.

Without telling us, Roger decided to take a second shortcut and make up for time lost on the first. The ridge wasn't so high this time; but again, when we crested and started down, the road was washed out by spring floods. The young people made up a song and sang it especially for Brother Daniel. No more shortcuts. We made it to Yosemite by 12 noon.

Yosemite? There just aren't words to describe it! Due to heavy snow of the winter, Bridal Veil Falls was pouring the water. We cooled off in the mist. We had lunch in the grove by the river. Also our Bible study. Then, bright and yellow in our camp T-shirts, we walked into the shop and rented twenty-three bicycles. The valley teamed with tourists from every part of the nation. Two hours of biking let us meet many of them but it also tired us to where it wasn't bad to get into the van and head back to camp.

Our last night together. I was conscious of it when I spoke to the young people about the joys of SHARING ONE'S LIFE. I promised each an autographed copy of my book (one of my own ways of sharing) and, when we prayed, there was a definite move of God's Spirit.

Roger had the young people themselves share their impressions of camp and of what they had learned. One by one they spoke, each etching the memory of a face and a personality on my heart. Each being a poignant story, a beautiful chapter in life's continuing drama.

We sang more on that last night. Talked longer. Stayed up a little later. Talk was more personal, a number of the young people confiding their plans for the future: marriage, college, the ministry.

Oh God, be with them all!

* * *

Daybreak.

Camp break.

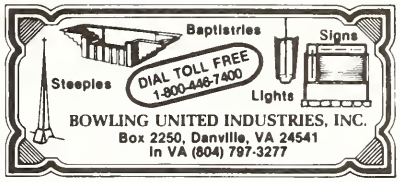
Tents always come down easier than they go up but those folded with a note of sadness. Northern California's first wilderness youth camp had definitely been a success.

We had our final Bible study. Packed and boarded the vans. Headed for Fresno.

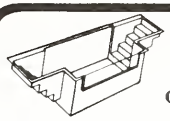
Some of the kids I would see again, in local churches over the weekend. Most I would not.

The camp had been a moment out of my life . . . a moment out of theirs . . . a shared moment. A moment highlighted by consciousness of God's purpose.

"Seek the Lord, and his strength: seek his face evermore. Remember his marvellous works that he hath done" (Psalm 105:4, 5). □

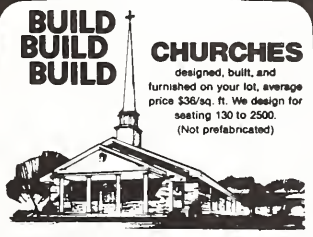


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Current Happenings with Questions for Christian Reflection

YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by SONJIA LEE HUNT, Leadership Development Coordinator

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE AMERICAN TEENAGER

Over 160,000 adolescents were surveyed across the United States, and the results were published in a book entitled *The Private Life of the American Teenager,* by Jane Norman and Myron Harris. Following are some of the results of the survey as taken from the book. You may want to conduct a similar survey of your local youth group or write the authors for a copy of the survey.

Teenagers on Parents

* Eighty-three percent say they can tell one or both parents how they think and feel at least sometimes.
* Six out of ten think parents listen and care about their ideas and opinions, but four out of ten think their parents don't care.
* Getting a job heads the list of subjects on which teenagers want their parents' advice. Drugs are at the bottom of the list.
* Fifty-one percent think parents are not helpful when giving advice.
* More than three times as many teenagers say mothers are easier to speak to and get along with than fathers.
* Sixty-seven percent say parents usually respect their privacy.
* More than eight of ten feel happy that their mother is working outside the home.
* Sixty-five percent of all mothers of teenagers work either full-time or part-time.

Teenagers on Sex; Living Together; Marriage

* Almost all teenagers want more information about sex, birth control, and venereal disease (in that order).
* Nearly three-quarters of today's teenagers have never discussed birth control with their parents.
* Ninety percent of teenagers surveyed believe in marriage, but 74 percent say they would live with someone before or instead of marriage.
* Twice as many girls as boys fear that marriage would interfere with their freedom and career plans.

Teenagers on Themselves; Suicide; Their Worst Problems and Fears

* Nearly seven out of ten like themselves.
* School is the number one teenage problem.
* Loss of parents is teenagers' number one fear; more than twice as strong as their own fear of dying.

Teenagers on Home Rules and Responsibilities

* More than eight out of ten say that keeping their room neat is a chore they should do (although they don't necessarily do it).
* Sixty-six percent believe they should make their own bed (but that doesn't mean they do it).
* There is still a sexist division of chores, although less pronounced than in the past.
* Teenagers equate punishment with caring—if the methods used are fair and not excessive.

Teenagers on Vandalism; Shoplifting; Other Teenagers' Behavior

* Almost half (47 percent) believe that adolescents are too involved with drinking and drugs.
* One out of three thinks that teenage vandalism could be curbed if parents paid more attention to their children, and if teenagers weren't so bored.
* Most teenagers believe nothing will stop the shoplifter except getting caught and facing the consequences. Very few will tell on a shoplifting friend.

Teenagers on Religion and Country

* One-half state that they plan to follow their parents' religion.
* Seventy-six percent would fight for their country.
* Ninety percent think the United States is the best country in the world.

Teenagers on the Future

* Ninety-two percent think they will achieve what they want in life. Seventy-seven percent say they will get there through hard work.
* What they want most is to be loved, to be healthy, and to do the kind of work they really like.
* Seven out of ten think girls need to prepare for a career as much as boys. □

LOOKING

Continued from page 17

applicant. He laughs heartily and suddenly he doesn't seem so impersonal—so far away.

Perhaps because he was delayed so long, he takes extra time. Asks more questions and gives me the first encouragement that I've had in months.

Then the wall is back and we are strangers again. I'm just one leaf that he will see on the October trees for the day. He promises to call. He tells me I'm talented and educated and my skills are good. He'll call. He reassures me. Encourages me again. I must look as crumpled as I feel. Perhaps he sees the despair that surrounds me all too easily these days. I notice as well that he seems tired. Something I've been too self-absorbed to see before.

I smile my best interview smile and stand to leave. He keeps my resume and I can't help but wonder how long before it will get lost among the ever-growing stack of paper on his desk.

I tell myself positive things and walk out of the room. I remember that God isn't finished with me yet.

Suddenly I realize I'm staring at the door and the people in the room with plastic chairs are staring at me. I leave quickly. Embarrassed.

October greets me with a turquoise sky and a burst of autumn color. Everything falls into place for me. Perspective comes back easily. The God who made October, who watches nature paint every leaf and every corner of the sky—this God is not finished with me. He has a plan for my life.

How easy to think you are like the young salmon swimming upstream. Wondering if the waves will cover you. Wondering if the rocks will crush you. It's so easy to lose sight of the eternal. The really important.

God isn't finished with me. The words burn themselves into my mind. This melting process I'm going through hasn't finished me. God himself isn't finished with me. I'm not abandoned. It's comforting to realize I'm not alone.

I think the man who collects pencils and writes reports will call me about a job. After all, he promised.

October wraps itself around me like an old familiar sweater.

For the first time in weeks . . . I smile. □

UNWANTED PROMOTION

Continued from page 18

speech like that you might get some votes," said Mr. Waiters, breaking his silence. He spoke in a calm but authoritative voice, a resonant and measured cadence that Tim had not encountered in a person.

"That's funny," said Tim. Almost before he got the words out, Mr. Waiters shot back in the same calm, assured voice.

"It was intended to be."

"Well, it's not right and it's not fair," said Tim. "And—

"—We do what is best for the students and the school," said Mr. Waiters, still leaning back in his chair. "Whatever you may think personally, the schools have only one reason for being—educating students. And we're going to educate you. Probably we'll come out of it better educated ourselves. That's an added bonus for us."

"Well, you're not going to 'educate' me. I'll quit first." Tim's voice was full of sarcasm.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



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Books

AMISH ADVENTURE by Barbara Smucker

"What's that orange sign? It's moving."

"I don't know." Ian's vision blurred. He leaned back and twisted the seat belt tighter. The triangle became a splash of orange in front of him.

"Watch out!" Ian yelled.

The car wheels screamed with skidding. Suddenly the front bumper thudded into something large and brown directly in front of the car. Ian cringed. The impact jarred him and his bones felt shaken from their sockets. The brown object seemed to ooze over the car as the hood of the Volkswagen crumpled towards the windshield.

"We've hit a horse!" Jack Turner's voice was thin and reedy. "It's a horse and buggy!" (Herald Press, Scottdale, PA 15683) ☐

THE POWER OF A POSITIVE SELF-IMAGE by Clifford G. Baird, Ph.D.

Discover how to overcome a negative self-image, what hinders accomplishment, how to instill confidence in yourself and others and how to be a consistent achiever.

Out of counseling and seminar experiences, Dr. Clifford Baird writes about how to develop a positive self-image, a biblical concept of self that enables you to achieve God's purposes for your life. (A Victor Adult Elective, Wheaton, IL 60187) ☐

WHAT'S A PARENT TO DO? by Gordon McLean

What's a Parent to Do? goes to the heart of concerns of parents to help them understand and deal with the ever-changing and explosive problems they confront with their children, especially teens.

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* Changing moral standards
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* Sexual promiscuity

In offering help, Gordon McLean draws on contacts with youth in various cultures—including experiences with some of the roughest street kids and gang members. His wise counsel will aid any concerned adult—parent, teacher, counselor. (A Victor Adult Elective, Wheaton, IL 60187) ☐

BOLD COMMITMENT by Colleen and Louis Evans, Jr.

Bold Commitment, a book on the basics of a rewarding marriage.

Here is a frank, in-depth look at what wedding promises should mean to couples in their years together. Colleen and Louis Evans discuss in a delightful, helpful way what a Christian marriage can be.

From a biblical perspective, the authors write about commitment in relation to their own happy marriage of more than thirty years . . . and out of a wealth of experience in counseling couples in their church ministry. You'll appreciate their honest way of sharing from their own marriage, admitting problems and discussing how they have solved them. (A Victor Adult Elective, Wheaton, IL 60187) ☐

UNWANTED PROMOTION

Continued from page 23

"I'm afraid you can't," said Mr. Waiters, not the least bit perturbed by Tim's outburst. "State law says you have to be seventeen. You have just turned sixteen."

"I won't report this fall," said Tim. He backed nervously toward the door, turning to go.

"Suit yourself. But when you do report—and report you will—the first time you don't do as I tell you, the first time you turn your back on me when I'm talking to you will be your last. One man's in charge at the high school. I'm that man. Think about that, Tim," said Mr. Waiters.

Tim held the doorknob, turned around slowly, releasing it as he did. "That's what I'll do, and I'll be out of high school."

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"And into an institution. Is that what you want, Tim?" asked Mr. Waiters.

Tim stared at Mr. Waiters with defiance at first, but the rage slowly began losing its grip. Mr. Waiters picked up a folder and made a few marks in it. Mr. Carroll tapped his pencil on the desk and stared at Tim.

"Is there anything else you'd like to say, Tim?" asked Mr. Carroll.

Tim swallowed. "I don't know. Maybe I won't like high school. Maybe I'll go somewhere else. Who knows?"

Mr. Waiters tossed the folder aside, looking at Tim. "Maybe you want some legal fighting in high school, huh? I coach the club boxing team. Maybe you box as tough as you talk. Maybe," said Mr. Waiters.

"A boxing team? You're kidding?"

"Got some big boys out there. Fast too. But no heavyweight. I need a heavyweight," said Mr. Waiters.

"Maybe I'll try out—if I decide to go to school this fall," said Tim.

"Maybe you will," said Mr. Waiters.

Tim stood silently a few seconds. He looked at the two men who were glancing at the folders on the desk. Tim turned and walked slowly out of the office. He stood outside a moment and glanced again at the "Promoted to Tenth Grade" written on his report card. Don Wilhite came around the corner and stopped near him.

"I guess you gave it to the old man, huh?" asked Don.

Tim looked up from his card. He was thinking about high school and boxing. He was thinking about Mr. Waiters' calm and forceful voice. He was interrupted again by Don.

"You gave it to him good, huh?"

Tim breathed out heavily, looked back to his report card and then again at Don. "Why don't you shut up. How'd you get out of ninth grade anyway? You're some kind of knucklehead, you know that?" □

"Believe me, the lesson on Feeding the Multitude has nothing to do with the fast food franchises of today!"



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EDITORIAL, Hoyt E. Stone



His Task

ONE OF THE WALLS Christian faith butts up against is that of the impossible task. I'm reminded of such a task this week, perhaps, because it is the occasion of the International Congress on World Evangelism.

Ludicrous would seem a good word for the skeptic to use. Real audacity is needed for such a *small* group, in such a *small* town, with such a *small* power base to use superlatives such as "international" and "world."

Do we really think, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, that we can accomplish anything during these four days which will make one bit of difference in terms of world history? Will what we do or decide during this time alter the facts? Will it really matter? Will anyone take notice?

There will be no nationwide TV coverage of this congress. There will be no reporters from ABC, CBS, or NBC. No UPI or AP releases will travel across the nation or around the world.

Is what we do significant? Or, is it an exercise in futility? Is it something to make us feel more important through large gestures and grandiose schemes? Is it merely the carrying out of a program put together by men elected or paid to put programs together?

The questions are endless . . . and they can be bitter . . . or even blatantly irreverent . . . if the mind dwells on what is human and earthly. That's precisely where all too many young people find themselves at the moment. It has become popular to fault the church. Fashionable to pick and to snipe at leaders of the church. While this penchant may serve a worthy function in the long run, it is certainly unworthy of those whose heritage is at stake.

Since the subject has been raised, let's consider the alternatives.

What if we planned no programs? What if we dreamed no dreams? What if we had no one to lead? No one to walk out front? Where then would the church be? Where then this heritage which, though small in terms of the world, yet serves a constituency of one and a half million and tells the good news of Jesus Christ in over a hundred different governments around the world?

Think about it. You aren't the only one ever to ask questions. You aren't the only one ever to wrestle with the awesomeness of the task or to stumble up against the impossible. Not at all. Every pastor you've known and every church leader you've met has confronted the same Goliath. He is there for all of us, laughing and contending, "There's no way we can do it."

However, it was the Master who told a small group of followers—twelve, to be exact, and one of those a traitor—"Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matthew 16:18).

Faith drills through the wall of doubt. Faith presses on in spite of the overwhelming nature of the task: in spite of the laughter.

And faith will triumph. □





Three Lions Photo

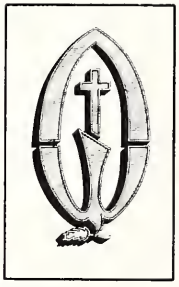
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THIS MONTH

Pictured on our cover, the Jerry L. Millwood family: Rebecca (Wyatt), Jeremy (11), and Jason (6). Cleveland residents. Jerry is administrative assistant to our General Youth and Christian Education Department. Rebecca is secretary for School of Theology president Lewis J. Willis.
Special emphasis: family life.
Our letter to God, below, was given to me by Pastor Earl Stinson, Hanford, California. It says much of childhood and search for spiritual truth.

Hoyt E. Stone

PRAYER

Dear God
How have you bean? I have been fine. So has my family. I hope I can see you soon. I read the holy bible sometimes. I go to church every sunday exsept when I am sik but I do not like to miss going to church. We go to the Handford Church of God. I am calender girl in childrens church and I like sunday shool and childrens church alot. Last sunday I was slanged and felt the Holy Spirit. I know one thing, I love you and whunt to live for you. I know you know all of this but I just wanted to type it up

BY
BY
Candy Myrick
Age 8

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WITHOUT BITTERNESS



(Profile: Naomi Ledesma)

I FIRST MET Naomi Ledesma on a camping trip into the Sierras. She was our chauffeur. It was she who climbed into the driver's seat of the fifteen-passenger van and took us expertly up a snakelike, dirt road into the mountains for a camping trip.

Naomi is a small girl (5'4" would be my guess) weighing perhaps 110, with black hair and brown eyes characteristic of her Mexican parents.

It seemed rather strange that Naomi must do the driving while there were grown men in the van but it was explained that California state law forbids anyone driving a van without a chauffeur's license. We were using a van from Naomi's home church and Pastor Terry Bates probably felt more comfortable with Naomi at the wheel.

So much for my male chauvinism.

Stone Photo

WITHOUT BITTERNESS

Naomi was a good driver. Occasionally she joined in the laughter, and once in a great while she made a low-voiced comment, but for the most part she was silent, concentrating on the road and the traffic. When we arrived at the campsite, she yet remained an unobtrusive presence, though she was no shirker when it came to work.

Two things stood out during the next few days. First, Naomi drew the young girl campers around her like a mother. She was not one to pet them but an indefinable something in her seemed to spark their confidence. Watching, one saw that children trusted and felt comfortable in her presence.

Second, Naomi took her Christian living seriously. In spare time, or relaxation time—while others talked or played games or just basked in the beauty of the great outdoors—Naomi read her Bible, studied her notes, and involved herself in personal devotions.

Naomi Ledesma is the seventh child from a family of ten children: three boys and seven girls. Raised Catholic. Parents divorced when she was a teenager. Dad a railroad man. Mother a domestic service worker.

Naomi was sixteen when her sister Yvonne introduced her to the Harvey Millbrook Church of God, Fresno, California. J. C. Myers was pastor at that time. She will tell you today it was only the church, her family in the Lord, and the strength she found in serving Jesus which made it possible for her to survive the next few years.

Naomi went through the stress of her parents' divorce with no more than usual difficulty. She had her school, her church, and her friends.

Then came the shock of another man in her Dad's place. Naomi couldn't sleep at night. She couldn't concentrate on her studies. She thought of running away from home and did in fact spend many nights with friends and at other places. She says today there probably is no rational explanation for what this situation did to her—and she has maintained a friendly relationship with her mother—but she was emotionally strung out and felt she could never enter her mother's house again at that time.

The church and some wonderful friends helped Naomi regain perspective for her life: helped her reject bitterness.

Naomi accepted the Lord in August of 1979. In the fall of that same year she entered West Coast Christian College, enrolling two weeks late. Some of the arrangements which had to be worked out left no doubt in Naomi's mind about God's miraculous intervention.

During the next few years, a number of people influenced Naomi: her pastors of course, the college where Dr. Horace Ward was then president, many dedicated teachers, and her friends.

One of the most positive influences upon Naomi was that of Sister Annie May Turner, who was then clerk of the Harvey Millbrook Church. Sister Turner took Naomi under her wing, so to speak, tutoring her in the Christian life and offering special assistance with training for church tasks.

Today, Naomi serves as the church clerk. Pastor Terry Bates says she was well taught and trained by Sister Turner. Naomi is also the church secretary and the director of Christian education. "Much of what I know about such tasks," she says, "I learned from Sister Turner."

Naomi's work at the church is now full-time. She puts in a forty-hour week as secretary and Christian education director, for which she is paid, but she works free-gratis as a clerk.

The Harvey Millbrook Church, now using the name Christian Fellowship Center, is one of the most promising and fastest growing in Northern California. Pastor Terry Bates envisions greater things for the future. He is making plans for expanding the physical plant and, on Sundays, the present facility fills to capacity with happy, singing, smiling faces.

"We are very much an integrated cosmopolitan church," Terry says. "All are welcome. We minister especially to children and ethnic minorities. We are a church where the Spirit of the Lord is moving."

Visit Christian Fellowship Center on any Sunday morning—or evening for that

matter—and you will feel the presence of the Holy Spirit. Also, seated right up front and over to the left will be Naomi. She'll be smiling and praising God, quietly, and in her own way following the good example set by those who walked the way before her.

Naomi seems to have learned much through the things which she has suffered. She prays for the salvation of her brothers and sisters—especially one sister who presently struggles with a drug problem—but she is determined to be faithful to the living Lord who has brought her peace.

Naomi hopes to return to college and finish her education. She would like to earn a degree in Christian education, maybe this winter. Meanwhile she serves where she can. She trusts and she keeps smiling.

God helps her to remain, truly, Naomi (sweetness: Ruth 1:20, 21). □



Stone Photo

THE QUALITY OF MUSIC

BY MEL THARP

WILLIAM CONGREVE, AN English dramatist, is credited with this quotation: "Music hath charms to soothe a savage beast, to soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

This second sentence of Congreve's quotation sounds almost prophetic. We are constantly bombarded in public places with a cacophony of ear-splitting sound which seems designed to liquify stone and warp trees.

You have probably heard the adage, "If you can't find something good to say about a person, don't say anything." The wording might be rearranged slightly for use in the field of music. "If you can't find anything right to compose or perform, don't compose or perform anything."

These may be strong words for the considerable number of people engaged in the music field because, after all, these people writing, publishing and performing various forms of music feel they know what they are doing. Haven't they invested years of sweat, toil and tears in study and application of their craft? "No one is going to tell us what's right or wrong about music," they insist. "No sir! Who cares what's right or wrong? If it makes a buck and gives me an image I like, so be it."

In the area of contemporary music, the aim of composers has been to manufacture songs to interest a singer and/or a recording company or publisher. As the objective of the latter individuals is to make a bundle of money and achieve status and power, they tend to influence the writers as to what they should be writing. As a result, the whole field is riddled with frantic attempts to concoct *new* sounds, *new* styles, *new* instrumentation.

Much of our early music was written for the purpose of giving glory to God, to life, to universal love and not to human beings. Sadly, the track record of contemporary rock, country, and even concert music has been rather pathetic.

None can doubt the influence and power of music. It has been used to carry patriotic or political messages. Nations have been roused to war by words of stirring songs.

When words are added to songs, they can have a strong effect on the minds of listeners. That is why it seems composers have a moral obligation to be concerned about the words accompanying the music they write.

Much of today's rock music appears to be written for the soul purpose of pointing our youth in directions which are unpleasing to God. "God's law is done away," proclaims Ozzie Osbourne's ghoulish punk group. Nina Hagen, an East German native who calls herself "Buddah No. 5" assaults her youthful audience with demented shrieks, wails, and whoops of profanity.

Schoolteachers insist they are fighting a losing battle in trying to teach proper grammar in the face of today's pop culture jargon. It cannot be easy when many songs make a special attempt to express poor grammar. Here are some recent examples:

"We don't need no education. We don't need no thought control."

"I ain't did nothing to you. I ain't dumb, I ain't stupid."

One popular song glamorizes the following activities:

"Being kicked out of nearly every bar in town, spending time in jail for speeding, fighting with guns and knives, committing adultery, throwing one's boss out of a window, getting fired, hot wiring and taking a city truck on a joy ride that culminates by turning the truck over in the mayor's yard, and beating someone half to death."

Much of the popular music today puts an amoral emphasis on sex. One such song includes phrases like "I can't resist," "lust begs," "willpower disappears" and "feed the feel."

One consultant involved in testing teenage response to songs volunteered: "It doesn't hurt to have some sexy words. The little girls and boys really go for sexy words."

Not every song sung today is decadent and objectionable. Neither were all the songs sung in past ages wholesome and good. In 1698 Jeremy Collier observed, "Music is almost as dangerous as gunpowder; and it may be that it requires more looking after than the press or the mint."

There are, however, some important differences between past ages and today. We now have the electronic media. Hundreds of years ago, even if someone heard a suggestive or obscene song, they couldn't hear it again until the singer himself repeated it. This is no longer the case.

Now, thanks to recording and broadcasting technology, a song can be repeated any number of times. Not only that, but morally decadent music can be heard by every child and young person in the land.

Who is responsible for the large amount of degenerate music today? An executive of RCA Records observed: "These singers didn't invent sex. It's part of life. Singers are only expressing what people are doing all around us."

I do not entirely disagree with this executive's statement. But those in the lucrative recording and broadcasting industry cannot put the entire blame on the public. They are a part of society. A vast army of promoters is hired to "sell" hits. A certain sound is produced and pushed and people accept it. They accept it, not so much



because they initially want it, but because it becomes the "in thing." It appeals to human nature and reflects the mixed-up way of life many are living.

It is important, however, that the brunt of the blame be placed at the proper doorstep. Let us understand more deeply what is behind today's sensual music.

The ultimate source of good music is God himself. The first song there is any record of was joyfully sung by millions of angelic beings when God created the earth (Job 38:4, 7).

Some of those very angelic beings who sang in celestial chorus later followed Lucifer in rebellion against God. They became demons. Lucifer became Satan. Their mission is now an evil one. Everything they do has become twisted and perverted.

Satan disseminates his malicious and destructive attitudes into people's minds. Through degenerate songs, he stirs up the lusts and desires of the flesh. Songs emphasizing self-gratification, promiscuous sex, rebellion, and acceptance of evil—this is all part of his plan.

Music should be edifying and uplifting. There is good and bad in music. The Bible does not forbid upbeat music. When David brought the Ark of God to Jerusalem, he "danced before the Lord with all his might," amid shouting and "the sound of the trumpet (2 Samuel 6:14, 15)."

Divine music is a joyful sound that radiates the harmony of life.

We need more of it. □

WONDER WHY HE NEVER CAME BACK

BY CATHERINE DAMATO



I NOTICED HIM as soon as I came in. He was standing near the door holding one of the songbooks, half looking at it, half looking around. He was an average sort of fellow, about fifteen, medium height, medium build, not too bad looking, maybe a little bit timid.

He put the book down when I came in and looked as though he was going to say something to me. I had come right over to the meeting as soon as church was over, so he was the only one there when I came in. I was going to introduce myself to him, but then Pastor Jerry came in. We had to go over the program for the meeting so I just followed Pastor Jerry into his office.

I figured some of the other

kids would get to know the newcomer.

Pastor Jerry told me that our adult sponsors, Stan Osgood's mom and dad, had to go home right after church so they wouldn't be there that evening. We had more to go over than we thought, and as we were talking I heard the others coming in, everybody talking at once, the way they always did.

When we finally finished and came out to join the others, it was time to get started. The kids had all settled in their usual two's and three's and four's, and I saw the new boy sitting to one side by himself. I noticed him once or twice after that. He seemed to know all our songs because he sang them without looking at the book too much. I figured he was a Christian or at least a regular churchgoer.

We had so many announcements that evening that I never got a chance to ask if there were any visitors or if anybody brought any guests, so somehow or other I never asked the new fellow to introduce himself to us. But I thought there'd be time for that during fellowship after the regular meeting.

When fellowship time started the refreshments committee peeled off to set up the punch and cookies, and the clean-up committee got going picking up all the songbooks and tidying up the room. Stan Osgood had something he wanted to talk to Pastor Jerry about so they disappeared into the pastor's office. Stan's sister Lisa and her two girl friends soon got off in a huddle by themselves, eating their cookies and sipping their punch and giggling the way they always wind up a meeting.

A group of the boys were gathered around Hal Koziak who made the varsity, asking him about the team's chances this year. Skeeter Jones and Mickey Benson got to pummeling each other and roughhousing around, but we were used to them. We didn't pay them any mind. Lou and Candy were off in their usual corner. They're so much in love they never talk to anybody else.

Everybody else gathered around the piano, singing choruses while Kevin Carter played. Kevin's really good on the piano. He's going to major in music when he goes to college.

I noticed the new boy holding a glass of punch and nibbling on a cookie, chocolate, my favorite flavor too. I meant to talk to him but I thought, *Why does it always have to be me who does the socializing with the new ones? Why don't some of the others do it?*

Just then Pastor Jerry stuck his head out of the door to his office and signaled me to come in. By the time we got it all thrashed out about what was bothering Stan it was time to break up.

The meeting wound down. There was one last announcement and then we all piled into the church bus and took off for Phil's. Phil's has the best sandwiches in town and along about that time of evening we're ready for them. Phil always knows we're coming so he holds a long table in a corner of the main lounge for us.

We found our seats and placed our orders. It was a repeat of fellowship time back at the church. Skeeter and Mickey roughhousing, Lou and Candy with eyes only for each other, Lisa and her girl friends giggling. Hal Koziak and his following all bunched together.

Only one person was missing. The new boy. Suddenly I thought about him and I looked around for him. He wasn't there. During the confusion of closing the meeting and all of us piling into the bus I guess he got lost in the shuffle.

I asked around the table if anybody had asked him to come with us. A couple of the girls said, "What? A new boy and we didn't know about it." A couple of the fellows said, "What? Who?" Then we forgot about the new boy.

I made a mental note to be sure and speak to him as soon as I saw him the next Sunday . . .

But he wasn't there. He didn't show up the following Sunday either and I never saw him again.

I was really sorry about that because Pastor Jerry has told us over and again to be sure to welcome newcomers to our group and make them feel at home.

I was all set to do that the very next time I saw him.

I keep wondering why he never came back. □

INTIMACY AMONG ADOLESCENTS

BY MICHAEL HOFFMAN

GROWING UP emotionally has become increasingly difficult for teenagers in the Western world. The escape into drugs, alcohol and cults is alarming evidence of this problem, say psychologists. In too many cases, they report, adolescents never do mature. Why?

Recently published results of a three-year study of adolescents by an Israeli psychologist throw light on intimacy, a little-understood factor which psychologists believe to be an important link between adolescence and adulthood.

The research was conducted by child psychologist Sara Levin, under the auspices of Tel Aviv University, on 185 high school pupils living in urban and rural areas of Israel.

"The process of maturing in the Western world," explains the Jerusalem-born researcher, "is more complex than growing up physically. It has been neglected too long by parents and teachers, and with tragic results."

Child psychologists know that successful maturing depends on Jimmy's or Jane's capacity to develop an identity separate from his or her parents. The kids call it *independence*. But what determines whether a truly independent identity can develop? Says Levin, "We believe that intimacy between peers is a determining ingredient."

She explains: "To help establish a strong identity separate from one's parents, an adolescent normally searches for family substitutes with whom to share his or her world. When a boy or girl successfully establishes intimate relations with a close friend, the battle for adulthood is all but won."

In short, peers are an essential help in the search for oneself, including one's sexual identity.

WHAT IS INTIMACY?

Psychiatrists and psychologists have defined intimacy narrowly either as the responsibility shown by one person for another, the ability to express good and bad feelings without fear of destroying a relationship, or two persons participating in experiences and goals.

Psychologist Levin found in her study that intimacy comes in many more coats and colors. The extent to which an adolescent is intimate with friends of the same sex can be judged partly by his or her answers to the following questions:

1. How sensitive are you to a friend's feelings, and how familiar are you with your friend's behavior and areas of interest?

2. Can you take advice from your friend as well as give it?

3. Do you share and to what extent?

4. Do you listen closely to your friend? "Listening to your friend's experiences, to what bothers him or her, should be regarded as both an accepting and a giving experience," says Levin. "The listener *accepts* his friend's self and *gives* empathy simultaneously."

5. Do you miss your friend when he or she is not with you? Is your dependency on your friend exclusive and unique?

In male-female relations, these salient factors must be present for intimacy to thrive:

1. Romantic feelings: dreaming about one's boy or girl friend, wanting to be touched and excited by one's friend.

2. Exclusivity in candor: the ability to express freely both negative and positive feelings, and the capacity to keep each other's secrets.

KIBBUTZ-CITY COMPARISONS

Some surprising findings emerged from the study—for example:

—Intimacy among city adolescents with a best friend of the same sex tends to be stronger than intimacy among adolescents living in a communal environment such as a kibbutz (an Israeli farm collective). In the city, Ashkenazi (of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



Israeli child psychologist, Sarah Levin, with her home town, Jerusalem, in the background.

Jerusalem teenager at work in a youth movement summer camp.



European descent) and upper-middle-class adolescents concentrate on one friend while in the rural setting, teenagers are likely to spread the intensity of their relationship among several friends.

—Children growing up in a group environment have less privacy than do urban children and they often prefer being alone to being with a friend.

—Expressions of intimacy of male teenagers in all but lower-class society are less intense than those of girls of the same background.

"We see a tendency among lower-class urban boys to be freer in expressing their feelings than boys of upper-and-middle class and rural societies," says Levin. "On the whole, teenage girls, except for those of the lower class, achieve greater degrees of intimacy with both sexes than do boys with both sexes."

The reason, she believes, is that girls are still expected by society to be sensitive, empathetic, warm and expressive of feelings. Boys are expected to be assertive, competitive and tough, and therefore, says Levin, "their identities are not as well defined."

Some males create macho images in their relations with colleagues. They pretend that nothing can hurt them, that they can succeed if they only try. Power, money and fame become essential to their well-being.

"But in reality," says Levin, "deep inside them the genuine satisfactions are often missing." □



Thank God for Fog

by Curtis N. Cook

THANK GOD for fog!

A strange statement!

Can you imagine a pilot of an airplane saying that? Or a truck driver who has to travel over a narrow mountain road?

Nevertheless, I learned under strange circumstances to thank God for fog!

It was Korea, fall of 1950. We had just advanced to a forward position getting ready to attack the enemy. The weather was cool and very humid. On either side of my company "B" there were very high hills. We were on a lower hill, with very few trees for cover because the Japanese had cut and used them during World War II. As far as vegetation is concerned, there was little protection.

When the order came for us to attack, company "C" on our left was to protect our flank and we were to take the lower of the hills which was in sort of a valley.

All was ready! We waited! In two or three days the order finally came. Our objective, the hill one mile ahead of us. We marched down the hill we were on, across the creek, through a rice paddy, and then up the hill where enemy troops were waiting. As I passed the rice paddy I saw a buddy of mine, his last name

Phillips, dead from a bullet fired from the hill.

From above came shots and grenades. After a few minutes the battle was over. We had taken the hill. Several of the enemy lay dead in their foxholes.

All of a sudden we began to receive rifle fire from the hill to our left. "C" company had not been able to take their objective. We were pinned down. If we retreated we would be sitting ducks. I had been afraid during the attack, but now that same fear registered in all of us.

The order came: "Withdraw!"

I could imagine the slaughter that was going to take place in the next few minutes.

"Oh Lord, help us!" I prayed. If the Lord didn't help us, we were goners.

As we moved back out and down the hill, a heavy fog blanketed the whole area, so thick you could hardly see the person in front of you. We walked off the hill and back to our old positions without one shot being fired.

I think of that day every so often. I . . . just a boy . . . so far from home . . . with so much fear in my heart . . . but God reached down His hand of mercy and rescued us from death.

THANK GOD FOR FOG. □

The Teacher's Prayer

I look at each child with anticipation.
So different from the previous generation.
I watch them as they work and play.
I smile at cute things I hear them say.
Their laughter lingers long after it's past.
Lord, let the ways of these children last.

They look up at me with those curious eyes.
Worldly knowledge brings them surprise.
They reach for me to hold them near.
I cry with them when I see a tear.
They're all so different, yet all the same.
Lord, let the love in these children remain.

Young, not having learned not to care.
They try to be nice, and gladly will share.
Lord, why along life's rocky way,
Do we grow less caring with each passing day?
Why is it called "growing up" if we gradually get worse?
We loved in the beginning but now it's reversed.

Lord, help me be more like the children I teach.
More caring and loving so their hearts I can reach.

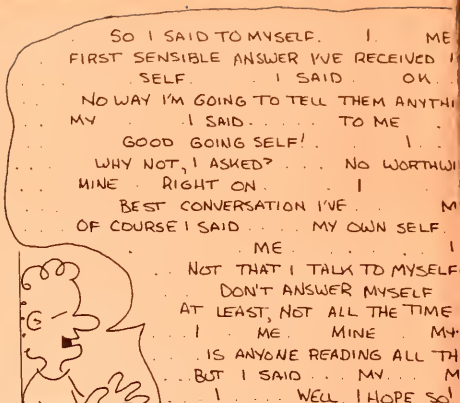
—Loretta Smith



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo



Bear not one another's burdens. Your own are heavy enough.



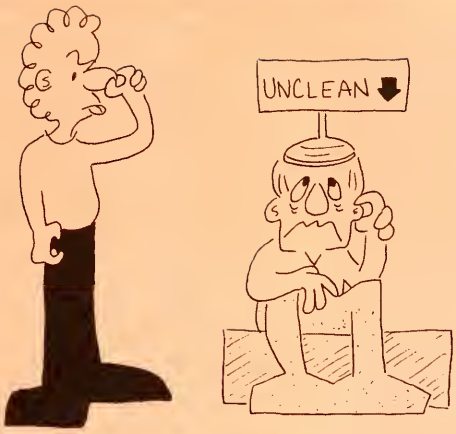
Listen not when others speak. Instea listen to some really intelligent conversation—talk to yourself.

Contribute not to the needs of the saints. Liberality and generosity are fine for those with more than their barns will hold. You, however, need a bigger barn.



Love not others. Especially love not those who have warts. Forget that they are those for whom Christ died, in whom Christ lives, and through whom He will one day reign.





Comfort not the down, the depressed, the discouraged, the defeated. You are on a higher level than that; don't contaminate yourself.



Practice not hospitality. Or if you must, do it grudgingly. After all, if someone needs a drink, food, or a place to stay, they can go to a public water fountain, a restaurant, or a motel.



How to Ruin Your Christian Fellowship

Artist/Writer, LARRY E. NEAGLE

Grand Street

by Rebecca M. Clayton

JIM ALDON'S FIRST glimpse of Grand Street was a confused impression of once great houses gone to ruin. It looked as if the world had moved away and left Grand Street to sag and decay. He had expected to see the street teeming with yelling youngsters but it looked forlorn and deserted.

Jim glanced at the paper in his hand to check the number of the church run mission that was to be his home for the summer. As he walked he noticed nooks in houses and walls that were littered with Pepsi cans, scraps of paper and plastic as if they had served as refuges for homeless people. He paused to look at a graying old house and thought to himself, *carpenter's gothic.* It was built with turrents and gingerbread as if someone who loved his work had unleashed his imagination. Not having seen a person on the porch Jim was startled to hear sweet, sad sounds of music coming from the house. An old man as gray as the house softly blew into a harmonica. "Goin' home—Goin' home. . . ." The musician played as if he knew exactly where home is and was anxiously waiting to go there.

Jim threw up a hand in greeting as he walked on. Two doors down his steps jerked to a stop when he saw a small boy lying in the shadow of a section of brick wall. Jim ran toward the figure fearful that the child was hurt. As Jim reached him the boy roused and looked at him with fearful eyes. Before Jim could speak the boy bounded to his feet, ran behind the wall, blended with overgrown shrubbery and was gone.

When Jim reached the number he was searching for he was greeted warmly by his friend whom he was replacing. "Bud, as I came down the street I saw a boy. I believe he had been sleeping out all night."

Bud nodded. "That must have been Donnie."

"This is a mission!" Jim exploded. "Why don't you have him in here taking care of him?"

"Well, Jim, first you have to catch him." Bud carefully straightened papers on his desk. "Donnie is a street kid. There are hundreds in any big city. Some are runaways, some are abandoned by their parents."

"But he looks about nine years old!"

Bud nodded. "He is ten. Jim, you will find that Donnie is better off than some of these youngsters. He has a friend, Rosamond Morris.

"She has known him all his life and understands that his life at home was a nightmare. She helps him all she can but she lives in a room on this street with three other girls. She barely makes it with no skills and no training but she sees to it that Donnie stays out of trouble and that he has enough to eat. Donnie is a good

kid. Honest. He even works. There is a grocer on Grand Street, a good man. He lets Donnie sweep out his store every morning and in return gives him his breakfast in the back of the store."

Jim dropped the subject but he had already decided that his number one goal would be to get Donnie off the streets.

In the days that followed, Jim met Sarah, a volunteer who worked at the mission and he found himself wishing the days were longer as he tried to fill needs and stay on top of all the problems that came up.

Through the summer's busy days Donnie nagged at Jim's mind. He talked with him whenever he met him but Donnie was as wary as a little wild animal. Jim talked with church officials who ran the fine, caring children's home. He talked with the Department of Human Services and with two friends who had told him that they wanted to adopt a promising boy. Jim tried to tell Donnie about these options and especially about his friends who so wanted a son.

All the responses Jim got from Donnie were sidelong glances, a closed mouth and the sight of Donnie's back as it disappeared behind a house. As Bud had said, "First you have to catch him."

At the end of a frustrating day Jim walked to the door and looked out. A sound caused him to step out on the porch. It was a muffled "whoof" made by a person who has been hit hard in the solar plexus. Jim heard excited but shushed voices in the heavy shrubbery next door and, as he ran toward the sound, he saw Donnie lying on the ground with two larger boys going through his pockets.

"Hey!" Jim shouted. "What do you think you are doing?"

The boys fled, leaving Donnie on the ground. Jim gathered Donnie's thin, little body into his arms and carried him to the mission. "Why did those boys jump you, Donnie?" he asked as he laid the boy on a cot in his bedroom.

"They saw Rosamond give me a dollar and they were trying to get it away from me," Donnie whispered.

Jim thought, *This is not the way I would have chosen but I will have a chance to talk to him.*

Jim carried a bowl of soup in to Donnie and waited quietly while Donnie ate it and drank a glass of milk.

"A bad thing happened to you tonight, Donnie, and it could have been worse. You must have a safe place to stay. Now, there are several ways to do this. We can place you in a foster home, you can go to our church's children's home or you could talk to that couple that has been looking for a son. Now this last one is a long shot but I know that they want to meet you. It's pretty iffy but you could get together and if they like you and you like them, you could end up with a permanent home."

Donnie refused to answer and turned over with his back to Jim. Jim left the room discouraged but hoping that the one-sided conversation had opened a door in Donnie's mind.

Jim took his father's old watch out of his pocket and laid it on the dresser with his keys and change. He was startled when Donnie spoke. "What's that funny watch?"

"It was my father's."

"Ain'tcha got a wrist watch like everyone else wears?"

"I do but I like this one because it reminds me of my family."

Donnie turned his head, shying away from any mention of family.

Jim awakened the next morning to find that Donnie's bed was empty. He checked the kitchen but the cook hadn't seen him. Jim returned to his room to dress and saw that his father's watch was missing from the dresser.

Jim ran out the door but when he reached the street he stopped. He remembered Bud's words that first day he came to the mission. "Donnie is a good kid. Honest." And Donnie hadn't touched the money that still lay on the dresser. Jim returned to the mission deep in thought. The realization that his father's watch might be on its way to a pawn shop made him sick at heart but he still held back from going in pursuit of Donnie.

He didn't see Donnie all that day but the next day as he sat at his desk he heard a soft tapping on the screen door. Jim was so sure that it was Donnie that he called out, "Come in, Donnie."

But a young girl entered and looked hopefully at Jim. He rose quickly. "Sorry," he said. "I was expecting someone else. May I help you?"

"Oh, I hope so," the girl said. "I'm Rosamond Morris."

"Oh, you are Donnie's friend!"

"I try to be but I can't do much to help him."

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The Saint

by Hoyt E. Stone

JEB McINTOSH awakened five minutes before the alarm clock buzzed. A habit with him for years. Minnie had always insisted he set the alarm for important occasions and Jeb still liked doing things which reminded him of Minnie.

There was a chill in the air. Jeb slipped into his coveralls and stepped out onto the back porch of the farmhouse. Aw, yes, it would be a good day for hog killing. A good day for the boys. For himself. For settling Minnie's affairs once and for all. Just so the three boys made it home. That was the important thing.

Jeb scrambled himself two eggs, fried some salt pork, and ate a biscuit left over from the day before. As a rule he only added more grounds and water to the pot but this morning he made coffee fresh.

Jeb was down by the barn when the phone rang. He walked slowly back up toward the house, thinking the caller would probably hang up just before he got there anyway.

"Hello."

"Hi, Pops." It was Minnie's youngest son Johnny. "I sure hate to call you on such short notice but it looks as if we're not going to make it again."

"Someone sick, Son?"

"No. Not sickness. But Jeffie doesn't want to get behind in his football practice. Says it would take him forever to catch up. And Stephanie wants to go to Opryland. Says her mother promised. Maybe next time. Okay?"

"Sure, Son. I understand. Besides, Artie and Robert can help me. We'll miss you though. This was to be the big year, you remember? The third anniversary?"

"Yeah, I know. We're really sorry. Have a nice day. Maybe we'll see you Christmas."

Jeb sighed. *Not likely*, he thought. None of the boys had made it last Christmas. That was one of the reasons for the special emphasis on this Thanksgiving. That and the fact Minnie had insisted they get together.

"Oh well," Jeb said aloud, "I guess children can do as they please. Especially stepchildren."

Jeb returned to the barn and rekindled the fire beneath the large scalding trough. He erected his tripod of strong poles and attached block and tackle. Methodically, he got his rifle, walked to the pen and shot the largest of his three hogs. Then, using the farm tractor, he dragged the hog to the little platform by the boiling water.

Jeb looked east toward the rising sun. He had hoped the boys would be here by now. At least one of them. He pulled and strained and finally plopped the three hundred pound carcass into the water. Out of breath, he squatted on his heels for a moment of rest.

Getting the hog out of the water was easier because Jeb used block and tackle. He then became so absorbed in scraping hair from the hog that he didn't hear the car or the unsteady footsteps. Artie's voice startled him.

"Ye shore workin' hard, Ole Man."

Jeb turned but he didn't get up. "You're drunk."

"At's right." Artie lifted his right hand, pointing with his index finger. "And I shore didn't come home to kill no hogs. What'cha want us here for?"

"I wanted you to come for Thanksgiving, like your mother asked."

"Is zat all?" Artie weaved back and forth. Jeb wondered how he could even stand.

"You surely aren't driving?"

"Uh . . . no. I brought my friend Mable. She's doing the drivin'."

"Where's Robert? He said the two of you were coming up together."

"Huh. Robert's in 'Lanta. Said he wasn't goin' to miss the biggest football game of the year. Not fer hog-killin'. Told me tell ye he'd be home Christmas."

Jeb went back to his work. Artie walked nearer and leaned over the vat, holding to one leg of the tripod. He screwed up his face and waved a hand back and forth like a fan.

"That thing stinks! Hog-killing makes me sick. How you stand it?"

"There's coffee in the kitchen. And some food. Why don't you go on in and eat a bite? And take your friend Mable. She can help."

"Don't know if Mable can help or not. I'm . . . eh . . . fraid she's been tippin' the bottle a tad too much. She's asleep."

Artie turned slowly, then aimed himself toward the fence and an upturned log where he sat down and cupped his chin in his hands, watching. Jeb finished scraping and then hoisted the hog heavenward until the snout was inches off the ground. The white body steamed in the cool air. Jeb sharpened his knife and prepared to butcher the carcass, starting at the throat and working upward.

Artie made a gurgling sound.

"I can't stand this." Artie got to his feet. "Maybe it'd be best fer me and Mable to just move on."

"Suit yourself."

Jeb went forward with his work, not pausing to look up. In a way, he was glad Minnie wasn't here. Wouldn't have wanted her to see Artie drunk like this, nor to know Johnny and Robert were still not a bit interested in the farm which had belonged to her family for generations. From the corner of his eyes Jeb watched Artie make his way back up the path toward the car. Artie didn't look back. The car roared into life and soon left a trail of dust down the road.

Poor Artie, Jeb thought.

* * * *

Jeb had finished his butchering, salted down the pork, stored it in the smokehouse, and was in the kitchen frying fresh tenderloin when he heard a car in the driveway.

Oscar Rankins, Minnie's attorney and old friend from over in Sawersville.

"Come in, Oscar. Come in. Just fixing to have some fresh pork tenderloin and hot biscuits. Be glad to have you join me."

Oscar carried a small satchel and walked with a limp, left over from a logging accident thirty years ago. He followed Jeb into the kitchen and seated himself at the big pine table.

"Where are the boys?"

"Well, you know how young people are, Oscar, they can always think up dozens of excuses. Artie came by for a few moments this morning but he couldn't stay. Robert and Johnny are both real busy this time of year."

"Quit trying to make excuses for them, Jeb. Those boys are all three sorry as sin and you know it. Minnie knew it too. That's why she told

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

Update

W.A. Davis
Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education



THE BIBLE—GOD'S MESSAGE TO MAN

During a recent airplane flight, I was seated in the midst of a youth group on their way to a retreat. I struck up a conversation with one of the group leaders and several of the young people that was very disconcerting.

As we talked about the group and some of their convictions about the Word of God, I found that the group believed that "if it is good for you, it is OK." They were serving God on their own terms. The Bible is just good recommended reading.

One of the group members stated, "With our advanced learning today, we know things that the writers of the Bible were not aware of."

My answer was that "the Bible was inspired by God and God is not limited by the knowledge of the writers of the Bible."

Another commented, "The Bible is a collection of thoughts about and experiences of the Creator of our universe."

To that I replied, "The Bible is God's message to man, not man's ideas about God."

Then another commented, "Since the Bible is thousands of years old, we cannot expect it to have all of the answers to our problems today."

My answer was, "Inspiration means that the words of the Bible are living expressions of God's wisdom and character and contain answers for every problem we have today."

Yet another young person said, "But since God had to use men to write the Bible, we cannot assume that the Bible is perfect."

To that I replied, "Inspiration means that every writer of the original manuscripts wrote without any error."

"But there are so many different interpretations of the Bible that we cannot be sure that our interpretation is right."

"Inspiration means that the Holy Spirit teaches me to understand the Word of God and how to apply it to daily living."

The conversation went on during the entire flight. Those young people needed the Word of God to guide them. I hope the Holy Spirit touched them during their retreat and opened their eyes to the inspired Word of God.

We just cannot make it without the Word of God. All of us must hide the Word in our heart so we will not sin against God. We must let the Word be the final authority for daily decisions. We must allow the Holy Spirit to teach us to understand the Word of God and apply it to daily living.

"Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Peter 1:20, 21). □

GRAND STREET

Continued from page 17

"You do a lot but what can I do for you?"

"Well, I need a better job and I've been attending adult education classes and I have learned shorthand and typing." She smiled shyly. "I made the best grades in my class. Now my teacher has arranged an interview and," Rosamond's face crumpled. "Oh, I need this job so much!"

"What can I do, Rosamond?"

"I don't look right," Rosamond said softly. "I can't buy any clothes but I thought if I could fix up a little. You have been to college and a lot of places and I thought you might know about office girls and tell me how to look like one."

Jim laughed. "I don't believe that is in my line of work but I have someone right here who will know just what to do." He stepped to the door and called Sarah. He quickly explained the problem and Sarah eagerly pushed Rosamond into another room. Jim could hear their soft voices as they looked through the box of clothing the mission always had on hand. Rosamond's timid voice changed to hope and then to giggles.

"It's a little long."

"Stand still and I'll pin the hem."

"Oh, that looks nice!"

"While I hem this skirt and press your suit, you polish your shoes and brush your hair. Here is the shoe stuff and you can use my brush."

When Rosamond stood before Jim's desk again she was dressed in a nicely fitted gray suit. Sarah had trimmed her hair and it was brushed into a shining cap.

When she walked out the door Jim prayed for her success. *She's the type that will make it,* he thought.

Donnie? Jim had been sure that Donnie was made of the same good qualities that Rosamond showed but now he couldn't be sure. He sighed as he turned back to his work.

It was late afternoon before Jim saw Rosamond running down Grand Street. "I got it!" she shouted. "I really got a job!"

That evening Jim started to lock up but before he reached the door Donnie walked in.

"Here's your dumb watch." Donnie sidled up to the desk and laid down the missing gold watch.

Resisting a strong impulse to grab it, Jim asked, "What made you bring the watch back?"

"I didn't steal it, you unnerstan'," Donnie blustered. "I found it, you unnerstan'?"

"I unner—understand. What made you decide to find it?"

"Well, see, Rosamond is my friend. I know what you did to help her get that job. You acted like you cared what happened to Rosamond. You helped her and she is the closest thing to family that I ever had so I decided if you like your family's old watch so much I'd find it for you. See?"

"I see. I do see, Donnie." Jim sat down so his eyes would be level with the boy's. "Tell me something, Donnie. You didn't try to sell that watch. You didn't pawn it. Why did you want it?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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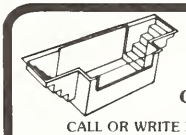
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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Leadership Development Coordinator

THOUSANDS LEARN AT HOME

As forty-four million youngsters headed back to America's elementary, junior high, and senior high classrooms this fall, upwards of a half million faces were missing. They were not high school dropouts nor victims of parental neglect but a growing legion of home schoolers who, while other kids are boarding buses, unjamming lockers, and searching for Room 318, will sit down at the kitchen table with Mom (or Dad, or Grandma) to resume their education. (*Christianity Today*) □

* * * *

1. Is it good for children to spend so little time with peers?

2. What are some reasons causing parents to choose home teaching for their children?

3. Is it a parent's option to personally educate his/her children? □

GOOD NEWS AVAILABLE

Bibles are no longer on Uganda's "Magendo" list (black market), according to Benezeri Kisembo, general secretary of the Bible Society in Uganda. Just a year ago, Bibles were in short supply in Uganda, and the demand was so high that black market Bibles could be sold for high prices. But with more regular shipments of the Scriptures to Uganda, customers can buy a Bible at its official price from the Bible Society. (*Christianity Today*) □

* * * *

1. What is the best selling book in the world?

2. How many Bibles are in your home?

3. Are they read? □

U.N. AWARD QUESTIONED

India's prime minister and China's family-planning minister have received a population awareness award given by the United Nations. But Theodore Schultz, a 1979 recipient of the Nobel Prize in economics and a professor at the University of Chicago, is angry that the award has gone to the leader of a regime that forces male sterilization (Prime Minister Indira Gandhi) and female infanticide (China's Xian Xinshong). Schultz was an adviser to the awards committee, but found none of the nominees acceptable. (*Christianity Today*) □

* * * *

1. Is population growth itself a problem?

2. Would Jesus have something to say concerning children and how we are to view them if He were present physically? (Mark 10:13-16) □

BUDDHIST MONASTERY BUILT

A Tibetan Buddhist group has nearly completed what will be the first U.S. Tibetan temple, near Berkeley, California. The center is called Odiyan, and is designed in the style of a traditional Tibetan monastery. It is being built on a 900-acre tract. The center will preserve and transmit the Tibetan Buddhist tradition. Since the Communist takeover of Tibet in 1959, all four of the Tibetan Buddhist orders have established themselves in the United States. (*Christianity Today*) □

* * * *

1. What do you know about Buddhism?

2. Could you witness effectively to a Buddhist? □

HANDICAPPED INFANTS ARE TOPIC OF DEBATE

A physician in a leading pediatrics magazine has attacked "religious mumbo-jumbo" about the "sanctity of human life." The article, authored by Peter Singer of the Center for Bioethics in Australia, appeared in a recent issue of *Pediatrics*, published by the American Academy of Pediatrics. The academy is the principal group opposing the Reagan administration's new rule demanding treatment of handicapped newborns. Singer argues that a "nonhuman animal" often has "superior capacities" over a "severely defective human infant," that "species membership" is not "morally relevant," and that life should be measured in terms of its quality. The academy is the largest professional organization for pediatricians. (*Christianity Today*) □

* * * *

1. Is it right or wrong to deny treatment to a "severely defective human infant"?

2. On what Scriptures do you base your answer?

3. Is there "sanctity of human life" as opposed to animal life? Why? □



GRAND STREET

Continued from page 21

Donnie ducked his head and refused to look at Jim.

"Were you trying to borrow a little bit of my family?"

"Aw, that's a dumb thing to say." Donnie kept his eyes on the floor.

Jim remained silent until Donnie slowly raised eyes that were flooded with tears. "I was trying to unnerstan' what you mean by family. When I was with my folks all I got was bruises and whacks on my back. Once my arm was broken." Donnie sounded genuinely puzzled.

"Most families are not like that, Donnie. A real family is there when you need them, when you are lonely, when you are sick or when you are sad. And you are there for them. Families support one another and help make dreams come true. Somewhere, I think, your folks lost touch with God."

Donnie was silent but he didn't turn away.

"Donnie," Jim spoke gently. "About that family that wants you for a son. Have you thought any more about it?"

"Yeah. I talked to Rosamond and she thinks I ought to try it. You know? If I don't like it I can run away. Right?"

"You'll do better if you plan to like it, Donnie. They will send you to school and help you learn some line of work. Believe me, people with regular paychecks are a lot more free than a street kid who has to keep dodging."

Donnie's eyes were alive but not daring to hope. "I would sleep in a bed, eat every day and learn how to work in a plant?"

"You got it, Donnie."

"I'll try it. I'll do it, Jim."

Jim stood up carefully, still afraid he would break this fragile thread between him and the boy. "Stay here with me tonight. Tomorrow I'll call the Department of Human Services and also the couple that wants to meet you. It will take time. For now let's go to the kitchen and find something to eat."

After Jim and Donnie had eaten thick bologna sandwiches and drunk two glasses of milk each they went out and sat on the front steps. Grand Street was quiet—just as it had been the first morning Jim had seen it.

A screen door squeaked as 'ol Abe shuffled out on his porch and settled into his rickety rocking chair.

His harmonica almost talked as its sweet, plaintive sounds fell on Grand Street like soft, healing raindrops.

"Goin' home, goin' home, Lord, I'm goin' home. . . ." □

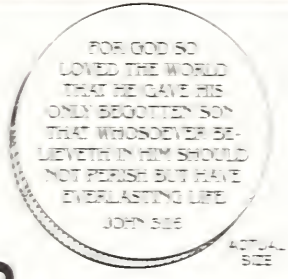


Yes, I did try to look up the Beatitudes, but they wasn't in the yellow pages.

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Sexual passions have a way of demanding immediate attention. Even committed Christians need to choose between indulging sexual desire and maintaining God's standard for purity. Erwin Lutzer presents a rationale for sexual purity, giving special attention to the inevitable consequences of permissiveness. He deals specifically with adultery, lust, homosexuality, and masturbation. Throughout, he points the reader to God's grace and power for living victoriously with passions. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) ☐

GOING PLACES WITH GOD . . . by Stephen F. Olford

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Going Places With God illustrates how God is ever leading His people from bondage to blessing, from slavery to victory. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) ☐

LAUGHING OUT LOUD AND OTHER RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES by Tom Mullen

This is a simple yet profound book about the importance of humor for a creative and victorious walk with God. Tom Mullen believes that since humor is "a gift from God, losing the ability to laugh is poor stewardship." Mullen notes that sometimes humor can be harmful, when used to put down others or make light of important issues. But on the other hand, laughter helps us keep ourselves and our lives in perspective. (Word Books, Waco, TX 76703) ☐

THE REAL FOOD COOKBOOK by Ethel H. Renwick

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THE SAINT

Continued from page 19

both of us to plan this get-together on the third anniversary of her death."

"Well . . . eh . . . I know she planned on makin' a final settlement of her will, and that I had three years to live here, but I don't know what else you're talking about."

"Of course not. There's more to the will than we told you. A secret codicil which gives everything to you and which leaves the boys with only one dollar each. They were to have shared equally in the estate, providing they helped you here on the farm and providing they were here for the Thanksgiving anniversary. I have all the papers prepared, Jeb. Looks like you're a rich man."

Jeb brought the platter of fried tenderloin to the table. Then the biscuits. There was a bowl of honey on the table already, along with butter.

Jeb laughed. "Rich? One could hardly call this eighty acres of scrub land enough to make a man rich. But it is nice and I've enjoyed living here. Minnie was always good to me. We only had a few years together but they were the best of my life. She was a saint, you know. A real saint. The boys are welcome to the farm when they want it or when they wish to sell it. I wouldn't blame them. I can return to Jonesville."

"But Jeb, there's far more to the estate than the farm. Didn't Minnie ever tell you about the investments? The stock she owned in South Central Bell? The old girl was a pro at playing the stock market. Made a killing with

Ma Bell. Surely you had a hint of that?"

"No. Not really. I knew Minnie had money. We vacationed quite a lot in Florida. She contributed generously to her church. But I never questioned her about money. It was hers when I met her and hers when she died. In a sense, it wasn't any of my business."

Oscar opened the satchel and took out a batch of legal papers.

"It's your business now, my friend. Well over a million dollars worth, in phone company stock alone, and there is more . . ."

Jeb's fork clanged onto his plate and then to the floor. "You're joshing me, Oscar!"

"Truth if I ever told it. Like I said, Jeb, you're a rich man and those three sorry boys are left out in the cold. That's how Minnie wanted it and that's how it's going to be."

There was a long silence. Jeb filled his plate. Said grace over the meal. Began to eat slowly.

"She really left it all to me?"

"All of it."

"Then that means I can do with it as I please?"

"Certainly."

"Then draw up some more papers. Split the estate three ways, giving the boys equal shares. You may want to add something in the papers to make it necessary for Artie to get help with his drinking problem before he can get hold of the money. Whatever Minnie had, it rightly belongs to the boys and I couldn't take it. Just let me live here till I die. That's all."

Oscar was obviously puzzled.

"Are you sure, Jeb?"

"I'm sure. God has been good to me. Always supplied my needs. Even gave me opportunity to know and to live with Minnie for five years. It was Minnie who led me to the Lord and to peace in my heart. I don't want the boys' inheritance. Maybe the money will help them come to understand better what a wonderful mother they really had. That would please Minnie more than anything."

Jeb stretched his long arm across the table. "You want another biscuit?"

"No thanks." Oscar folded his papers and swallowed hard. "You said Minnie was a saint?"

"Sure as the world. Finest woman ever to walk this earth." Jeb dipped a hot biscuit into the honey and took another bite.

Some of the honey dripped down on Jeb's chin. □



But the sun's shining EVERYWHERE else. Let's turn around and go to Sunday school!



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To tarry if he might,
But I was not at home to him
For I was with the light.

Discouragement came stealthily,
With full intent to stay,
But hope was standing at my door
And drove the rogue away.

A stubborn disappointment came
With satchels of despair,
But soon he went, for confidence
Had beat the rascal there.

Doubt also knocked upon my door
With learned dissidence,
But would not stay when he saw faith
In constant residence.

A certain sadness came on wings
And hovered overhead,
But gladness cleared the sullen sky
And the intruder fled.

THE INTRUDERS

CHARLES W. CONN

EDITORIAL, Hoyt E. Stone



The Ministry of Affirmation

IT IS A NEW term, applied to an old concept, this beautiful ministry so many refer to as "affirmation." What the phrase means, basically, is that every Christian believer should minister by affirming the worth, the individuality, and the uniqueness of others.

Jesus emphasized the same truth in tones we understand when He said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John 13:35). New Testament church history bristles with phrases such as, "fellowship one with another," "house to house," "the breaking of bread together," and "the household of faith."

In other words, that most natural and distinctive of Christian graces, love, sets the stage for the ministry of affirmation; and, whether we have recognized it or not, or whether we have so called it or not, believers have been ministering in this manner since God's Holy Spirit first transformed a human heart.

When I was a child, fortunately, there were a number of refuges where I could always find comfort and affirmation. There was Mother who, no matter the circumstances, no matter the facts of the case, no matter the hurt or the guilt, never brushed me off or left me standing alone and desolate. Rather, she always hugged me, welcomed me, reassured me of my worthiness in terms of her love. Even with punishment, there was the accompanying assurance of her love.

The same was true of my father, not to mention grandparents on both sides of the family, a host of aunts and uncles, and even three brothers and a sister, though it must be admitted the brothers competed to affirm their own worth as well.

Always there was the family . . . a strong, protective, dependable, and secure refuge. Within the confines of that refuge I was a prince, I was someone important, someone valuable. The family ministered to me through affirmation. Today, I shudder to think what could have happened had I not been protected by such a fortress. I often see others and realize what is missing and how it has left them warped and misshapen. Yes, thank God for family affirmation.

All through life, others have affirmed my worth. An English teacher who took time to say, "Hoyt, your life is too valuable to throw away." A Sunday school teacher who never impressed me greatly with his gospel storytelling but who burned into my heart the message of Christian love with a simple pat on the shoulder and a quiet, "I'm proud of you." Lewis Willis, an editor, who said, "You have a nice way with words." Hundreds of friends and acquaintances who, over the years, have smiled and relaxed in my presence; and who, just by being there, have affirmed that I have an important role on this earth.

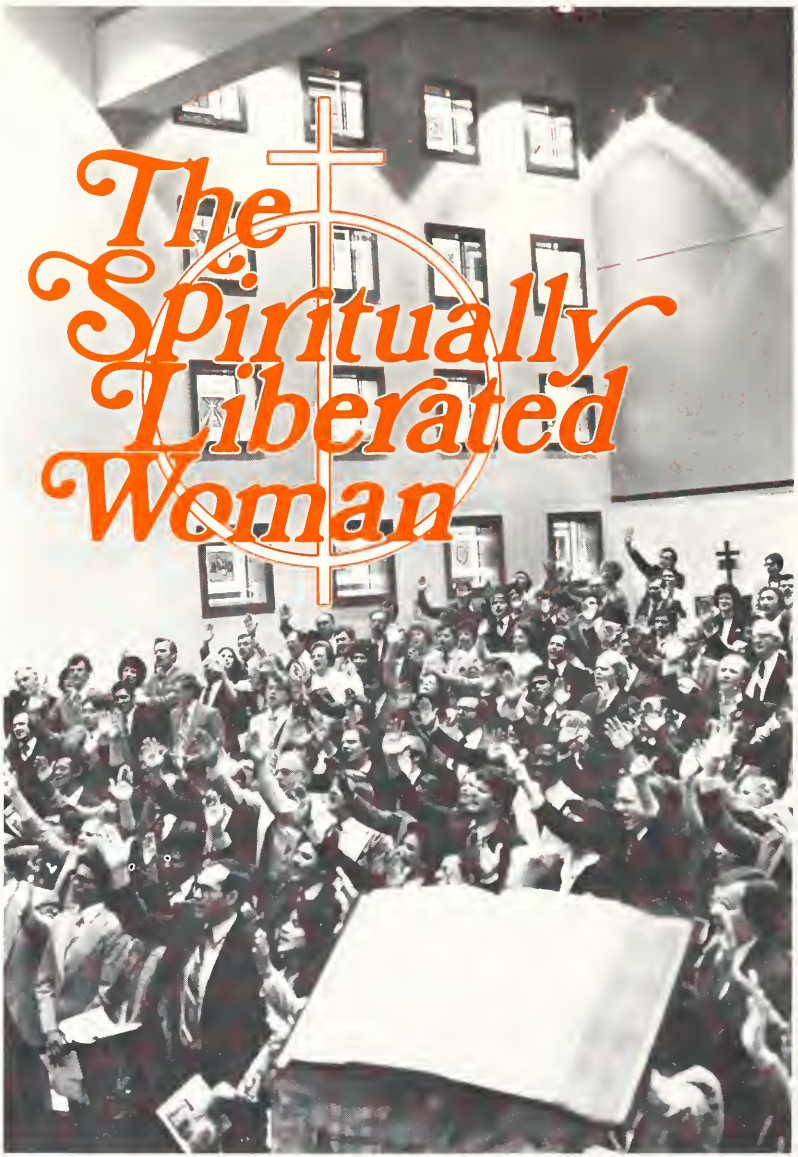
Thank God for the ministry of affirmation, a ministry carried on quietly by my brothers and sisters in the church and of which I have been a constant recipient.

Isn't it true for you as well?

And shouldn't we ask ourselves this Thanksgiving how we might return this ministry? How we might become more aware of lonely people all around us, longing for the touch of love, reaching out, literally dying for someone to assure them of purpose and worth in this drama we call life? □

Bob Taylor Photo

Ministering in Today's World...



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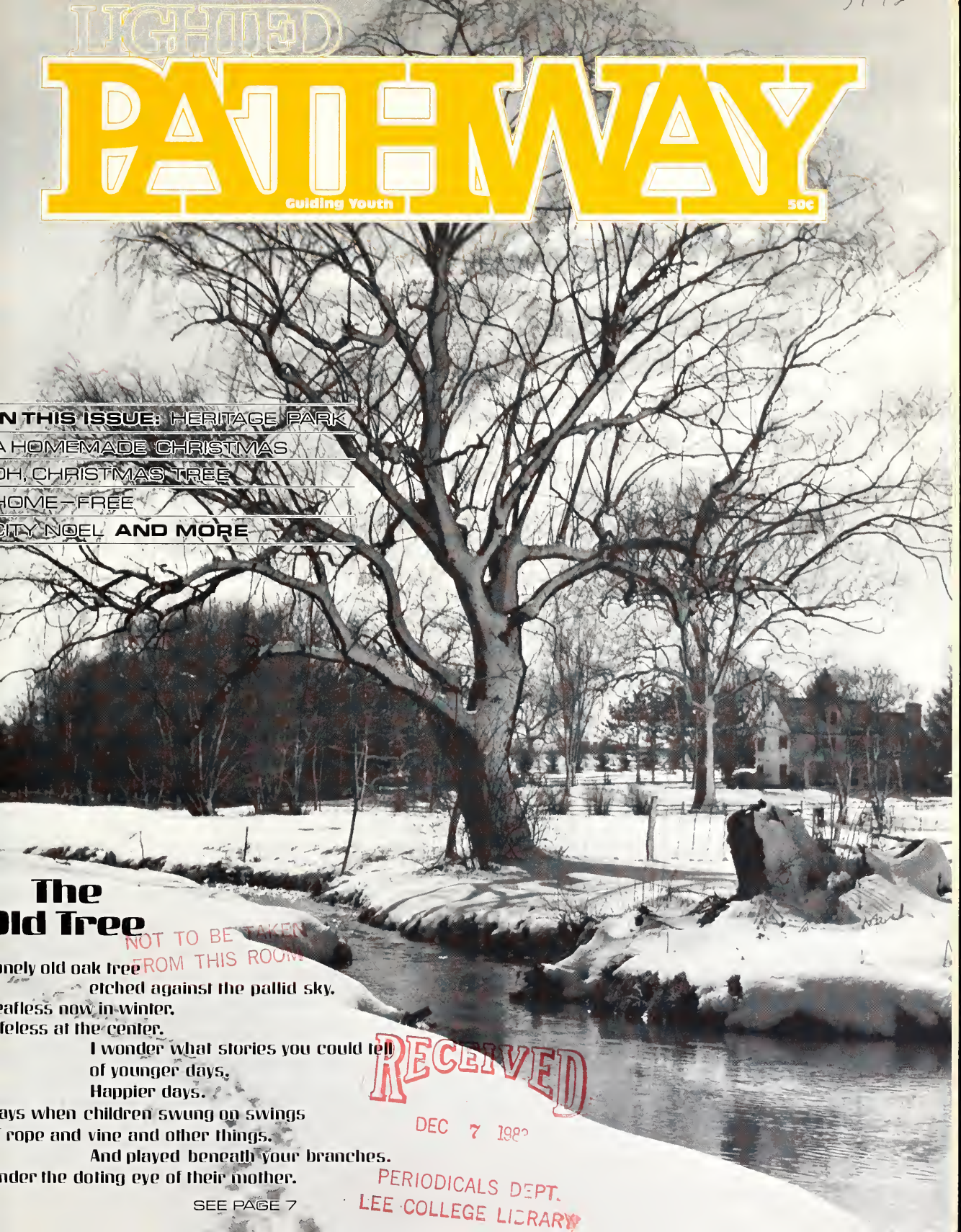
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LIGHTED
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N THIS ISSUE: HERITAGE PARK
A HOMEMADE CHRISTMAS
OH, CHRISTMAS TREE
HOME—FREE
CITY NOEL **AND MORE**

The Old Tree

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

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And played beneath your branches.
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SEE PAGE 7

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LIGHTED PATHWAY
Guiding Youth

December 1983
Volume 54, Number 12

THIS MONTH

Merry Christmas. From all of us who work on the *Lighted Pathway*. May sound trite when one thinks of all that is wrong in our world but Christmas (historically) was God's greatest effort to make things right. This season reminds us that love still works miracles.

To Him be all glory.

Hoyt E. Stone



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

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Heritage Park

The story of one church's exciting venture into the "Family Life Center" ministry.

Stone Photos



HERITAGE PARK is a dream.

Though he doesn't at first look like the type, forty-year-old Douglas Pyle is the dreamer.

Through a series of bold—and what he considers to be miraculous—developments, he and the North East, Pennsylvania Church of God now own property in neighboring Erie which promises a totally new concept of ministry for the Church of God in the North.

The phrase which best sums up Doug's vision of the future is "Family Life Center." Others use and have used the same term but no one at the moment seems more fortuitously set to implement the concept in all its ramifications.

Doug is quite modest for a dreamer. His father came to pastor the North East Church of God back in 1952 and invested the better part of his life, moving into semiretirement only two years ago. Doug knows that it was his father's careful stewardship of a

Heritage Park



congregation's resources, along with his conservative economic views, which established both the reputation and the debt-free property which made it possible to purchase a former Catholic college in what may turn out to be the proverbial "deal of a lifetime."

Erie and North East are neighboring townships, the new property being exactly eleven miles from the North East Church. Heritage Park consists of 117 acres of prime land on the North East side of Erie, strategically located between Lake Erie and Interstate 90 which connects Cleveland, Ohio, and Buffalo, New York. This is a favorite route of tourists and vacationers, another of those small details shoring up Doug's dream.

Five brick buildings make up the hub of this purchase. The center piece is a three-story, stately administrative complex with more than one hundred windows on the front side alone. There's a circular walk in front, around what would make a beautiful fountain, and wide entrance into a large foyer. Above the entrance door is a one and a half ton statue of St. John which Doug is trying to figure out how to move. Since the facility has now been sold to Protestants, that statue, according to Doug, is more offensive to Catholics than to his own people.

Atop the building is a round, Turkish cupola with a gold cross reaching into the heavens. In the room beneath, some of the men of the church and community are already establishing a place for prayer which will be known as the "Prayer Tower" with an upper room. It is in this building where Heritage Park Christian Academy presently conducts classes. The rooms are large, open, and fully equipped right down to desks, typewriters,







drafting tables and chalkboards. There are also more than four hundred steel lockers. School enrollment is presently 205 and this is at least one Christian school where students aren't short-changed for space and facilities.

Right of this building is what was formerly the priest's quarters, again three stories but with a lower roof line. For the time being the pastor and his family have their private living area on the first floor. Above are guest rooms for visitors, vacationers, or boarding students and senior citizens. In the basement is a fully equipped cafeteria. On the top floor a two-hundred seat chapel with leaded stained glass windows reminding one of European cathedrals and a pipe organ capable of music beyond description.

On the left is another brick building which houses a fully equipped high school science laboratory. Beyond that a maintenance building.

In back of these four older structures is a large, modern, single-story gymnasium, constructed of tan rather than red brick, and containing locker rooms, a totally furnished snack bar, and a stage equipped for artistic performances—with backdrops, lighting and everything. Even Nautilus body-building equipment.

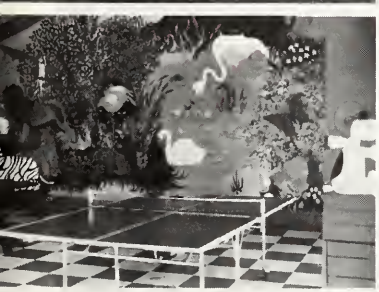
A football field, a baseball field, two tennis courts which serve also as an outdoor basketball court—these, along with a one hundred car paved parking lot, make up the final portion of land presently in use. This leaves the larger portion of the acreage for farming. There are barns, a large pond, wooded areas for nature walks or horseback riding, and three long tree-lined roadbeds, right and left of which could be developed a trailer and camping park.

Conservatively estimated, the buildings on this property could not be erected today for less than ten million dollars. And all was purchased for just more than a tenth of that price, at 8 percent interest and lenient repayment terms.

There are a few problems, of course. Douglas admits he and the congregation presently feel somewhat "land-locked." Mortgage payments are so high they survive monthly through financial miracles alone and he is working desperately to establish those ministries which will generate cash flow. The school makes good use of the building. Already there have been a few community or outside group events which have generated income and some of the rooms are rented to boarding college students.

The next miracle, Douglas hopes, will be a successful gas well-drilling operation. The





derrick is in place already, owned and operated by a friend who believes he can find the gas pocket and who is charging the church nothing for his time and equipment.

"Give us our own gas well," Douglas says with a twinkle in his eyes, "something to wipe out those high utility bills and we will have taken another giant step forward. If the well comes in as we hope, we plan to study the feasibility of a generator which will even supply our electricity. That will make a great deal of difference in our operating expenses."

Douglas shares some concern as well that his venture into this new ministry might be misunderstood. Like his father, he has established good working relationships with other Christian bodies in and around the Erie/North East area. Heritage Park Christian Academy accepts students from all religious backgrounds and a number of the school's finest teachers belong to other churches. He expects the ministries of Heritage Park Family Life Center to do the same: in fact, he feels such is the only way the venture can succeed. But he does not see this as a threat to the Church of God, nor to his commitment to the denomination which has been so much a part of his life.

Oddly, Douglas Pyle did not originally plan a pastoral ministry. He attended Lee College in the early sixties, then transferred to Kent State where he majored in elementary education. His first church work was at Canton Temple, working with Raymond Crowley, where he served as an associate with a Christian education portfolio and also taught school. He worked for a brief spell with Fred Swank in Lakeland, Florida; and then with Vep Ellis where he caught a new vision of what a growing church could be like.

In 1973 Douglas returned to his hometown of North East to teach in the public school system and assist his father. Only during the past ten years has he felt a burden for the pastoral ministry, noting that the church is the only institution on earth which ministers to people-needs from cradle to grave.

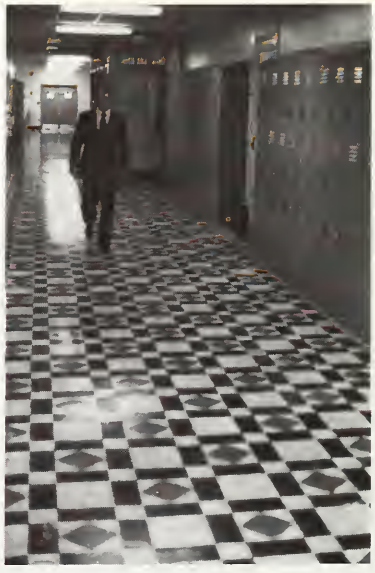
Doug is fired with church growth concepts. He keeps asking what makes an ordinary church great? Is it possible to have a Harvest Temple? Or a Mount Paran in the North? And if so, why can't that church of the future—that church which ministers to the whole family: educationally, physically, emotionally, and spiritually—be his?

"It won't happen overnight," Doug is quick to admit, "but I believe it can happen. Our attendance has increased this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13







Stone Photos

The Old Tree

Charles W. Conn



Harold M. Lambert Photo

Lonely old oak tree
etched against the pallid sky,
Leafless now in winter,
Lifeless at the center.
I wonder what stories you could tell
of younger days,
Happier days.
Days when children swung on swings
of rope and vine and other things,
And played beneath your branches.
Under the doting eye of their mother.

Days when lovers vowed their vows
of love beneath your boughs;
And pledged that they would love no other.

Sturdy old oak tree—
forgive my mental folly,
my mood of melancholy—
and tell me,
Are you lonely for the past?
When couples played within your shade,
Had picnic lunches,
lemonade.
When childish laughter filled the hours
As happy children gathered flowers.

Now they are gone. They are gone
and all is silent.
They are gone,
And you stand there all alone
In this cold and gray December.
Remember?

BY J. STEPHEN CONN



A HOMEMADE CHRI

CHRISTMAS WAS COMING, but the goose was not getting fat. It had been a lean year. Mom and Dad had done well just to feed and clothe their twelve children. Nothing was left for frills.

Somehow we did manage to have a traditional Thanksgiving dinner: turkey and dressing, cranberry sauce, a potpourri of vegetables, and pumpkin pie. Thanksgiving afternoon, after Dad had played a game of football with us boys while the girls cheered, we had a family meeting.

"Children," Dad solemnly informed us, "this year there is no money for Christmas presents." Twelve downcast expressions glanced at each other from around the room. No Christmas! There just couldn't be any worse news than that.

Mom and Dad continued on with the meeting, and quickly dispelled our fears. Yes, there would be Christmas this year as always. It would arrive on schedule, December 25. But this year it would be different. Since there was no money for store-bought gifts we had a wonderful opportunity to experience Christmas in the old-fashioned way. This Christmas would be homemade.

Soon the family meeting was abuzz with excitement. Our young imaginations were set on fire. Everyone in the family was to give everyone else a gift, except the babies who were too young. And all of the gifts would be something we had made ourselves.

Even though we were poor, there was one family possession which we all enjoyed—a hi-fi phonograph. Dad put on a record and to the tune of "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen" we were dismissed from the family meeting to go make our plans for the best Christmas ever.

I was about ten years old at the time. At the school library I checked out a book on home craft projects. One idea I found in the book was little figures carved from potatoes and held together with toothpicks. Since potatoes were cheap and plentiful, I decided on this project. Making several potato figure gifts, I hid them in my secret place behind the chest of drawers. No one told me that potatoes shrivel up and turn black, especially when peeled. But I realized my mistake in time to throw them out and make bows and arrows and paper kites.

The month between Thanksgiving and Christmas was a busy time for all of us children, and a very secretive time. No one wanted the others to know what they were making. But as busy as it was, the time still went by ever so slowly. Christmas always seems to be an eternity in coming when you are ten years old.

As the time neared we began to think in terms of decorating the house for the holidays. Since we lived in town there were no Christmas trees available for us to cut, and we certainly couldn't afford to buy one. But at Mayfield School there were plenty of trees—one in every classroom. All of them were of red cedar and had been donated to the school from the woodlot of a farmer in the area. School was dismissed for vacation three days before Christmas and no one would be there to enjoy the trees. My brother Paul and I asked if we could take one home, and the understanding principal gave us the pick of the lot. We carried our prickly prize the three blocks to our house and were greeted with cheers from our excited siblings.

There would be no store-bought decorations on this tree, but I have never seen one prettier. We strung popcorn and cranberries, and on top placed a cardboard star covered with tin foil.

On Christmas Eve morning, Dad announced that he was taking us children into the nearby East Tennessee mountains for a hike. Two of the older girls volunteered to stay home and help Mom prepare the dinner. Ham, fruit salad, and homemade cookies were our Christmas Eve specialties. The aroma filled the house when we returned from our trek, with rosy cheeks and noses, and arms filled with holly and mistletoe. While the hi-fi blared "Deck the Halls," we did just that.

Christmas Eve was a special time at our house. It was a tradition on this evening that after a good meal we would gather around the fireplace and have a candlelight worship time. We sang all the old familiar carols, and some of us would recite poems we had memorized for the occasion. Then Dad would take the big family Bible with its ornate leather cover and read of shepherds, and wise men—of angels and the star over Bethlehem—and the Christ Child. I never ceased to be filled with the wonder of it all. We then joined in a circle, held hands, and Dad would lead us in prayer.

After the devotions, we would sing some of the popular non-religious Christmas songs. We liked the jingles about Santa Claus, even though none of us children ever really believed in the jolly old elf. However, I must admit, that in spite of my unbelief, I once distinctly heard the pawing of reindeer hoofs on the roof late one frosty Christmas Eve night.

We children slept on six beds in the large second floor of our house. Our parents had already informed us that this year another family tradition would be strictly enforced. No one was to come downstairs to open his gifts until everyone was up and all the beds were made.

Actually, we always woke up on Christmas morning well ahead of the alarm clock, but we were not allowed to get up until it went off at 6 a.m. Certainly we were not happy about making up beds on a morning for which we had waited a whole year. We had a great idea. Nine of us older children would sleep crosswise in one bed. Then we would have only one bed to make before we could go downstairs and see what was waiting under the tree. A week before Christmas we had begun to practice. One person was stationed at each corner, and one assigned to each pillow, with three left to supervise. We could make that bed in twelve seconds flat. But I will have to admit it was not the best night's sleep I ever had. I think a couple of us ended up crawling into our own beds before the night was over.

That Christmas morning we were awakened not by the alarm clock, but by the hi-fi. Dad had gotten up ahead of us, built a fire, and turned up the volume on "Joy to the World." Twenty-four bare feet hit the cold floor. In spite of all our practice, it must have taken us three minutes to get that bed made. According to family custom, we lined up at the top of the stairs, youngest in front and oldest in back, and all marched down singing, "We Wish You a Merry Christmas."

This Christmas I noticed something unusual inside myself—a feeling I had never had before. I was excited about opening the gifts with my name on them, but I was even more anxious to see my brothers and sisters open the gifts I had made for them. I was learning the meaning of the words of the Master, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And I think just about everybody must have felt the way I did. There were bean bags from Philip, and Sarah had gone to a local hosiery mill and gotten scraps from which she had made pot holders. We may have been the only family in town in which all fourteen members had their very own individual potholder. Raymond gave paper airplanes, but then what can you expect from a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

by Marcus V. Hand

Oh, Christmas Tree



DID YOU KNOW that the Christmas tree was once banned in the White House?

The year was 1901. Theodore Roosevelt was president. For the first time since 1856 when President Franklin Pierce had initiated the White House Christmas tree custom, the presidential mansion was to be without the beauty and sparkle of a yuletide tree for the Christmas season.

Teddy Roosevelt was no "humbug" president. Nor was he against Christmas, its traditions, or its celebrations. But he believed strongly in forest conservation. At that time, all Christmas trees were being cut from forests where they grew in the wild. To Roosevelt's mind, this was a destructive custom that would soon rob the country of its beautiful forest lands. He decided to put a stop to what he called "a sheer waste of God-given beauty."

Determined to set a good example for the country and to lead the entire nation to a greater and more serious course of forest conservation, he banned the use of cut Christmas trees to decorate the White House rooms.

History doesn't record the effect the presidential edict had on the nation as a whole. A footnote to history does tell, however, of its effect on the presidential family.

The Roosevelt children could not have cared less about how the rest of the country felt. To them, it just would not be Christmas without a decorated tree. Loud dissension rocked the famous Pennsylvania Avenue residence. Although the family pleaded and cajoled, the order remained unchanged.

If persuasion won't work, however, you try something else. That's what two of the Roosevelt boys did. Directly defying their father's orders, Archie and Quentin took matters into their own hands. They smuggled a lovely evergreen into the White House, set it up in their bedroom and proceeded to decorate it.

The entire household, with the exception of the President, viewed and enjoyed the forbidden tree. As long as their

father was not aware of its existence, they were safe in their joy.

Any Christmas secret is difficult to keep. Especially one of this magnitude. Roosevelt discovered the existence of the sparkling tree and went into a thundering rage. Not only were the boys going against their father, they were disobeying a presidential decree! Even more upsetting was the realization that the boys did not share their father's keen sense of forest conservation!

What's a father to do when he's backed into a corner by his own family? Call in some reinforcements, right? Get some authoritative backing.

So Teddy Roosevelt called in Gifford Pinchot, who was chief of the United States Division of Forestry. He was also a close friend and an advisor. He would back the President.

At least that's what Roosevelt thought.

He calmly told the highly agitated President that the supervised and proper harvesting of trees for Christmas use was actually good for the forest lands. He said that many of the country's forests were so thickly grown that periodic thinnings were necessary in order to release the remaining trees from extreme competition for moisture, soil and sunlight. He said that proper annual cutting of Christmas trees maintained satisfactory forest growth.

The President was thoroughly convinced, although disgruntled. The hero who had led a group of "rough-riders" up San Juan Hill was forced to back down in front of his own family. He put an end to the presidential ban and reinstated the White House Christmas tree custom. It has been in place ever since.

Thus family peace and tranquility were restored.

The origin of the Christmas tree is unknown. For ages people have associated greenery and fronds with eternal life. The druids of early France thought that evergreens symbolized eternal life. During the Dark Ages, superstitious Europeans protected their homes from witches, ghosts and evil spirits by putting evergreen branches above the door.

These traditions all make it uncertain just when the custom of decorating trees at Christmastime began. Many people credit Martin Luther with the first decorated Christmas tree. He is said to have brought a small evergreen into his home and attached candles to it to simulate the starlight of the first Christmas Eve.

Another legend, however, says an English missionary introduced Christmas trees to Germany in the eighth century. Luther was born in 1483.

Whatever its origin, the decorated Christmas tree tradition came to America from the old world. According to a bulletin published by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, Moravian settlers in Pennsylvania used wooden pyramids decorated with candles, apples and hymn stanzas to adorn Christmas trees in 1747.

Still, it would be nearly a century before decorated trees were widely used in America or England. The custom became popular in England only after Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's husband, introduced it there in 1841. In 1851 Mark Carr hauled two sled loads of firs from the Catskills to New York City and made the first commercial sale of Christmas trees in this country, according to the USDA bulletin.

Christmas trees are a booming business in America. More than thirty million are sold in this country every year and more than eighty million seedlings are planted annually to replenish them. Christmas tree farms are a profitable enterprise.

But what do decorated trees have to do with Christmas? Do they help us to better celebrate the birth of Christ?

The Christmas tree is no more and no less sacred than the Christmas dinner. Neither is mentioned in Scripture. However, the Christmas tree can remind Christians of some important truths.

The Christmas tree can remind us that our sins were nailed to a tree. "He himself bore our sins in his body on the tree, so that we might die to sins and live for righteousness" (1 Peter 2:24; *New International Version*). The cross was more than two heavy wooden beams nailed at right angles to each other. The cross, the tree, was a symbol of our salvation, and Christmas reminds us of this truth.

The Christmas tree festooned with lights, can remind us of Jesus, the Light of the world. Jesus said, "I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness, but will have the light of life" (John 8:12, *NIV*).

A Christmas tree can remind us of gifts and giving. God's gifts to us are not mere displays for decorative purposes,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



Home-Free

by Suzanne John-Patrick

Where can you be,
our little girl, little girl?
Did life set you free, little girl?
your school books grow dusty . . .
your dolls sigh in bed . . .
your tawny, young kitten lies sleepless, like dead.

Whose pack will you sleep in tonight when you're retired?
And what price, that sleep, when you wake is required?
whose car shall you ride in?
whose grass shall you smoke?
and how many tears will you shed in your Coke . . . wondering
why you can't hack it at home anymore . . .
and why? why can't things be as they were just before . . .
just before you grew up . . . and you're sure that you did . . .
ever since "he" first kissed you in Monica's bed!

Remember that evening? Her folks were away . . .
and the kids drank their booze and decided to play . . .?
Remember the game . . . how at first you were shy?
But the gang teased and chided . . . how you fought not to cry . . .
Then, instead, you laughed loudest, and joined in their fun . . .
until after the drinks . . .
well . . . you cared not to run.

Ever since that first evening, how different things seemed . . .
and Mama and Dad only ranted and screamed!
Guess, though, they did listen while you tried to explain . . .
but, of course, you could never be honest again.
So, they cried . . . they did scold . . . oh the hours they did preach!
But, by this time you knew that you couldn't be reached.

Little girl, little girl . . . will you ever come home?
The house is so quiet . . . so still is the phone.
Your folks . . . well they silently fight since you ran . . .
and they question and ponder how it all began.
The minister visits your house quite a bit . . .
and your mom cries while he talks and consoles over it.
Your door never locks . . . so their hopes cannot leave . . .
for, surely, they know
you'll come home Christmas Eve.

HERITAGE PARK, Continued from page 6

past seven years, from 200 to 400, and just this past week we had a miracle Sunday in terms of gross receipts, and that without anything special planned or promoted. Our people have caught the vision and they are establishing firm patterns of stewardship and worship. God is rewarding them even in these times of difficult economic stress."

From father . . . to son . . . to . . .

Who knows?

The Church of God was built by men with dreams, by those who were not content with the status quo, who insisted on following the inner voice of God's leading. It will be a sad day when we cease to produce these dreamers, from whatever quarter.

Doug's wife, Linda (Kennison), shares the vision, the sacrifice, and the labor. The oldest son Rick (18) is a college student. Randy (15) is in high school. Suzanne (12) is in the sixth grade. They miss their former home and find living in a big, dormitory-type building different to say the least. But it is also an adventure. They have their friends and they feel a part of their parents' dream.

While visiting with Douglas Pyle and his congregation, I shared their warm fellowship . . . and their worship . . . and I also took a stroll down by the ripened vineyards where the aroma of lush purple grapes filled the air. Harvesttime. Time for crushing, for treading out the juice of the vine.

So it may be for the Reverend Douglas Pyle and his people at North East. But here's one who feels we'll be hearing more from Heritage Park and a young man's dream.

Miracles are never common but they still happen.

Thank God they happen! □

1984

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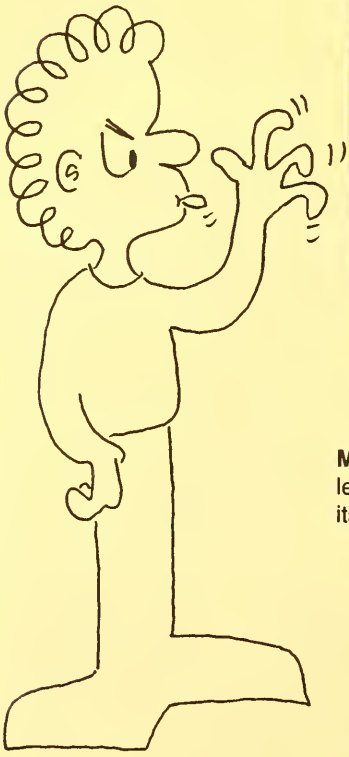
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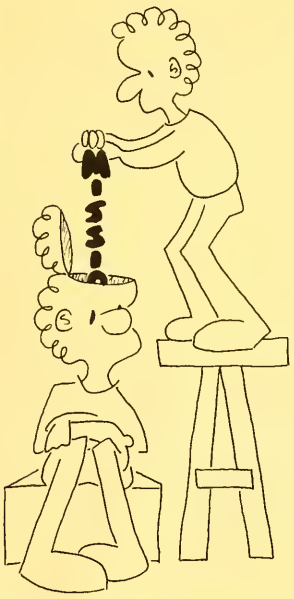
Make it a part of yourself. As long as you leave missions to others, you'll never know its full joy.



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Artist/Writer, Larry E. Neagle

n's Mission Program

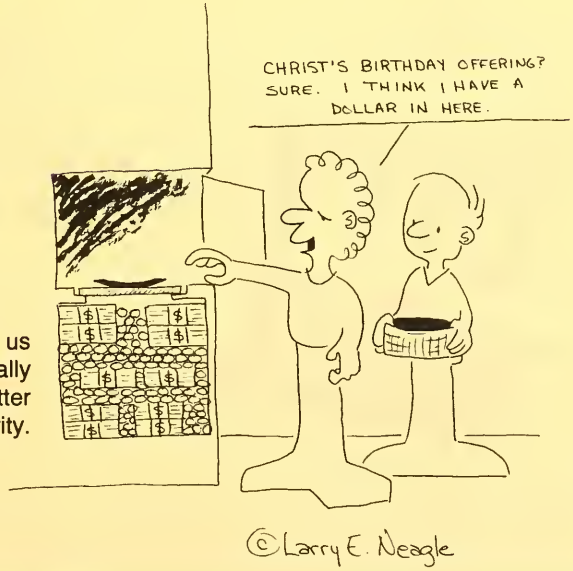


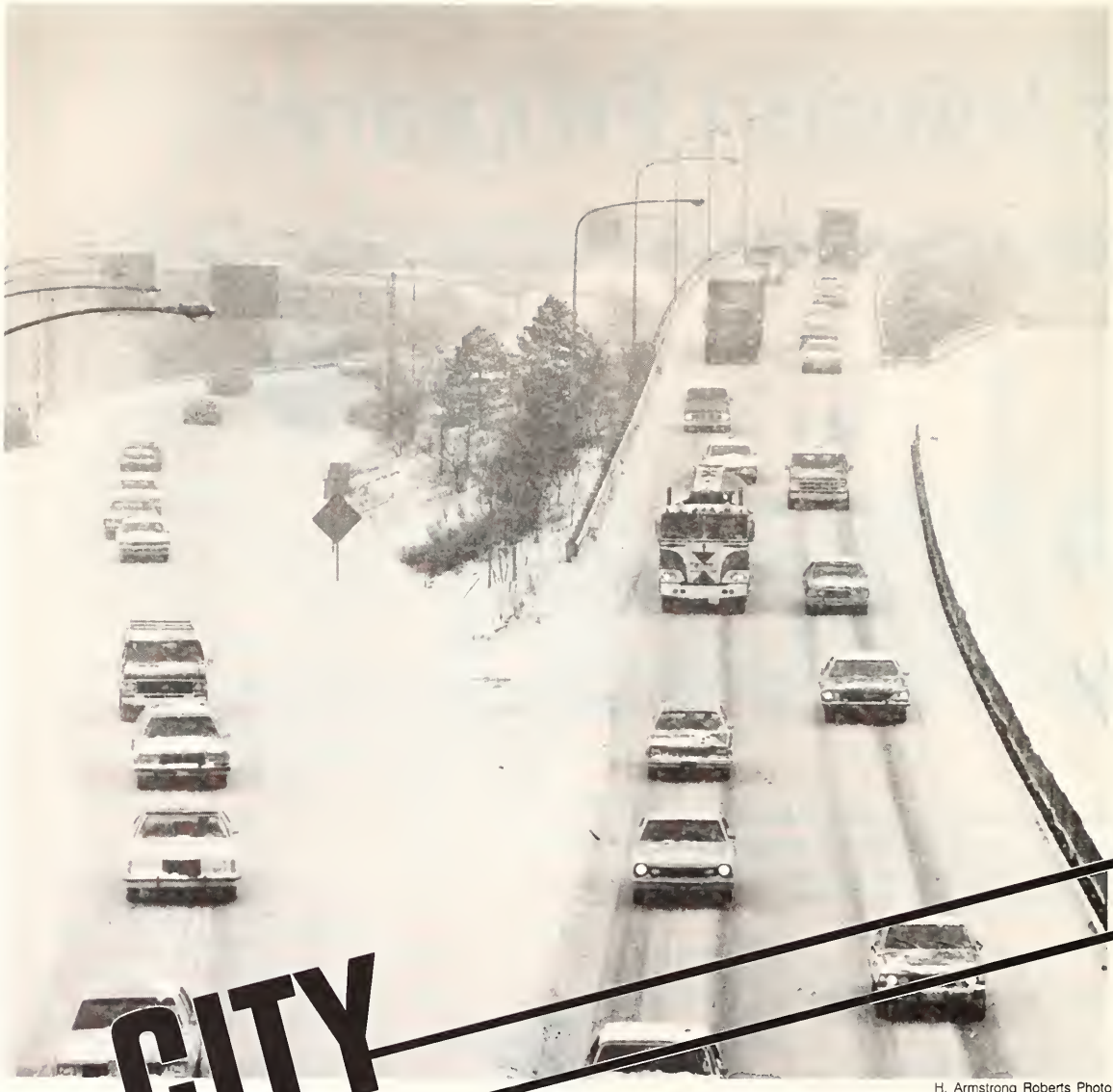
Develop missions thinking. Refuse to be limited to merely keeping the status quo. Break out of the fog. And watch a new awareness of missions possibilities grow.



Take missions responsibility. Albert Schweitzer once said, "Example is not the main thing in influencing others. It is the only thing." Don't follow the example, set it.

Support missions giving. Most of us have enough for the things we really want. Make missions giving, then, a matter of high priority.





H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

CITY NOEL

by Eddie Vernon

ALL EVENING THE snow fell, silent and quiet, blanketing the city. When the clock in the big church on the corner tolled twelve midnight, seven inches had piled up and the snow plows abandoned efforts to keep streets open in the ghetto.

The streets became virtually deserted. It was two days before Christmas.

Down one garbage-littered alley off Osborne Street, beneath the fire escape, twelve-year-old Timothy O'Leary snuggled into the rag covers of his bed. In the only way he knew how, he

prayed that the snow would not cave in the roof of his cardboard house.

Well . . . at least Timothy called it his house. It was really a big box found back of the furniture store on 45th Street and dragged through alleys to this favorite spot where normally the sidewalk was warmed by the furnace of the tenament house. Even now, as Timothy pressed his back against the brick wall of the tenament, he could feel the warmth. It wasn't much but Timothy knew from Papa O'Leary that a little bit of heat could determine whether he woke up in the morning.

Timothy didn't like the snow. It made scavenging difficult and it kept him from getting over into the better sections of town where one could find some really good scraps of food. Last week Timothy had lucked onto a feast: three pieces of Kentucky fried chicken and a whole biscuit.

Of course, a boy couldn't do anything about the snow any more than he could change things like constant hunger or Papa O'Leary's obsession for wine.

"Some things you best just live with," that's what Papa O'Leary always said. Timothy figured Papa knew.

Timothy awakened during early morning, his body shaking all over. Turning, he felt the wall. There was no heat. No Papa O'Leary either, though he had promised for sure he'd be home tonight. Timothy's eyes were heavy and he wanted to sleep. Wanted to sleep more than anything but he knew he must not.

He unwrapped from his skimpy pile of rags and raised himself to his knees. The top of his box had sagged to where he could not stand erect. His breath blew frosty in the morning air as he looked toward the street and the distant lamplight. From a night long back he heard Papa O'Leary's voice, "It's a cold'un boy. Cold enough fer a man to freeze to death. When ye git this cold, there ain't but one thing to do. Git ye'self over to the jail. Jail's better'n freezin' to death."

Timothy was worried. Papa wasn't as young as he used to be. A night like this could be too much. Timothy swallowed hard, squeezed his thin arms to his body in an effort to start circulation, and then plunged out into the street. Snow came halfway to his knees, soft and fluffy, and yet falling in big flakes.

After a block, Timothy paused under an overhead awning and stomped his feet. Sharp pain ran all the way to his knees. Canvas sneakers weren't made for snow. He continued to stomp until the needles quit pricking quite so hard and then headed on over toward the Fourth Precinct jail. For once he hoped he would find Papa O'Leary there, rather than off in an alley.

I shouldn't have left him, Timothy said to himself. *I shouldn't have left him even if he did threaten to thrash me. On a night like this Papa needs someone to look after him.*

It was eight blocks to the jail. Timothy had to stop for breath three times but the walking warmed him and, when he finally stumbled through the big doors and into the open foyer where young Pete Farley was on duty, a healthy glow had returned to his cheeks.

Timothy didn't recognize the officer. He hadn't been to the jail for more than a month.

"Good morning, Sir," Timothy said, blowing on his cold fingers. "I come to check on Papa O'Leary. He here?"

Pete Farley looked at the small boy, scratched his head, and then grinned. "Sorry, Son. But I'm afraid I don't know who you mean."

"Papa O'Leary. Everybody just about knows Papa O'Leary. He's a drunk, and sometimes he comes here when it's especially cold."

"You look kind of cold yourself." Pete motioned with his head. "Come over to the fire. Might round you up a cup of coffee. Did you know it's 3 a.m.?"

"No, Sir. But I know it's cold. If Papa O'Leary ain't here, then I've got to find him. He says a guy could freeze in this kind of weather."

"It's been a slow night. Only got three fellows in the tank and I never heard either of 'um called O'Leary."

Timothy's face showed disappointment.

"You want'a'look?" Pete picked up the keys. Wouldn't hurt to pamper the kid. It was a rough night. He walked down the hall and opened what they called the holding tank. Timothy moved past him as if he had been there before and went immediately to the smallest of the men. It took him but a moment to look into each sleeping face.

"Not here."

Timothy walked past Pete, down the hall and was at the door when Pete called.

"Hey, Kid, wait a minute. You've got no business back out in that cold."

"I've got to find him. Got to find him quick. It's almost Christmas and . . ."

The closing door cut off the boy's words. Pete rushed forward and swung open the door. "How you going to find anyone on a night like this?" Pete stood in the cold, noticing that the wind was getting up. "You're liable to catch your death of cold."

Timothy yelled back over his shoulder. "I'll find him. Shouldn't have left him in the first place."

Timothy tried to think. Where would Papa O'Leary most likely go? He tried a number of alleys. Nothing. Finally he remembered the river. Yeah, that was it. The river bridge.

Dawn was creeping in when Timothy arrived at the bridge. There wasn't a sound. No cars were out and the snow was even deeper where it had drifted.

Timothy slipped beneath the steel bridge rail, hung for a moment by the cable, and then let go. He slid uncontrollably for fifteen feet but stopped when the snow piled up between his legs and acted as a break.

Timothy couldn't see anything at first, in the thicker darkness of the bridge. Then, high up, he made out a huddled form and crawled toward it.

Papa O'Leary lay on his left side, knees hugged to his chest. Timothy understood why Papa slept this way. To keep warm. There was a smile on Papa O'Leary's face, as if he were dreaming something nice. His right hand clutched a small package wrapped in red paper.

Timothy hardly noticed the package. Something about the way Papa lay . . .

"Papa," Timothy said. "You need to wake up, Papa. It's awful cold. You've got to get up and move around." Timothy reached out his hand and touched a stiff shoulder. "You hear me, Papa? It's Timmy. Wake up, Papa."

From down river, mournful and muted, came the sound of a tugboat horn. A chill shook Timothy's body, partly from the cold, but mostly from a realization that Papa O'Leary wasn't going to wake up.

Timothy looked into the sleeping face . . . the little smile . . . the beard. Then giant sobs racked his body. He sat until the day lighted up and until the snow plows and cars were moving overhead. Then he climbed painfully up onto the bridge and waved at a car.

For ten minutes Timothy waved. Nobody stopped. A police car came into sight. Slowed. It was Pete Farley from the precinct house.

"Hey, Kid," Pete Farley yelled, "what you doing way over here? You find your Papa?"

Timothy didn't want trouble but he knew he had to tell someone about Papa. He swallowed and pointed beneath the bridge. "I think he's dead."

Pete backed his patrol car onto the sidewalk. Following Timothy down and under the bridge, he quickly knelt over the old man and confirmed Timothy's fears.

"Must have frozen to death."

"Naw," Timothy said, "I guess the angels came for him, like he said they would."

Pete Farley took the small Christmas package from the old man's hand and held it up to the light. "Your name Timothy?"

"Un huh."

"Looks like this is for you. Says to Timothy O'Leary. Merry Christmas."

"I saw it but I'd rather have Papa."

"He bought it for you. Maybe you'd better open it. Seems to me it's important that he took whatever money he had and bought a present rather than more wine or something for himself."

"You think so?"

"Well, that's how it seems to me."

Timothy took the package. It wasn't wrapped too well and Timothy knew Papa O'Leary had tied the ribbon himself but it did give him a good feeling to know Papa had been thinking of him."

"Come on," Pete said, "I'll give you a ride home."

"Naw. I'll just walk."

"Not in this weather, you won't." Pete stood up and reached for Timothy's hand. "You come with me, young man. That's an order."

"You going to lock me in the holding tank?"

"If I have to."

Timothy grinned. "Okay. Papa O'Leary would like that. At least I'll have a roof over my head." □



The Afterglow

by Wanda Cato Brett

THE PLAY IS OVER now. The last shepherd has gathered up his staff and made his way out the door. All the angels have long since hung up their white choir robes (two sizes too big) and cardboard wings. The church seems strangely silent, without any motion or movement.

Most of the crowd has drifted over to the fellowship hall for refreshments but I am reluctant to leave the quiet sanctuary. There is so much Christmas here. So much about the season that I need to absorb. I do not want to go outside yet and face chilling wind, merchants at the mall, and artificial Santas on every street corner.

They tell me the play was a success. That my first graders were darling and so well-behaved. Success! (Parents will say anything!) A success . . . even though we had to do the entire play with only two wise men. One of them tripped on his costume (alias bathrobe) and skinned his knee on the way down the aisle.

And let's not forget the Star of Bethlehem who got tired of holding the flashlight on the stable, and began shining it across faces in the audience. And the little angel of good news who cried through good tidings of great joy because she left her halo at home. Otherwise, the play was a success. In spite of myself, I have to laugh.

Gradually, I realize I feel very, very tired. And drained. Sometimes I think Christmas is too much for me. The plays, the presents, the parties. I sit on the corner of the platform and stare at the Christmas props around me. The tree in the corner is still twinkling, its white lights winking. Blinking. There are no presents left under the tree. The children have seen to that.

I look at the makeshift stable and cotton sheep cut from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



Update

REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE

Reach out and touch someone is a popular telephone commercial presently being aired on TV. It has a warm feeling to it. You want to pick up the phone and call a friend.

In many different ways Jesus told us to do the same thing. He wants Christian love to be lived out and expressed in understandable terms. You can tell a Christian by his love.

There would be a tremendous harvest if every Christian would reach out and touch someone for the Lord. Jesus said, "The fields are white unto harvest." The harvest is ready to be reaped, but God wishes to use you to win your friends and relatives.

Researchers recently asked a number of church-going people, "Why did you come to this church originally?" The largest percentage of the people interviewed said, "Because a friend or relative who attends this church invited me." This fact alone should cause us to want to "reach out and touch someone for the Lord."

There are several simple rules that should be followed in reaching out to our friends.

Be accessible. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith" (Galatians 6:10).

Be hospitable to all, and not a respecter of persons.

Give value to people, thus making time to see them and to serve them.

Be creative in finding ways to help others. "And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works" (Hebrews 10:24).

Serve when needed, rather than serving for recognition by others. "For do I now persuade men, as God? or do I seek to please men? for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ" (Galatians 1:10).

Exercise your spiritual gifts as one channel of service. "As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God" (1 Peter 4:10).

You have a greater opportunity to win your friends and relatives to Christ than anyone else. Don't depend on someone else to do what God wants you to do. Do it now . . . reach out and touch someone for Him. □

W.A. Davis
Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education

A HOMEMADE CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 9

five-year-old. Sharon may have been the most creative of all. She gave coupon books. One coupon was good for making up your bed, another for helping with homework, and so forth. All of us made the same discovery as Ralph Waldo Emerson who said, "Rings and jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself."

We children are all married now and have homes of our own, but we still find time to get together for Christmas. This year we are meeting in Roanoke, Virginia, and my wife and I will be taking gifts for everyone. It's nothing expensive—just a little something we made ourselves starting back in July. Because in this increasingly materialistic and secular world we still remember that nothing can beat a homemade Christmas. □

OH, CHRISTMAS TREE

Continued from page 11

empty boxes under a holiday tree. God is the greatest giver of all. His gifts are extravagant and lavish. "He who did not spare his own Son, but gave him up for us all—how will he not also, along with him, graciously give us all things?" (Romans 8:32, *NIV*).

As we gather with our families around the decorated Christmas tree this year, let us thank God for His "indescribable gift" (2 Corinthians 9:15, *NIV*). □

THE AFTERGLOW

Continued from page 19

cardboard. So much work. So much time. I even filled the manger with real straw. It was as authentic as no budget and a good imagination could make it. The setting . . . the scene . . . but something seems missing. Some simple, small ingredient. Some spark that never burst into blaze.

For the hundredth time I ask myself, "What makes this story come to life?"

Its simplicity? Its timeless quality of man, woman and child? The human. Man, woman and God? The divine. It is not the story that lacks spark. It is I.

The door opens in the back of the church. At first, it startles me. Interrupting my reverie, my tired train of thought, but it is only Jason, the wise man who fell down. He doesn't see me seated on my private platform perch. Jason is only six, like the other children in my class. I wonder why he has chosen this time to come back into a near-empty building. I feel a strange reluctance to make him leave. Maybe the Christmas spirit is getting to me after all.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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Current Happenings with Questions for Christian Reflection

YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by SONJIA LEE HUNT, Leadership Development Coordinator

ANTIDOTE FOR POISONOUS PEOPLE

There are those people who exist merely to make the lives of others miserable—or so it seems. They are envious, jealous, and lead a negative mental life. Some actually poison themselves to death with hatred.

No self-respecting Christian should include such people in his circle of friends, for emotion is contagious. Nevertheless, you will come in contact with such people, so don't let them get you down:

1. Don't allow yourself to be drawn into an argument. If someone continues to nag at you, either ignore him or walk away in silence.

2. Keep as much distance as possible between you and those who irritate you. Some personalities are like oil and water—they just don't mix.

3. Stay away from people whose faces are always ten feet long, whose countenances are usually dull gray, and whose dispositions are sour grapes. Hang around fun-loving, good-natured, happy people.

4. Don't wear your feelings on your shirt sleeves. Consciously make an effort not to be overly sensitive. Learn to throw off cutting remarks.

No one can get you down—unless you let him. ("How Not to Let Others Get You Down," *New Woman*) □

* * *

1. In Proverbs 15:1 we read, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." To reply softly and kindly to someone who is angry takes a lot of self-control. Can you do it?

2. What does the Bible say about a "merry heart"? (See Proverbs 17:22.)

3. What can you do to help correct negative attitudes and uncontrolled emotions in those around you? □

WHAT ARE THEY THINKING?

If you think people throughout the world are pretty much alike in the way they think, you haven't had much contact with them. People in different countries don't just speak different languages and wear different clothes and sometimes look different. The way they think is different, too.

Maybe it's partly genetic, maybe a behavioral result, maybe it's cultural, or whatever. But Asiatics just don't think like Africans, who don't think like Americans, whose processes are different from Latins, who aren't like Europeans at all. (Have we left any out? If so, they are different, too.)

We expect, for example, everyone to learn English to communicate with us. Most of us aren't even thinking about bothering to learn "their" languages.

In the Soviet Union, we are told, an estimated 7,400 people are not just learning English (that's required in their secondary schools) but are being trained by the Kremlin to be expert "Americanologists."

We need to know what others are thinking, their values, their processes and their customs that cause them to do what they do.

Hadn't we better be training more specialists in every sort of race, culture, geography, language, and thought pattern? After all, what nation is more significant to the whole world than the United States? (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) □

* * *

1. The Great Commission admonishes us to "go . . . and teach all nations" (Matthew 28:19); would specialized training enhance opportunities for reaching other people?

2. What classes at school would increase your knowledge of other cultures?

3. In addition to participating in YWEA projects, how can your youth group become more aware of and involved in missions at the local level? □

A SENSE OF HONOR

Many colleges in the late 1950s had an honor code. During exams, no one monitored students. Instructors simply came in, handed out the exams, and left. For three hours, students were on their own. They could leave and go have a cup of coffee, come back, walk around the room, or do whatever they wanted. Without a doubt, opportunities for cheating were plentiful. But if a student cheated, he was honor bound to report himself, and anyone who saw another student cheat was also so bound. An honor committee composed entirely of one's peers then heard the case. If the student had indeed cheated, he was out. It was a code that simply was not broken. ("A World Without Honor," *Esquire*) □

* * *

1. Is our sense of honor dying in today's society?

2. Are you careful not *to claim credit for work or achievements that aren't yours?*

3. What do you—or should you—do when someone else receives credit for work that is yours? □

THE AFTERGLOW

Continued from page 21

I watch Jason walk down the aisle, timidly, carrying his bathrobe in one hand and painted glass jar of myrrh in the other.

"I forgot to give this to you," he says aloud.

I feel like an eavesdropper. I know he is not talking to me. I watch him walk to the manger and lay the gift beside it. A familiar gesture from play practice.

"Well, I didn't exactly forget," his voice seems so small. "I just fell down, but I got up again. Anyway. Here it is."

Jason is slightly taller than the manger. I see his small hands reach out and touch the straw. I am glad now that I made the trip to a nearby farm to get real straw. And I wonder idly if Jason has actually seen any straw before. He's from the suburbs. He looks around at the manger and stable one more time. I do not think I have ever seen such a reverent look.

Then suddenly, it is gone—the angelic look, and the new-found awe. Jason is just a six-year-old boy who jumps over the railing (without falling of course), runs down the aisle and slams the door. I hear him calling his mom and begging to stay for one more game of tag.

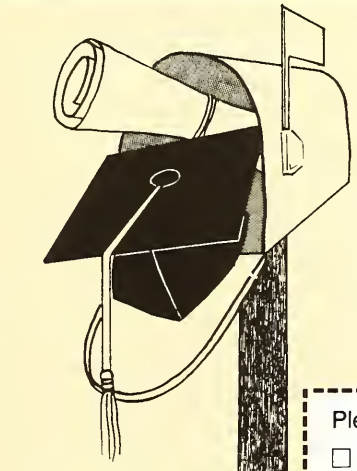
It is hard for me to see, because my eyes have filled up with silly, sentimental tears and I feel like such a fool. Crying over Christmas. But I've

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

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Books

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The Power Delusion is about you . . .

* If you are playing power games
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* If you need to control most people around you.

A world that worships power is filled with power struggles . . . in the family, at school, in the office, at church, on the corporate level, on the social scene. Yet, even as we seek power, we sense something inherently wrong with what we are doing. For we are confronted by our Lord Jesus Christ who emptied Himself of power and chose to win us from a position of weakness—the Cross. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) ☐

MEANT TO LAST by Paul E. Steele and Charles C. Ryrie

The church has changed its value system. This change has had a domino effect in producing an alarming divorce rate among church members and leaders. The church's loose attitude toward divorce, and its subsequent devaluation of marriage, clearly does not yield the marital stability and fulfillment God intends.

Yet there is hope for the divorce generation. Our hope lies in conforming to God's standards as He has revealed them to us in His Word. Marriage is God's idea and He has not given up on the home. Marriage is still the foundation of any stable society. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) ☐

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TALK IS NOT ENOUGH by Bill D. Wooten

Because of high technology and space-age media, students are more visually oriented than ever before. Talk is not enough to interest them in learning.

The teacher who will communicate more effectively with his/her class and who will stimulate interest—and thus learning—must incorporate a variety of media into the teaching structure. Bill D. Wooten tells us how we can do this. (CTC 706c, Pathway Press, Cleveland, TN 37311) ☐

THE AFTERGLOW

Continued from page 23

found the missing piece. The spark. I saw the story unfold, but I never really saw the Savior. I saw the manger, but I never heard the music. I saw the tinsel halos and somehow missed the truth. I saw the wise men without ever seeing the way of life.

I sit on the platform and let the warmth of Christmas fold its arms around me. The story shines brighter than ever before. A carpenter and the young wife he loved, traveling to pay taxes in a city far from home. An innkeeper with no vacant rooms. A stable instead of a palace. A star instead of strobe lights. An angel choir concert heard only by simple shepherds. A baby born to change the world.

I hear Jason's voice again, filled with the awe of Christmas, "I forgot to give this to you. Well, I didn't exactly forget, I just fell down. Anyway, here it is."

Somewhere in the middle of all the tinsel and lights, I forgot to bring my gift—an understanding heart, filled with love. I guess I just fell down too. Temporarily forgetting the meaning behind the manger.

I suddenly realize that everyone has gone home and it is very late. I find my coat and pull it close. Winter is not kind this year. I wrap my scarf around my face and pull on my gloves, making my way out the door and to the car.

Night stars smile at me.

There is a handful of straw in my pocket. ☐

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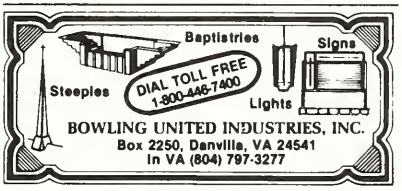
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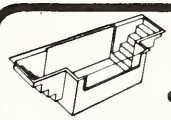
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Meaningless

UNFORTUNATELY, THE word Christmas, just like the word Christian, has come to mean different things to different people.

We have twisted and perverted a beautiful noun into an over-used and rather meaningless adjective.

Just as we speak of Christian countries, Christian schools, Christian athletes, Christian concerts, Christian politicians, Christian hospitals, Christian charities, Christian radio stations, Christian holidays, Christian businesses, Christian magazines, and even Christian yellow pages—not one of which expressions is meaningful when you pause and think, for no lifeless entity can be truly Christlike—so it is that we will soon be throwing the word Christmas around with reckless abandon.

Christmas spirit—that's usually one of the first expressions to be heard, though it's not so easy to define precisely what is meant. If all this means is a euphoric feeling of good will, of mankind's willingness to forget his troubles for a moment, then, commendable as that is, Christmas spirit really has nothing going for it

EDITORIAL, Hoyt E. Stone



Adjective?

more than spring fever or Fourth of July spirit or vacation with pay.

Christmas joy is another expression. Does this mean colored lights, tinkling bells, decorated trees, shopping centers abuzz? Or is it turkey and ham for a gluttonous, over-fed population? Or the group enthusiasm that moves contagiously from one to another when we mix and mingle in a crowd? Christmas joy may mean little more than a seasonal wind, blowing quickly across our paths but leaving little behind.

And what about Christmas cheer? Some use this to indicate friendliness, hope and goodwill to the neighbor, but I know of others who equate it with what they find in a bottle, or with some chemical that lifts them to a world of dreams and fantasy.

Christmas gifts, Christmas dinners, Christmas trees, Christmas weather, Christmas guests, Christmas bonuses, Christmas plays, Christmas carols, Christmas sermons. . . .

On and on we could go with the adjectives. We use them so frequently and so casually that some of us have never stopped to realize how bland, how totally meaningless, they have become.

It takes more than adjectives to capture Christmas. More than words to express and to understand the significance of that historical event which, two thousand years ago, totally changed the world.

Christmas is commemoration of a revealed truth. It is not something to be added on, or draped across our shoulders, but something which, through faith, bursts forth like fireworks in the human heart.

Christmas is divine revelation. It is a chorus of angels singing. Bright stars glittering in the spiritual firmament. Christmas is hope springing forth from despair, light from darkness. It is God speaking to man: of Himself, of His love, and of His eternal redemption.

Too beautiful a word to be banded about lightly.

Too important to forget.

"God with us." □

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